

ALBIONS

England:

D : 3.
18.

A
Continued Historie of the same Kingdome,
from the Originals of the first fhabitants
thereof: And most the chiefe Alterations and
Accidents there hapning: vnto, and in, the
happie Raigne of our now most gracious
Soueraigne Queene ELIZABETH.

ZABETH.

*VVith varietie of inuentive and histo-
ricall Intermixtures.*

First penned and published by VVILLIAM VVARNER: and
now revised, and newly enlarged by the
same Author.



LONDON,
Printed by the Widow Orwin, for I. B. and are to be sold at her
shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Bible. 1596.



To the right Honora-

ble, my very good Lord and Maister,
Henrie Carey, Baron of Hunsdon, Knight of the
most noble Order of the Garter: Lord Chamberlaine of her
Maiesties most Honorable Household: Lord Gonernour of Barwick:

Lord Warden of the East Marches for and anent Scotland: Lord
Liefenant of Suffolke and Norfolke: Capraine of her Ma-
iesties Gentlemen Pencioners: and one of her High-
nes mōst Honorable Priuie Counsell.



His our whole Iland, anciently called *Brutaine*, but more aunciently *Albion*, presently containing two Kingdomes, *England* and *Scotland*, is cause (right Honorable) that to distinguish the former, whose only Occurrents I abridge, from the other, remote from our Historie, I intitle this my Booke **ALBIONS ENGLAND.** A subiect, in troth, (without vaine-glory be it spokē) worthy your Honorable Patronage: had it passed frō the

A 2 pen

The Epistle Dedicatore.

Pen of a more countenaunced Author. But for great Personages gratefully to entertaine the good wils of meane workemen, is answerable to themselues, and animating to feeble Artists. I therefore secure of your Honors Clemencie, & herein not vnlike to *Phaeton*, who at the first did fearefully admire euē the Pallace of *Phæbus*, but anon feareles aduenture euē the presence of *Phæbus*, (hauing dedicated a former Booke to him that from your Honor deriueth his Birth) now also present the like to your Lordship, with so much the lesse doubt and so much the more duty, by how much the more I esteeme this my latter laboure of more Valew, & I owe, & your Lordship expecteth especiall dutie at the hands of your Seruant. And thus (right Honorable) hoping better than I may offend, desirous to please, desperate of praise, & destitute of a better Present, I make Tender onely of good will, more I haue not, for your Honors good word, lesse I hope not.

Your Lordships most humble and dutifull Seruant, *W. Warner.*



To the Reader.



I know f, that Pearls low-pri-
sed in India are precious in Eng-
land, that euē Homer was
slightly authorised in Greece,
but singularly admired elsewhere,
and that for the most part, the
best Authors find at home their
worst Auditors: howbeit, whatsoeuer VVriter is
most famous, the same is therefore indebted to his na-
tive Language: Neither preferre f aboue three spee-
ches before ours, for more sententious.

VVritten haue f alreadie in Proese, allowed of
some: and now (friendly Reader) offer I Verse, atten-
ding thine indifferent Censure. In which, if grossely I
faile (as not greatly f so feare) in Veritie, Breuitie,
Inuention, and Varietie, profitable, patheticall, pi-
thie, and pleasant, so farre off shall f be from being o-
pinionate of mine owne Labours, that my selfe will
also subscribe to prescribe the same for absurd and

To the Reader.

erronious. But in waine is it either to intreat or feare
the Courteous or Captious: the one will not cauill, nor
the other be reconciled.

My labour is past, and your liking to come: and
things hardly founded, may easily be confounded; Ar-
rogancie is Linx-eyed into aduantages: Enuie and
selfe-conceited Readers capable of the least errour. But
such are good Mindes, and the Contraries of these
Men in reading of Books, as were the Paganes in re-
uerencing their Gods, sacrificing as devoutly to a
woodden Iupiter, as to a golden Iupiter: to an Oxe,
a Cat, or unreuerent Priapus, as to the Sunne, the
Starres, or amiable Venus: devotion and discretion
being euermore senceles in detraction. Of the latter
sorte therefore I craue pardon, presupposing their
patience; to the former, presupposing im-
patience, I offer pardon: resting to
either, and to you all, in good
will such as I shoule.

Yours. W.W.

A Table for euery of the seuerall Bookes, to find
out the speciall Stories and matters: directing from
their Chapters and Pages.

The first Booke.

Of the devision of the World after the generall Flood: And of the confusion of Tongues.	chap. 1. pag. 1
How and vnder whome the first Monarchie began.	pag. 2
Of the debate betwixt Titan and Saturne, for the kingdome of Crete: and of their conditionall Attonement.	pag. 2
How Iupiter at his birth, by commaundement of Saturne his Father, should haue been put to death, and how he was preserued.	chap. 2.
Of the crueltie of Lycaon: and how hee was driuen out of his king- dome by Iupiter.	pag. 4
How Iupiter deliuered his Parents being imprisoned by Titan.	chap. 3. pag. 7
Of Aesculapius, and of his death.	pag. 8
How Saturne, wilfully enforcing his Sonne Iupiter to Armes, was chaced out of Crete, and Ganimedes taken prisoner.	pag. 9
How Iupiter on the Sea, ouercame the cruell Gyant and Pyrat E- geon.	pag. 10
How Juno pretending the death of Hercules and his mother (being intrauiale of him) was preuented.	chap. 4. pag. 11
How Hercules, vanquishing the Gyant Philoctes, fetched a boodie out of the Isle of Hespere.	pag. 12
How Hercules rescued fayre Hesione King Laomedons Daughter from death: and of Laomedons treachery towards him.	pag. 13
How Hercules sacked Troy, and put Laomedon to flight.	pag. 15
How dangerously Hercules ouercame three fierce Lyons in the For- rest of Nemea.	chap. 5. pag. 16
How Hercules in Egyp subdued and sacrificed the Gyant Busiris.	pag. 17.
How Hercules rescued Hippodame the Bride of Pirithous from the Centaures that would haue rauished her.	pag. 18
How	

The Table.

- How *Proserpine* was rapted by *Pluto*: her deliuerie attempted, first by *Orpheus*, then by *Ihesus* and *Pirithous*, and how she was at the length rescued by *Hercules*. chap.6.pag.19.
How *Andromamus* overcame *Philotles*, spoyled *Thabes*, slew King *Creon*. How *Lycus* usurped in *Thabes*, imprisioned *Megara* the wife of *Hercules*: and how he and *Megara* were lastly slaine of *Hercules*. pag.23
How King *Laomedon* was slaine by *Hercules*, and *Troy* by him the second time spoyled, &c. pag.25

The second Booke.

- Of the warre and fierce Combat betwixt *Hercules* and *Anteus*: and of King *Atlas*. chap.7.pag.26
How two *Amazonian* Ladies challenged the Combat of *Hercules* and *Ihesus*, and of the braue performance thereof. pag.29
Of the warre, contention, and Combat betwixt *Hercules* and *Achelous*, for the loue of *Deianira*. pag.30
How the Centaure *Nessus* would haue rauished *Deianira*: of his death, and malitious treacherie towards *Hercules*. chap.8.pag.32
How *Hercules* slew the subtile and cruell Monster *Hydra*. pag.34
Of *Gerion* subdued, and slaine by *Hercules*. pag.35
How the Tyrant *Cacus* (driuen out of his kingdome by *Hercules*) liued in a Cae with three Ladies Daughters to King *Picus*. pag.36
The tragical Storie of Queene *Daphles* and *Doracles*. chap.9 p 37
The Tale of the old woman and *Battus*. chap.10.pag.45
The Storie of *Jupiter* and *Calisto*. chap.11.pag.49
Of *Cacus* his secret Thefts and Tyrannies: and how he was lastly discovered and slaine by *Hercules*. pag.53
Of the honour done to *Hercules* in *Italie*: and of Queene *Marica*, on whom he was supposed to beget *Latinus* Grandfather to *Brute*. chap.12.pag.55
How *Hercules* vanquished King *Picus*, and fell in loue with *Iole*. p.56
How *Hercules* overcame the Tyrant *Diomedes*, and gaue him to be eaten of his owne horses: and how in *Lycia* hee betooke himselfe to ease and effeminacie. pag 57
Of the tragical end of *Hercules* and *Deianira*. chap.13 pag.59

The

The Table.

- The occasion and circumstances of the third and last warre at *Troy*:
The destruction thereof: and banishment of *Aeneas*. pag.61
Brute his petigree from either Parent: his Exile from *Italie*, and a riuall in this Isle, then called *Albion*. pag.62

The third Booke.

- How *Brute* named and manured this Iland: built *Troy-nouane* or *London*, and at his death deuided the Isle between his three Sonnes. chap.14.pag.63
How *Locrine* overcame *Humbar* and his *Hunnes*: fell in loue with *Estrild*: and of Queene *Guendoleine* her reuenge on him, *Estrild*, and *Sabrin*. pag.64
Of King *Leir*, and his three Daughters. pag.65
Of *Porrex* and *Ferrex*, and how Queene *Iden* murthered her sonne *Porrex*. chap.15.pag.67
How and when the *Scots* and *Pichis* first entred *Brutaine*, and of their Originals. pag.68
Of *Belinus* and *Brennus*: their Contention: Attonement: renowned Acts: and death of *Brennus*. chap.16.pag.69
Of the kindnes shewed by King *Elidurus* to his deposed Brother *Archigallo*. pag.76
How *Julius Cesar*, after two Repulses, made the *Brutaines* tributarie to the *Romaines*. chap.17.pag.77
The Fable of the old man, the boy, and the Asie. pag.80
The Birth of our Sauiour Iesus Christ. chap.18.pag.81
How *Guiderius* & his brother *Aruragus* overcame the *Romaines*: how *Aruragus* was reconciled to the *Romaines*, and married the Emperours Daughter. pag.81
How Queene *Uoada* vanquished the *Romaines*: and of hers, and her Daughters deaths. pag.82
Of the first Christian King in *Brutaine*: how the Crowne thereof became Imperiall: and of the Marriage and Holiday in Hell. pag 85
Of the extreame distresse and thraldome that the *Brutaines* were brought vnto by the *Scots* and *Pichis*: and how they were relieved by the King of little *Britaine*. chap.19.pag.87
How

The Table.

- How King *Vortiger* intretained *Hengistus* and his *Saxons*: how they droue *Vortiger* and the *Brutaines* into *Wales*, and planted themselues in *Britaine*. pag.88
Of King *Arthur* and his Chiualrie. pag.90
How after the death of King *Arthur*, the *Saxons* altogether subdued and expelled the *Brutaines*: and of *Cadwallader* their last King. pag.91

The fourth Booke.

- THE Storie of *Curan* and *Argentile*. chap.20.pag.93
Of King *Sigibert* his tyrannie & miserable end. chap.21.pa.98
Of the amorous King *Osbret* slaine by the *Danes*, who vnder *Hungar* and *Hubba* did warre and win much of *England*. pag.99
Of the politick and couragious Kings *Alured* and *Adelstone*: and how they vanquished and chased the *Danes*. pag.100
How *Egelred* by treason of his mother became king: and how all the *Danes* were murthered in one night. pag.101
Of the extreame thralldome wherein the *English* liued vnder the *Danes*. How *Swayne* king of *Denmarke* and *Canutus* his sonne wholly subdued *England* to themselues. chap.22.pag.102
Of the precepts that King *Egelred* on his death-bed gaue to his son *Edmond Irneside*. pag.103
Of the noble warre betwixt *Edmond Irneside*, and *Canutus*: of their Combat, Atonement, and friendly partition of *England* betwixt them,&c. pag.105
Of the holy king *Edward*, his vertuous and valiant gouernement. Of the treacherous Earle *Goodwin*, and of his End. How king *Harold* was slaine, and *England* Conquered by *William Duke of Normandy*. chap.22.pag.107
Of the holy king *Edward*, and of his sayings, pag.111

The fift Booke.

- HOW king *William* Conqueror altered the lawes and gouernment in *England*. Of *Edgar*, *Athelstone*, and of his mother and Sisters entertainment in *Scotland*. And of the restoring of the *English* royll blood. chap.23.pag.113
OF

The Table.

- Of King *Henrie* the second: of *Thomas Becket*, and of his death. pag.114
Of King *Richard* the first: his Victories: his imprisonment in *Au- strich*: his reuenge therfore: and of his death. chap.24.pag.117
Of King *John*: and how he was poysoned by a Monke. pag.118
A Tale of the beginning of Friers and Cloysterers. pag.119
Of a blunt Northerner man his speeches. pag.120
How king *Edgar* wowed the Nunne: and of his penance therefore. pag.121
Of the warres betwixt King *Henrie* the third and his Barons. chap.25.pag.123
Of the vertuosit and victorious Prince king *Edward* the first: and of his counsell giuen to his Sonne,&c. pag.124
Of king *Edward* the second his euill gouernment. Of good *Thomas Earle of Lancaster*,&c of his conference with an Hermit. pa.125
How lecherous *Turgesius* the *Norwegane*, hauing conquered *Ireland*, was by certaine young Gentlemen in the habites of Ladies slaine, and *Ireland* sorecouered. chap.26.pag.126
Of amorous king *Dermot*, and his Paramour the *Queene of Meph* in *Ireland*: and of *Ireland* conquered to *England*. pag.129
Of the Hermits speeches to Earle *Thomas of Lancaster*. chap.27. pag.131
How King *Edward* the second for his euill gouernement was depos- ed, and his Parasites put to death. chap.28.136
Of King *Edward* the third his Victories and noble Gouernement. pag.137
Of the magnanimite of a *Scottish* Lady Sir *Alexander Setons* wife, at the besieging of *Barmicke*. pag.138
Of the troublesome Raigne of king *Richard* the second: and how he was deposed by *Henry*, surnamed *Henry of Bolingbroke*, Duke of *Hertford* and *Lancaster*,&c. pag.140

The sixt Booke.

- OF king *Henry* the fourth: of the Rebellions in his time: and of *Richard* the seconds death. chap.29.pag.142
Of the victorious Prince king *Henry* the fist. Of *Queene Katherine* and *Owen Tudor*. pag.143
OF

The Table.

Of the wowing and wedding of <i>Vulcan</i> and <i>Venus</i> : and of the strife betwixt <i>Venus</i> and <i>Phabas</i> . How <i>Pan</i> wowed, and was deceived.	chap.30.pag.146 chap.31.pag.152
Of <i>Mercurie</i> his successes loue. Of <i>Mars</i> his Censure of loue and women: and of <i>Jupiters</i> Sentence and sayings.	pag.154 pag.156 and 157
Of the troublesome Raigne of King <i>Henrie</i> the sixt: how he was lastly deposed: And of King <i>Edward</i> the fourth.	chap.32.pa.158
Of King <i>Richard</i> the third, and of his Tyrannies. How <i>Henry</i> Earle of <i>Richmond</i> ouercame and slew King <i>Richard</i> the third.	pag.160 chap.33.pag.161
Of the vniting of the two houses <i>Lancaster</i> and <i>Yorke</i> by intermar- riage.	pag.163.

The Seauenth Booke.

Of the great difficulties ouerpased by <i>Henrie</i> the Seauenth heire of the Line of <i>Lancaster</i> , or euer he attained to the Crowne.	chap.34.pag.164
Of the like great difficulties ouerpased by his wife <i>Queene Eliza- beth</i> heire of the Line of <i>Yorke</i> , or euer the same two houses by their intermarriage were united.	pag.166
Of a great Rebellion in England, occasioned by a Priest. Of <i>Queene Elizabeth</i> wife to <i>Edward</i> the Fourth.	chap.35.pag.168
Of <i>Perken Warbeck</i> and his rebellious Complottors. Of the malicio- ous Duchesse of <i>Burgoin</i> . Of the great Constancie of a chaste La- die wife vnto the same <i>Perkin</i> .	pag.169
Of a Scottish Knight distraught through his Ladies disloyaltie. Of his mad passions and speeches: of his Death: and of her euill end- ing.	chap.36.pag.171
A Tale of the Bat and the Moole, &c.	chap.37.pag.179
Of the Cuckooe and the Owle, part of the former Tale.	pag.185
Of <i>Perken Warbecks</i> End. Of a Third rebellion.	pag.187
Of <i>Empson</i> and <i>Sutton alias Dudley</i> .	pag.188

The Eight Booke.

Of King <i>Henry</i> the Eight. Of his Sister <i>Mary</i> the French Queen, and <i>Charles Brandon</i> Duke of <i>Suffolk</i> .	chap.38.pag.190 Of
--	-----------------------

The Table.

Of <i>Queene Katherine Dowager</i> . &c.	pag.191
Of King <i>Edward</i> the sixt his vertuous Raigne, &c.	chap.39.pag.192
Of <i>Edward Seimer</i> , and Lord Protector, Duke of <i>Somerset</i> .	chap.40
Of <i>John Dudley</i> Duke of <i>Northumberland</i> .	pag.195
Of the Lord <i>Gilford Dudley</i> and Lady <i>Jane</i> his wife.	pag.196
Of <i>Queene Mary</i> .	chap.41.pag.198
Offayre <i>Rosamund</i> and King <i>Henrie</i> the second.	pag.199
Of a Ladie, who by patience and quiet policie reclaimed her Lord from wantonnes.	chap.42.pag.202
A Catalogue or Epitomie of all the most valiant and famous Kings of this Land, and of their Acts, from <i>Brute</i> to her now Maiesties most blessed Raigne.	chap.42.pag.206
An obseruation touching the letter <i>H</i> .	pag.208
The ninth Booke.	
A Fiction, alluded to our now most gratiouse Soueraigne <i>Queene Elizabeth</i> her Persecutors, Persecution, and her pasage there- out.	chap.44.pag.212
Moroosher Maiesties Troubles, & wonderful deliuerie pa.212 &c.	
Of the vntimely Ends of most our English Dukes since the Con- quest: by way of Cauet to Parasites, Rebels, and Conspirators.	chap.45.pag.214
The Tale of <i>Narcissus</i> and <i>Eccbo</i> .	chap.46.pag.216
A Fiction of their Authoritie from Hell. Their present corrupting of Mankind, and wherein.	pag.218
Of the Chat passed betwixt two old Widowes, concerning new Fangles now vsed by women.	chap.47.pag.220
More of their Chat.	chap.47.pag.222
Of <i>Spayne</i> s ambitious affecting Kingdomes.	chap.48
What the <i>Spanyards</i> in Councell cōcluded, touching English Papists at their pretended Inuasion of <i>England</i> : and of the small securitie wherein <i>Spayne</i> standeth.	pag.225.&c.
The ouerthrow of the <i>Spanish</i> Armada, that anno Dom.1588.threat- ened the Conquest of <i>England</i> .	chap.49.pag.227
How Sathan by the only sinne of Pride hath euer preuailed. cap.50.	
The Legend of <i>S.Christofers</i> . Of the Popes Drifts, and Infirmitie.	pag.229
Of	pag.230 and 231

The Table.

- Of the Spanish Inquisition. chap. 51. pag. 232
Of the beginning of *Iesuists*. An admonition to such of them as bee our Natiues. Of chiese poynts wherein the Papists dissent from vs in Opinion. pag. 233. and 234
Of the Combat betwixt the Flesh and the Spirit, chap. 52. pag. 235
How our Religion is autenticall. Of the chiese poynts wherein we dissent from the Papists. pag. 236. &c.
A Commendation of our present Government. With a remembrance of somewhat that in some Persons faulteth. cap. 53. p. 239
Of the Hypocrites of our time. pag. 240. &c.

The Tenth Booke.

- How the King of Spayne and Pope first quarrelled vs : received, armed, & abetted our Rebels and Fugitives. Of the Popes arrogant Bull : and of the Scottish Queene, &c. pag. 242. &c.
Of the Scottish Queene her Pretexts and intemperate affecting the Crowne of England. Her many and most daungerous Conspiracies : with a Catalogue of most her trayterous Complottors. &c. chap. 55. pag. 245. &c.
Of her lawfull and orderly Triall. Of the most deliberate and mercifull handling of her cause. &c. chap. 56. pag. 248. &c.
Of her Death, &c. pag. 250. &c.
Of what Councell the ciuill warres in France had Originall. chap. 57
The beginning of the same ciuill warres. By whom : and against whom. pag. 253. &c.
How the Spanyard in those Turmuts driffted for France. The Popes incharitable adting therein. Of our Queenes her charitable and necessarie succours to the oppressed French : and the Progresse of those ciuill warres, &c. chap. 58. pag. 255
The tragical historie of King Danids Children applied, &c. chap. 59
More of the same Historie. chap. 60. pag. 263. &c.
Of the wares in the Low Countries. &c. chap. 61. pag. 265. &c.

The Eleventh Booke.

- Of Sir John Mandevil and faire Elenors loue : his Prowesse for her sake performed : and his departure to trauell strange Countries. pag. 296. &c.
Of

The Table.

- Of Sir Hugh Willoughby his Voyage, and death. Of Chancelor performing the same Voyage. pag. 273
Of Discoueries by Chancelor : his stately Intertainment, and successfull dispatch of affayres in Russia. pag. 274
More of Mandevil and Elenor : and of his Letter sent vnto her. &c. pag. 275. &c.
A description of Russia. Somewhat of their Manners, Religion, and Policie, &c. chap. 65. pag. 278
More of Chancelors laudable Actions : and of his death. pag. 279
Of Elenor her speeches to one Stafford, in answer of Mandevils Letter, &c. chap. 66. pag. 281
Of Burrough his Discoueries, &c. chap. 67. pag. 283
Of Jenkinson his Discoueries, and successfull imployments. pag. 284
More of the same. pag. 285
Of Mandevil offered a great Marriage in Egypt. Of Women, and Marriage : and a Censure of Either. chap. 68. pag. 286
More of Jenkinson labouring our affaires in Persia, &c. chap. 69. pag. 289

The Twelfth Booke.

- Of the meanes whereby Elenor (thereof before ignorant) had notice that Mandevil was her Knight beloued. cap. 70. p. 292
Of East, South, & Southeast Discouerers and Discoueries, &c. chap. 71. pag. 295. &c.
A Woman simply deliuering the Soothe concerning her owne Sexe, &c. chap. 72. pag. 297
Of the Seuenteene Kingdomes in Tymes by-paſſed, whereof her Maiestie is now sole Monarch, &c. chap. 73. pag. 300. &c.
Old Rome discribed in her Ruines. chap. 74. pag. 302
Of Romes politicke Gouvernement from the Originals, vnto Constantines Donation. &c. pag. 304
Of the Gouernors, and Gouvernement of Rome, since the Papacie. chap. 75. pag. 305
Of the free-States in Italie. pag. 306. &c.
A new Reuiuer of an olde Merriment, of one croſſed in his amorous drifting. chap. 76 pag. 307. &c.
Of Mandevil and Stafford met at Rome, &c. pag. 309. &c.
The residue of the former Merriment. chap. 77 pag. 312
Mandevil and Elenor met, and of their loues Euent, &c. pa. 304 &c
Æneidis in Profe. pag. 317. &c.

FINIS.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. I.

Tell of things done long agoe, of many things in
few:
And chiefly of this Clyme of ours, the Accidents
pursue.
Thou high Director of the same, assist mine art-
lesse pen,
To write the gests of *Brutons* stout, and actes of
English men.

When arked *Noah*, & seuen with him, the emptyd worlds Remaine,
Had left the instrumentall meane, of landing them againe:
And that both man and beast, and all, did multiply with store,
To *Asia Sem*, to *Affruk Cham*, to *Europe Iapheth* bore
Their Families. Thus triple wise the world deuided was:
One language common vnto all: vntill it came to passe,
That *Nembroth* sonne to *Chus*, the sonne of *Cham*, old *Noah* his sonne,

B

In

ALBIONS ENGLANC.

In *Caldea* (neuer seene before) an Empire had begonne,
As he and his audacious crew, the Tower of *Babell* reare,
Pretending it should check the cloudes, so to auoyd the feare
Of following flouddes, the Creator of creatures beheld
The climbing toppes of cloud-high Towers, and more to be fulfilde.
To cut off which ambitious plot, and quash their proud intent
Amongst a world of people there he sundry speeches sent,
So that vnable to conferre about the worke they went,
The Tower was left vnsfinished: and every man withdrew
Himselfe apart, to ioyne with those whose language best he knew:
And thus confusid tonguts at first, to every nation grew.

THE Babylonian *Saturne* though his buildings speede was bad,
Yet found the meanes that vnder him he many Nations had.
He was the first that rulde as King, or forraigne landes subdude,
Or went about into the right of others to intrude:
Ere this aspiring mindes did sleepe, and wealth was not pursude.
His sonne *Ioue Belus* after him, succeeded and puruaide
For dreadfull warres, but awlesse death his dreadfull purpose staide.

Then *Ninus* prosecutes the warres, preuented *Belus* sought,
And fild the wronged worlde with armes, and to subiection brought
Much people, yet not capable of such his nouile fight.
From *Caldea* to *Affyria* he translates the Empire quite:
And caused fire on horses backes, before him euer borne,
To be adorned for a God. Thus out of vse was worne
In *Caldea* and *Affyria* too the honour rightly due
To high *Iehoua*, God indecde. Idolatrie thus grew
From *Ninus* first: he first of all a Monarchie did frame,
And bewtified *Niniue*, that bore the Builders name.

His warlike wife *Semiramis*, her husband being dead,
And sonne in nonage, faining him long ruled in his stead:
Delating in a males attyre, the Empire new begonne:
The which, his yeares admitting it, she yeckded to her sonne,

Thus

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Thus *Cham* his broode did borgeon first, and held the worlde in awe:
But *Iapheths* Line to *Iauans* land from *Afur* doth vs drawe.

M Vch prayse is spoke of *Theffalie*, and *Pegasus* his Springs,
And how the Nymphes of *Meonie*, in *Tempe* did great things,
And how that *Cecrops* and his seede did honour *Athens* so,
As that from thence are sayd the Springs of Sciences to flow.
Not onely Artes but Cheualry, from *Greece* deriuie we may:
Wherof (omitting many things) my Muse, alone ly say
How *Saturne*, *Ioue*, and *Herowles*, did fill the world with fame
Of iustice, prouesse, and how they both men and Monsters tame:
And so from these deriuie the meane how *Brute* to *Albion* came.

In *Crete* did florish in those dayes (the first that florist so)
Vranos: he in wealth and witte all others did out goc.
This tooke to wife (not then forbod) his Sister *Vesta* fayre,
That crooked *Titan* did to him and comely *Saturne* baer.
The elder for deformities, in making and of minde,
With parents and the people too did lesser liking finde:
The younger by the contraries, gaue hansell in his prime
Of many vertues, honouring their Owners elder time.
Away slips age: death spareth none: *Vranos* leauies the stage,
His body (now depriu'd of pomp) interred, the wormes doe gage.
Well may a rich mans Hearse want teares, but heires he shall not mis,
To whome, that he is dead at length no little ioyc it is.
Howbeit, at the least for forme, *Vranos* Sonnes lament:
But scarce their parted fathers Ghost to heauen or hell was sent,
When that his heires did fall at oddes about the vacant Raigne:
And *Titan* chafes, disabled then the Scepter to sustaine.
Each eye did follow *Saturnes* forme, each heart applaudes his fame,
And to conclude, with whole consent, he winnes away the game.
Yet, for because the Birth-right should inure to *Titan* still,
In *Mars* his Church did *Saturne* vow his Iusties males to kill.
Not meandly glad was *Saturne* then his head posselt of Crowne,

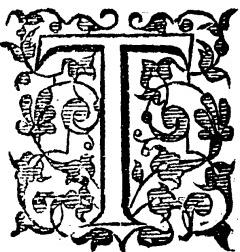
B 2

When,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

When, of his building, he was Lord of many a peopled Towne.
 He giueth lawes, his lawes are kept, he bids, and all obay,
 And eqitally belou'd and feard he wealds a kingly sway.
 He teacheth men (vntaught before) to eare the lusty land:
 And how to pearse the pathlesse ayre, with shaft from Bow-mans hand.
 God *Dis* did quaike to see his golde so fast conuayd from hell,
 And fishes quakte, when men in ships amidst their floods did dwell:
 Who loues not him? Wherein did not the King of *Crete* excell.
 But what auaile or Townes, or Lawes, or what doe subiects moue?
 Sheaues, Shafts, or Ships, or Gold, or all? king *Saturne* is in loue.
 He loues, and is beloude againe: yeat so might not suffice,
 In former vow to *Titan* made his paine of pleasure lies:
 But no man from the Monarke *Lone* by wealth or weapons flies.
Cybella, fayre *Cybella* is espoused to her brother:
 And as doe *Venus* billing Birds so loue they one another.
 In Coiture she doth conceiue: one sonne is borne, and slayne:
 And *Saturne* of the hanstell hard, doth male-content re mayne.

CHAP. II.


 He Sunne had compast all the Signes, and *Cybelle*
 brought to light
 Her second breed, a smiling boy, and *Jupiter*
 he hight:
 Together with the Queene of Gods (so *Iunos*
 stile we wright.)
 The infant smiled at his birth: but *Cybelle*, ioy-
 bereft,

And *Vesta*, whom *Vranos* had an heauy widow left,
 Did both lament: for *Saturne* wild the new borne babe should die,

Both

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Both to acquire him of his vow, and frustrate Destinie.
 For at the Oracle he had, his wife a sonne should beare,
 That should eie& him from his Realme: his vow therefore and feare
 Did hasten on (vnwillingly) the slaughter of his sonne:
 For which (his sorrowes granting speech) his moene he thus begonne.

And wāt not stately Crowns their cares? With pompe haue princes
 Ah, die he must, and die he shall, els may not *Saturne* taigne. (paine)
 Yeat, might a Scepters want suffice, I gladly would resigne:
 But sworne-by *Stix* and wreakfull *Mars* at periuries repine.
 Then farre be it that they repine, least I too late repent:
 It doubles sinne, if sinne by sinne we practise to preuent.
 From this time foorth, *Melancholie*, for Surname *Saturne* had:
 No mirth could wrest frō him a smile, ech smile would make him sad.
 His seruants feare his solemne fites, when if they ought did say,
 He either answers not at all, or quite an other way.
 Vnpeopled roomes and pathlesle wayes did fit his humour best:
 And then he sighs and shadeth teares when all things else did rest.
 Who so could cite a Tragedie was formost in his creede,
 For, balking pleasant company, on sorrowes did he feede.
 Death likes him that mislikes himselfe: in gesture roabes and all
 He shewes himselfe like to himselfe: and hence it doth befall
 That men to Melancholy giuen, we *Saturnists* doe call.

His Wife and Sister kissing oft her Nephewe and her Sonne,
 (For she his Aunt and Mother was) wirth *Vesta* secke to shunne
 The voted Fathers deadly doome: to kill so sweete a Childe
 Their eyes and very soules abhorre: who (nothing so vnmilde)
 Doe weeping kisse his laughing mouth, in minde the Babe to saue:
 Howbeit feare of *Saturnes* wrōt contrary counsell gaue.
 But when in haste the Babe his heart was sent for by and by,
 So *Saturne* wild, so *Cybelle* must, and *Vesta* a not denie,
 It was a woe to heare their woe and death to see them die.
 Vnhollowed wretch, then *Cybelle* sayd, in wombe whē did I beare
 This double Burthen? happy Twins, sauē that my Twins they are.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

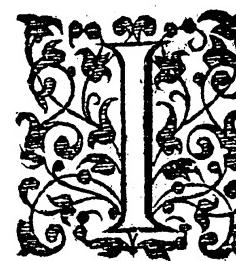
So that my teeming with these throwes had ending well were I:
Or would I might not giue them life, that living foorthwith die.
Thy Scepter (*Saturne*) is not worth Perfourmance of thy vow:
Thy conscience doth a scruple holde that Gods nor men allow.
Frō Gods, frō men, from brutish beasts, from nature nought doth grow;
But fosters what it bringeth foorth: thou onely doest not so.
Thy Sonnes alone for slaughter serue, and I mean while their mother
Am *Saturnes* Wife, lesse proud of it then that he is my Brother.
Unhappy *Cybell* borne to beare, and therefore borne to woe,
And fruitlesse fertill to a man that soweth not to mow.

Now teares had drowncd further speech, till she as one bestronght
Did crie that with a knife the Babe should to her bed be brought:
My selfe (quoth she) will be his death, with whome my selfe will die:
For so may *Saturne* faue and shunne his vow and destinate.
But *Vesta* counteraunds her charge: yeat *Saturnes* will must stand,
For *Ioue* must die, or they not liue. A Damsell theare at hand
Was then enforced to that charge. Thrice toucht her knife his Skin,
But thrice his smiles did cause her teares: she fourthly did beginne,
And fourthly ended as before. Betide me death or life,
Live still (at least for me) she sayd: and casting downe the knife,
She kist that sweete and pretie mouth that laughed on her lippes:
And brings him back to *Cybel*s bed. Her heart, reuived, skippeis,
Reuiewing life where reckned death had wrought repenant teares.

The Father fronted with a guile, at length the Damsell beares
The Infant vnto *Oson* Towne: and in her Ladies name,
Intreats *Melissas* Daughters twayne to nourish vp the same.
Vp to a Mountaine beare they him, and in a secret Cauē
A Mountaine Goat did giue him milke, and so his life they faue.
His Nourses, sounding Simbals once to drowne the Infants crie,
A many Bees (the Muses birds) into the Cauē did flie,
Where making Honie, *Saturnes* Sonne did long time liue thereby.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.



CHAP. III.

T doth remayne of *Jupiter*, as how (but then a Lad)
From *Epyre* to *Pelasgis* him the Lordes *Epyrote*s
had,
To fetch their pledge *Lycaon* held, when times of
truce had ende.
Lycaon fayning to consent, that did not so intend,

Next day, as though he would dismisse the Legates with estate,
Did make to them a solemne feast: when, hauing slaine of late
The noble pledge, he brings his limmes and setteth them before
His Countreymen to feede vpon in saused dishes store.

The Strangers and his Subiects too abhorring such a sight,
Sitt gazing each in others face, bereft of speech and sprite,
Vntill that lustie *Jupiter*, a stripling to beholde,
Did take the limmes dismembred so, and with a courage bolde
Did shew them throug *Pelasgis* streetes, declaring by the way
The murther of their bloodie King: which did so much dismay
The Citizens, that euen they, detesting such vnright,
Did rise in armes against their King, where youthfull *Ioue* did fight
So valiantly, that by his force *Lycaon* tooke his flight:
And after did by Robberies, by blood, and Rapines liue:
For which to him a Wooliush shape the Poets aptly giue.

IN *Epyre* and *Pelasgis* thus *Ioue* first his honour wonne:
But greater things vntouched are by this same Worthy donne.
And partly, in the monstrous warre that *Titan* and his Crue

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Did holde with *Saturne*, when by search of Issues males he knew
The which his brother had aliue, against their couenant made:
When, *Titan* Victor, fast in hold was vanquisht *Saturne* laide,
Together with his wife and friends: where sorrow much they past,
Till *Jupiter* did vnderstand his parentage at last.
He therefore landing tooke in *Crete*, with well prouided men:
And flew his Vnkle *Titan*, and the Giant *Typhon* then,
With most part of the *Titanoies*, and sets his Father free:
By meanes whereof they reconcile, and well a while agree.

Not brooking then *Apollo*s fault, in that he entainde
The remnaunt of the *Titanoies*, that after warres remainde,
Apollo was by *Jupiter* inforced for to flie
His kingdome *Paphos*, and to liue exilde in *Theffalie*.
There loue, but chiefly penurie, constrained him to keepe
(Vntill he was restored home) the King *Admetus* sheepe.
And for his Sonne disdainefully enuied *Ioue* his praise
Ioue was the same Phisitions death that dead to life could raise:
Whose fame grew thus. As *Aesculap* an heardsman did espie,
That did with easie fight enforce a Basiliiske to flie.
(Albeit naturally that Beast doth murther with the eye.)
*Apollo*s Sonne perceiving him with Garland on his head,
Imagins (as it was indeede) some hearb such vertue bred:
And for a proose, he caused him to cast the wreath away,
When strait the beast her onely eyes the silly man did slay.
Then *Aesculap* himselfe did take the wreath and puts it on,
And by that meanes he ouercame the Basiliiske anon.
In hearbs that deeper force is hid then Science may containe
I finde, sayd he, and hearb by hearb into his mouth did straine
That lay for dead, an hearb at last reuiuing him agayne.
Henceforth, men thought him more the man, whē by his wondrous
He rendred life to many like, so winning great good will. (skill
But as he waxed famous thus, he famous waxed proud,

Disdayning

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Disdayning all, yea *Ioue* himselfe for Peere he disallowd:
Vntill that *Saturne* angry Sonne reueng'd his pride by death:
Correcting iustly each abuse, as Rector on the Earth.

The Sonnes renouine thus added grace, vnto the Fathers name,
But shadowes waite on substances, and enuie followes fame.
Euen *Saturne*, pompous *Saturne*, ridde by *Jupiter* of Foes
And feare of *Titan*, did renewe his superstitious woes,
As touching former Oracle: and hastie sommons sent
Throughout his Realme to muster men, in purpose to preuent
By death of *Ioue* his destinie. The men of *Crete* repinde
To put on armour to his ill whom they had found so kinde:
But will they, nill they, so they must, for so their King assignd.
And *Saturne* with his armed troupes into *Arcadia* went,
Where *Jupiter*, forewarned of his Fathers ill intent,
Intreated peace, to him denide, so that perforce he must
Defend him from his froward Sire, or rather foe vniust.

Theare might ye see King *Saturne* fight like to a Lion wood,
Whilest *Jupiter* did beare his blowes and spares his Fathers blood:
And him that foe-like would him fley, he friendly did defend,
Desiring *Saturne* to retyre, but wordes were to no end.
The wilfull man pursuing blood, *Ioue* ceaseth to perswade,
And rushing in amongst his foes so hote a skirmish made:
That every blowe sets blood abroch, and so in little space,
Euen he who late he did entreat is followed now in chace
By *Arcas* and his company: for *Ioue* refraind the flight,
Because against his countrey men he had no will to fight.

Whilest lucklesse *Saturne* did escape by flight and fortune then,
And wandred long in vncouth Seas, depriude of wealth and men,
Victorius *Jupiter* was crownde with glory King of *Crete*:
And *Saturne*, now ariude at *Troy*, for succour did entreat.
Ganymedes, King *Troys* sonne, was sent in *Saturnes* ayde:
A worthy Knight, and valiant warre to *Jupiter* he made.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

But he and his were chased backe euен to their Citie walles,
For whoso stooede with *Jupiter*, by *Jupiter* he falleſ.
And heare the *Troyan Paragon Ganymedes* was taine,
Twixt whome and *Jupiter* thenceforth ſound friendſhip did remaine.
Then *Saturne* did the ſecond time to Seas with shame retire,
And neuer after durſt by warre againſt his ſonne conſpire:
But ſayling into lower Realmes, in *Itale* did dwell:
And hereof it is ſaid, his ſonne did chafe him into hell.

Meane while, leſſe ioyous of his fame then ielous of his freakes,
Her wrong *Queene Juno* on the Trolls of *Jupiter* the wreakes.
Which was the cauſe that, all too late, he (purpoſing returne
To reſcue *Danae* (in whose loue he amorousliy did burne))
Was caſt by ſtormes into the Seas, that forthwith tooke the name
Of him whom for his Piracieſ *Ione* vanquifht in the fame.
Ye might haue ſene *Aegeon* theare, with wreakfull wrath inflamde
At ſight of *Ione*, at whose decay he long in vaine had aimd.
And how that *Ione* had now the wort, and in a riſe againe
The Gyant with hiſtwice three Barkes in hazard to be taine.
The *Centaures* ſhew them valerous, ſo did *Ixon* stout,
And braue *Ganymedes* did deale his balefull dole about:
But when couraſious *Jupiter* had beaten to the ground
Aegeon, and in the ſelfſame Chaynes wherein he often bound
The harmelesſe ſoules that croſt thoſe Seas, himſelfe in fetters lay,
Ye might haue ſayd, and truly ſayd, that then did end the fray.
So many were his high exploits, whereof ſuch wonder bread,
That for the fame the Heathen folke doe deifie him dead.
Whiſh ſince they are ſo maniſtold, I many ouerpaffe:
And though *Amphitrio* bluſh to heare how he deceiuē was,
And that *Alcmena* pinch my tongue, poſſeſt with baſhfull shame,
Yea though that *Jupiter* himſelfe my lauifh tongue ſhall blame,
Yea ſince that ielous *Juno* knowes already of the fame,
I dare to tell how *Jupiter* ſo cunningly beguilde

His

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

His loue *Alcmena*, that by him ſhe traueled with childe
Of *Hercules*: whose famous Acts we orderly ſhall tell,
Wherof the firſt, but not the leaſt, in Cradle-time befell.

CHAP. IIII.



Veene *Juno*, not a little wroth againſt her huſbands crime,
By whome ſhee was a Cockqueane made, did
therefore at the time
In which *Alcmena* criid for helpe to bring her
fruit to light,
Three nights and dayes inchaunt her throwes:
and (of a Diueliſh ſpight)
Intended both the Ladies death and that wherewith ſhe went:
Till *Galinthis* vnoſitching her did *Junos* ſpells preuent.
Howbeit cankered *Juno*, ſtill purſuing her intent,
Two poſſoned Serpents, got by charmes, into the chamber brought
Where *Hercules* in cradle lay, and thinking to haue wrought
A Tragedie, did let them looſe: who ſmelling out their pray,
Skaerd Hercules his brother that in ſelfe fame cradle lay:
But *Hercules*, as Children vſe with little whelpes to play,
Did dallie childiſhly with them, and no whit did dismay:
Vntill at laſt his tender flesh did feele their ſmarting ſtings,
And then diſpleaſd, betwixt his hands the Snakes to death he wring.
Amphitrio and the *Tebanes* all of this fame wonder tell:
And, yeeres permitting, *Hercules* did with *Euristeus* dwell.
This King, by ſpitefull *Juno*s meanes, did ſet him taske on taske,
But *Hercules* perſourmed more then both of them could aske.

Yea,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Yea, yet a Lad, for Aetiuenes the world did lack his like,
To Wrestle, Ride, Run, Cast, or Shoote, to Swim, to Shift, or Strike,
As witnes (his inuention first) those solemne aetiuene Plaies,
That were on Mount Olimpus tride, where he had prick and praise.
For which his Nouell, and himselfe (in those not hauing Peeres)
The Gracians by th' Olimpides kept reckning of their yeeres.

King Atlas daughters in the Isles of Hespera did holde
A many Sheepe: and Poets faine their fleeces were of Golde:
(For rarenes then of Sheepe and Wooll in figures so they faine)
Euristes pricks his Puple on this nouile Prize to gaine.
The Greekes applie their sweating Oares, and sailing doe persist
Vntill they reach the wished shoare: where ready to resist
Their entrance to the closed Isles an armed Giant staid,
Whose grim aspects at first approch made Hercules afraide.
Now buckle they, and boysterous bloses they giue and take among:
A cruell fight: But Hercules had victorie ere long.
The Giant slaine, Philoetes tooke the vanquisher in hand:
An harder taske had Hercules then pausing now to stand,
Most dreadfull was their doubtfull fight, both lay about them round,
Philoetes held the harder fight by keeping higher ground.
The Sonne of Iove perceiving well that proweesse not auail'd,
Did faine to faint: the other thought that he in deed had quaid,
And left th' aduantage of his ground, and fiercely smites his Foe:
But Hercules, whose policie was to contrie it so,
Renewing fight most eagerly, so strikes and strikes againe,
That to endure the doubled force his valiant Foe had paine.
Who, yeelding to his Victors will, did finde in him such grace,
As Hercules did thenceforth vse his friendship in each place.
Hesperides, the goodly Nymphs, their Keepers chaunce lament:
But Hercules did comfort them, and cure their discontent:
And shipping then of Rammes and Ewes a parcell thence he went.

ALBIONS ENGLAND:

IN coasting back by new-be w Troy, he saw a monefull sort
Of people, clustering round about their yet unconquered Port.
He musing much, and striking Saile, did boldlie aske wherfore
They made such dole: Laomedon, then standing on the Shoare,
Did tell the cause: the cause was thus. Laomedon ere than
To reare the statelie walles of Troy (a costly worke) began,
And wanting pay to finish vp the worke he had begunne,
Of Neptunes and of Phœbus Priests (the Godes of Sea and Sunne)
He borrowed money, promising repairement of the same
By certaine time which thereunto he did expressly name.
The walles are built, the time is come, the Priests their money craue,
Laomedon forsweares the debt, and naughtie language gaue.
Forthwith the Sea (the Diuell then did many wonders shewe)
Began to swell, and much of Troy with violence overflowed:
And thereupon the swealtie Sunne (the wastfull Sea retierd)
So vehementlie did shine vpon the Oosie plashes myerd,
That thereof noisome vapours rose, and of those vapours spread
Such plagues, as scarce the living might giue buriall to the dead.
Repentant then, their wretched king to diuell-god Delphos goes
Where at the Oracle he knew his wrongs to cause such woes:
And how the Gods of Sun and Seas, offended, doe require
Each month a Virgin, to appease a scaish Monsters ire.
Wherfore to saue their common weale, the Trojans did agree,
One Virgin, as her Lot did light, should pay that monthlie fee.
Now after many murdere Maids (for monthlie at one day,
The fearefull Monster at the Port expects his wonted pray)
The lot fell to Hesione the daughter of the King,
Whom to the Port to be deuoured with teares the Trojans bring.
When Hercules thus vnderstoode the hard occasion why
The guilties Lady should haue died, he purposing to trie
His valiantnesse, (for what was it that Hercules would fie?)
Did aske the King what gift should grow to him that should both free

His

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

His Daughter and his kingdome of thidbody monthly fee.
The king, whom now a doubted hope of profered helpe made glad,
Made promise of two milk-white Steedes as chiefeſt gemmes he had.
Braue Hercules, whose ventrous heart did onely hunt for fame,
Acceptis th'assumpli, and prepares the fiend-like fish to taine.

Anone the dreadfull Diuell drijes the Sea before his breſt,
And ſplitting mighty waues abrode, diſgorgde from monſtrous cheſt,
Lifts vp his vgly head aboue the troubled waues to catch
The trembling Lady, for which pray his yawning iawes did watch:
But he, whose ſtrength exceeded ſenſe, with yron Club in firſt,
Did booteſſe long with bruſing waight the boiſtrous Whale reſiſt.
The greater ſtockes, the fiercer was the monſters awleſſe fight:
So that the Greces and Troyans all miſdoubt their dreadleſſe knight,
Still Hercules did lay on load, and held the fight ſo long,
That in the end the Sea retirde, and left the fish among
The bared ſands: and ſo for want of water, not of ſtrength,
Good fortune honours Hercules with victorie at length.

Now when the King, his Troyans, and the Grecians had behiſt
The uſtance of the vgly ſhape, euen dreadfull being kiſſed;
They bring the Champion to the towne with triu-phs, giſts, & praife:
And who but he belou'd in Troy, whiles that in Troy he ſtayes?
Alone the King (a man no doubt predeſtiuate to ill)
Obſtruſing how his ſubiects bore to Hercules good will,
And fearing leaſt their loue to him might turne himſelfe to hate,
And ſeeing now himſelfe and land in proſperous eſtate,
Vnfriendly did exclude his friend from out his City ſtrong,
Whiileſt with his Greces he hunts abroad, miſtrouſleſſe of ſuch wrōg.
And when the Champion and his men did from their ſportē returne,
Not onely did gain ſay in Troy that longer they ſoiourne,
But alſo (impudent in guiles) withheld the Corfers twaine,
Whiich Hercules ſo dearly wonne, in hazard to be ſlayne.
Alcmenas Sonne abuſhed them to finde ſo lewd a meede,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

In liu of well deſerued loue was chollerick indecd:
And made a vow (if life gaue leauē) he would ſuſh vengeance take
On Troy, that euen the ſtones thereof for dread of him ſhould quake,
And that the liuing Troyans then ſhould ſay, and iuſtly ſay,
That they were happye whom the plague and Monſter made away.
And threatning ſo the trotheleſſe King did leauē the hated Port,
And ihortly did ariuē at Thebes, and feaſts in Creons Court.

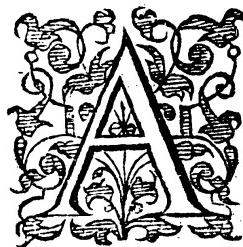
Thence brought he war and wrack to Troy, and in his armie Kings:
And by the way Larneſſus walles vnto the ground he flings,
And ſetteth Tenedos on fire, whiſe ſcarleſſe flames eſpide,
Gaue ſommons vnto careleſſe Troy for worſer to prouide.
Before the Greces had reached Troy, the Troyans by the way
Did bid them battaile: many men on either part decay.
The ſounding armours crack with blows, whileſt piercing arrows fliſe,
This lyeth dead, that ſame is maimde, and more at poyn্ত to die.
Heads, armes, and armour fliſe about, and bodies ſwimme in blood,
And fresh ſupplies did fall with them on whom they fighting ſtood.
But Hercules, aboue the reſt, beſtird himſelfe ſo well,
That ſtill before his balefull Club by ſhocks the Troyans fell.
Who, fainting now, ſeeke to retire into their ſenſiue towne:
Where Hercules their Porter was, and tudeley knockes them downe.

Thus wonne he Troy, and ſacked Troy, and Chanels flowed blood,
Nor did he breath whileſt any part of all the Citie ſtood,
Saue ſtately Ileon. In the ſame a many Ladies weare,
Whiſe piteous teares wrought Hercules that onely place to ſpare,
As for the falſe Laomedon he ſecrely was fled
And valiant Pryamus his ſonne to Grecce was captiue led.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. V.



To home returne, Queene *Juno* craues his compa-
nie at *Creat*,
Whom, there arriud, with hartlesse ioy his step-
dame did intreat.
What? Hearst thou not my sonne (quoth she)
how *Argiue* folke complaine
Of Lions three, that in their fieldes both men and
heardes haue slaine?

All this she said, as knowing him to seeke such hard affaires:
To win him to which desperate fight no Course nor cost she spares.
When this was said, enough was said, and halfe was yet behinde
When *Hercules* did vow redresse, and *Juno* had her minde.
He ioyes to heare of that exploit, such was his ventrous hart,
And thanking *Juno* for her newes, did so from thence depart.

Philoctes now and *Hercules* in *Nemea* Forrest be,
Long seeking what they could not finde, till, crying from a tree,
An Heards-man said, friends shifte away, or else come vp to me:
Least that those cruell Lions three now ranging in this wood,
Which haue deuourd those Heards I had, and with my Manies bloud
Imbrud their fierce deuouring chappes, and forced me to clime
This Tree, where I (vnhappie man) on leaues haue fed long time,
May, all too soone, with tearing teeth destroy you in like case.
The quaking Heards-man scarce had said thus much, when as a pace
From out a Thick the Lions three on *Hercules* did run.
Philoctes trustlesse of his Prowse, by climing did them shun,
And now the Rampant Lions great, whose onely view would quiale

An

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

An hundred Knights, though armed well, did *Hercules* assaile,
And sometimes with their churlish teeth and pinching pawes againe
So grieuously indanger him, that neere he faints with paine.
Howbeit (glorie checking griefe) he twaine had now dispatcht:
The third, and dreadfullst of the three, though many a blow he catcht,
Yet neither Club nor Sword had force to harme his hardned Hide,
Vntill that (weapons laid apart) by strangling hands he dide.

Not *Hercules* himselfe conceaud more ioy of this successe
Then did *Philoctes*, who ere while did hope of nothing lesse.
The Herds-man, poore *Melorcus*, like as *Hercules* him wild,
Vncaest the Lions, fearing long to touch them being kild:
And in his Cottage to the Knights a Countrey feast he hild.

The *Argiues*, hearing of this deed, with Triumphs him intreate,
And offer all: but leauing all he doth returne to *Create*:
Whom glozing *Juno*, against her minde, with cost did intertwine,
And with a tongue repugnant quite to her malicious vaine
Commends his deeds, whē rather she did wish he had been slaine.
And therefore with an harder taske his labour did renew:
But what was it that manhood might, and he would not pursue?

IN *Egypt* was a grieuous drought, the cause thereof vñknowen:
Which to redresse, their Diuelish Gods and Oracle had showen.
Doo offer vp strange bloud, they bid, and so auert our ire:
Bysiris, prone before to bloud, had now his hearts desire.
No sooner Stranger toucht the shoare, but them the barbarous King
To frie in flames before his Gods for Sacrifice doth bring.
Yea custome added worse to ill, his Subiect and his friend
(When Strangers misle) suppie the flames, his murthers had no end.
Howbeit, with these Butcheries the drought did still remaine:
For in *Bysiris* was the bloud that should redeeme the raine.
The Gods did meane (which they not minde) that lewd *Bysiris* he
An Alien borne, that Stranger was, who dead, no drought should be.
A Noble man of *Junos* kin *Bysiris* late had slaine,

C

For

ALBIONS ENGLANC.

For losse of whome the craftie Queene did often sorrowes faine,
Cease(Madame) saith Hercules,not long the time shall be,
But I his tyrannie shall end,else it givē end to me.
Her sorrowes did not tith her ioy,when he had giuen consent
To vndertake that deathfull taskē : for death was it she ment.

Now Hercules in Egypt meetes Busiris and his Crew,
Whēn sodainelie with maine assault on him the Giant flew :
Supposing to haue dealt with him,as he had done before
With oþer Strangers. Hercules alone, and no more
To take his part,with skathfull stroakes bestird his Club so well,
In battering of the Tyrants bones,that strengthlesse downe he fell.
Then did he kill and chase away his lewd and cruell traine,
Till hearing of no further foe,he commeth backe againe,
And taketh vp the wretched King,that cryeth out for ayde :
And on the Altar,where himselfe had Strangers often layde,
Himselfe was made a Sacrifice : and as his blood did staine
The Altar,even at that same time there fell a ioyfull raine.

With ended drought, and Tyrants death,a common ioy befell,
And all in Memphis entertaine the vñknownen Champion well:
From thence returning back to Thebes he there a while did dwell.

King Creons Daughter Megara,at Thebes he did espouse :

To coultenāce their wedding feast did wāt nor knights,nor prowse.
Which triumphs ended, whē the knights shoulde thence depart away,
Pirithous to his wedding bids them all, and names the day
Wherin to meeete at Theſſalitē : to which did all consent,
And at the time concluded of at Theſſalitē conuent.
Amidst their cheere, the solemne feast the Centaures did dispeate :
Whom by no meaues the Nobles there to patience might intreat.
For they an hundred Gyants strong,with drinking whittled well,
Amongſt their cups,from words to blowes, and worser dealings fell :
And (too outragious at the last,(fierce Eurytis their Guide)
Vnreuerently they tauish thence Hippodame the Bride.

But

ALBIONS ENGLAND:

But Hercules not brooking it,to arme himselfe begunne,
And all alone in rescue of the rapted Bride did runne.
By this time did Ixenos Seede stand still in battell ray,
When he, but one against them all,began a bloodie fray.
Ech arrow that with ayming hand from sturdy Bow he sent,
Did answeare by the death of one the Sender his intent.

Whilst Hercules with deadly bow had store of Centaures slaine,
And, wanting arrowes, with their blood his valiant Club did stainc,
The Bridegroome and the other knights came to the ceasing fight,
When all were foyl'd, excepting twelue that sau'd their liues by flight.
Alone Lycus yeelded him a prisoner, and liues,
And liuing unto Hercules much after-forrow giues:
But Nessus, that escaped then, in time him worser grieues.

CHAP. VI.



The glory of this high attempt and sauing of the
Bride
They all ascribe to Hercules : and whilst they
heere abide
To exercise his Piracies, as Pluto King of Hell,
(Such was the lewdnes of his life, and place
where he did dwell,
That hee and it were titlēd so) lay houering
neere the shore,

And saw the folke of Cicilie their Gods with rights adore,
This rouing King, with armed Guardes of his disordered Crew
Did come a land to make their pray : but for, to outward view,
They faine devotion, none suspect the ill that did ensue,

C 2

Anon.

ALBIONS ENGLANC.

Anon, a wreathing Garlands sweet hard at her mothers side,
King *Pluto* sawe *Proserpine*, and liking whom he spide,
Concluding with his companie how to conuay her thence,
Betwixt his boistrous armes he tooke the faire and fearefull wench,
And doo what the *Cicilians* might, he setteth her aboord:
And to his giltie Sails the Aire did gentle Gales afoord.

A number eyes in *Sicilie* for her did wepe, in vaine:
For her her Mother *Ceres* and her Loues-mate did complaine,
He selfe (sweet Lady) of her moane did finde no meane, God wot,
Though *Dis* to please did say and giue what might be said or got.
Imbarked then, with him his Harpe did wofull *Orpheus* take,
And to *Melosso Platos* Realme with speedie Sails did make:
Wher he, vndeownne, at gate of Hell did harp such Musick sweete,
As lumpish *Cerberus* could not but shake his monstrous feete.
His feule and warpt ill-fauoured face, ore-hung with cole-black haires,
His horlike teeth, his lolling lips, his Doglike hanging eares,
His hooked nose, his skowling eyes, his filthie knotted Beard,
And what not in his vgly shape? but presently appeard
More milder than his common mood, and lesser to be feard.
This hellish Porter, deeming that such musick would delight
His weeping Mistris, did conuay the Harper to her sight:
Wher *Pluto* swore by dreadfull *Stix*, if *Orpheus* did by play
But make her laugh, what so he askt he should receiuie for pay.
Anon such Heauenly Harmonie on skilfull Harpe he plaid,
That she her husbands musick knew, and ioyfull was she made.
Now *Orpheus* did a watch-word giue, and she to laugh began:
And for reward to haue from thence his wife he asked than.

Although it gawled *Plutoes* soule his sweet-heart to forgo,
Yeat for to quit him of his oath, he yeelds it shall be so,
With this condition, that before they fully passed Hell,
He should not backwards looke on her, what chance so ere besell.
Now as they passe through blinde by-waies, he fearing least perchance
She erre or lag, returnes a looke: and who should marke that glance

But

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

But *Cerberus*, that purposely for such aduantage waites:
Who still detaining her, did shut her Husband out the gates.
When *Ceres* heard of this mischance, she *Cicill* leaues anon,
And knowing all the Knights of Greece to *Theffalie* were gone,
She thether goes in hope of helpe: where presently she meetes
With *Theseus* and *Pirithous*, whose salutings she regreets.
They wondring what the noble Queene of *Cicill* there should make:
Become inquisiuie thercof: to whom sad *Ceres* spake
First of *Proserpine* her greefe, and then of *Plutoes* guile:
For her she weepes, on him she railes, and moueth them meane while.
The mother of false *Dis* his rape had more behinde vnsaid,
When *Egeus* and *Ixions* Sonnes did ioyntly offer aide.

About the desert parts of *Greece* there is a valley lowe,
To which the roaing waters fall that from the Mountaines flowe:
So Rockes doe ouershadow it that scarce a man may vewe
The open ayre: no Sun shines there: Amidst this darksome Mewc
Doth stand a Citie, to the same belongs one onely Gate,
But one at once may come thereto the entrance is so straite,
Cut out the rough maine stonic Rocke: This Citie did belong
To *Pluto*, and because that he was euer doing wrong,
And kept a theeuish Rable that in mischieves did excell,
His Citizens were Diuels said, and Citie named Hell.
Wher to this Cities ruthlesse gate were come the friendly Knights,
Fierce *Cerberus* did rouse himselfe, and scarcely barking bites.
He thought the world had lackt the man that thether durst repaire:
And troth to say, not one till then to doo the like did dare.
Now fiery sparks from thundering strokes in darke did giue the light,
And *Ceres* Champions valiantly maintaine their ventrous fight,
When stout *Pirithous*, too too bold, a deadly wound he catcht,
And *Theseus*, though Combattan-like he long the Helhound matcht,
Yeat with his fellowe had he falne, and flying feares to cope,
Expecting nothing lesse then life, but hap exceeded hope:

C 3

For

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

For Hercules at Thessalie did feare so hard euent :
 Whence lanching out, he made in shewe as if to Thebes he went,
 But with Philotes all his traine and Lycus home he sent :
 And he himselfe to aide his friends did to Thebes goe,
 Wheare like as did his minde presage, he found it very so.
 For even as currish Cerberus with gorie blos did chace
 The wounded and the wearie Knight, came Hercules in place.
 An vnxpected happy sight to Theseus at that tide :
 Whom Cerberus forsaking then at Hercules he fide,
 Vpbraiding him with threatening words, and like himselfe did rauie,
 And reacht him many a crabbed rap with his presumptuous Glaue.

The Danter then of Trespassers perceaving Theseus drie
 His grieuous wounds, and at his feete Pyrrhus dead to lie,
 Desirous to revenge them both, laies lustie lode about,
 And with his still victorious Club did Cerberus so cloute,
 That quite dismaid at such a match, he feeling to the ground,
 Did send from out his Doggish throat a loud and diuelish sound.
 But when the victor sure enough the vanquished had bound,
 He leauing Theseus weake without into the Cittie went :
 Whereas he found the wicked King and Citizens, that spent
 Their frutelesse time in vices foule, and dealings most vniust,
 As those that in their Porters strength reposed all their trust.
 With these did Hercules play Rex, and leauing Dis for dead,
 Not one escapes his deadly hand that dares to shewe his head.
 Whole thousands the did breath their last, & who had scene the sight,
 Might well haue said it Hell indeede : for euerie thing out-right,
 Besides that fullen Mew it selfe, did giue a figure plaine
 Of selfe same Hell where damned Soules abide in endlesse paine.
 Saue howlings out & shuddering feare came nought to eare or sight,
 With grieuous groanes of dying Ghosts, & so much more their spight,
 By how much more he found them then in pleasures and delight.

This horror hanging, Hercules in buskling vp and downe

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

In Platoes Pallace, to her ioy, Proserpine he found,
 And tolde her of enlargement thence : And then in harrowed Hell
 (Pyrrhus buried) he, nor she, nor Theseus longer dwell :
 But, wayng Anker with the Queene of Cicilis Daughter went
 To Thebes : where present greefes pretended ioyes preuent,
 For, hearing of Pyrrhus death, not one but did lament.
 Hippodame (a Widowe now) especially bewailes
 Her ouer-hardie Husbands death : But weeping lesse preuailes
 Then did Revenge : for Hercules vnto her doome commits
 Her greefes. Contriuier, Cerberus, almost besides his wits
 For feare of death his due desert : whome causing to be bound
 Both hands and feet, and to be dragd along the ragged ground,
 A knauish Skull of Boyes and Girles did pelt at him with stones,
 And laying on with staues and whippes did breake both flesh & bones.

VVhen Hercules should passe to Hell, as hath before been said,
 And that Philotes of his men he had Lieutenant made,
 And as Philotes with his charge on Seas to Thebes did passe,
 He met Androdamus, the King of Calcedon he was.
 Androdamus, not knowing yet his Cosen there in thralde,
 (For Lycus was his Cosen) to the Theban Pilots calde
 To Ken of whence and where they would. But ere the Thebans might
 Giue answer, Lycus clogd with chaines on hatches stooode vpright
 And cride, Androdamus beholde and succout my thy friend,
 That shamefully, vnles thou helpe, am like my life to end.
 I Captiuie am to Hercules, and thus to Thebes must goe :
 Giue aide therefore. Androdamus deferrers not dooing so,
 But setteth on Philotes, that himselfe and Shippe defends,
 And part of Calcedons he slewe, and part to Sea he sends :
 But where the number tripled there for them the Battell ends.
 When Lycus was discharg'd of bands, and stout Philotes bound,
 He tolde what skath the Centaures late in Thebes had found.
 Amongst the slaine he named some allied to the King;

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

For which the sauage Tyrant swore reuenge on *Thebes* to bring:
And sayling thence preuailed theare by comming ynawares:
And putteth all to sacke and sword, nor olde nor young he spares.
He slaieth *Creen*, and in holde faire *Megara* was cast:
And leauing *Lycus* King in *Thebes*, from *Thebes* the Tyrant pass.

Whilst *Lycus* thus did Lord-it theare, the error of his eye
Did vexe his heart: but *Megara* his lust did chasty flye.
And *Hercules* by now had newes how things at *Thebes* fell out,
And how that *Lycus* theare was Lord, and none for him durst route.
Disguised then he thither comes and to the Pallace went:
Whom, whē the Porters would haue staide, his ragges he of did ret,
And shewes himselfe like to himselfe, no blos in vaine he spent
That sets not breath or bloud abroch. This vprore *Lycus* heard,
And thinking that some priuat Fray had faine amongst his Garde,
Presuming that his presence would appease the growing heat,
Did cast his haughtie armes abroad, as who would say, be queat,
Or here am I that can awell commaund it as intreat,
Which *Hercules* so sudainelie chopt off, that (yet vnmist)
He thinking to haue vsed Armes, was armelē ere he wist.
Then *Hercules*, our *Hercules* is come, all *Thebes* it cride,
Now shake we off our seruile Yoke and follow him our guide:
And so they did, till none were left to holde on *Lycus* side.

The medly ended, *Hercules* did bring the *Centaure* bound
To Prison: whereas *Megara* in miserie he found:
(For *Lycus*, speedelē in his lust, against her so had frownde)
Yea (more reuengefull) seeing her imbraced by his Foe,
And hoping nothing lesse then life, to vexe them ere he goe.
He said: thou doatest ouermuch to entertaine that Whore,
The falsest Ladie vnder Heauen, for let me liue no more,
If *Megara* (I speake by proofe) imbraced so of thee,
Hath not offended diuers waies, and common been to me.

Then

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Then *Hercules* supposing that his speeches had been true,
Sweept off the lying *Centaures* head, and in that choller slewē
(Too credulent) his guiltlesse wife: but dead her death did ruc.

For losse of her, and slaughtered friends, he vexed at the heart,
Did then from *Thebes* (an heauie man) to Forraine lands depart.
Distressed in the *Troyan* Rhode he succour sought for pay:
To which (his peoples triple plague) *Laomedon* said nay:
And to prouide their second scourge sailde *Hercules* away:
For, comming back with *Iasons* Prize from *Colchos*, he complaines
Of churlish King *Laomedon*, and so an armie gaines.

At *Troy* the Greekis Peeres and he did land their armed men:
Whome to resist *Laomedon* did range his Battailles then.
The *Troyans* they beslird them well, the *Grecians* stood not still,
Laomedon fights valiantlie, and many a *Greeke* did kill:
Till *Hercules* (digesting ill to see his Foe pursue
Such good successe) encounters him, whom easilie he slue.
And hauing slaine the traiterous King he ceaseth not to die
His *Thebian* Club in *Phrigian* bloud, till all began to flie.
But with the *Troyans*, *Telamon*, and *Hercules* both twaine,
And by their valour all the *Greekes* the gates and Citie gaine,
And kill who so of *Troy* they caught, and rasid to the ground
The Citie, whilst that house by house, or stone on stone they found.
When ventrous *Telamon*, for that he entred first the gate,
For Prize had faire *Hesione*, of *Troy* the latest fate:
For *Priamus* to quit her Rape, long after sent his Sonne
To rauish *Hellen* from the *Greekes*: So thirdly warre begonne:
Hesione the cause to *Troy*, and *Hellen* to the *Greekes*,
And all did worke that *Troyan* Brute the *Albian* Climate seekes.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE OF
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. VII.

He twise-sackt Towne the *Grecians* then did
merrilie forsake,
And *Hercules* for new affaires, did land in *Egypt*
take.
There in a Porte hee did espie a Fleete of Shippes
from farre,
Well fraught with Men, Munition, and what
else pertaines to warre.
When *Affer* (he chiefe Captaine was of that fame Fleete) did spie
The Ensignes of the famous *Greeke*, he knew them by and by:
And entertaining on his knees the Owner of the same,
Reioyced to behold the man so honoured by fame.
With *Affer* sailed *Hercules* to *Lybia*, to put downe
The Gyant King *Antaeus*, that had aided to the Crowne
Of *Egypt*, against th' *Egyptians* willes, *Busiris* lately slaine
By *Hercules*, in whose conduct they doubt not to obtaine.
They taking land in *Lybia* now, and hauing in their sight
The threatned Citie of the Foe, his Tents did *Affer* pight,
And girts it with a sodaine Siege. The Giant then did shake
His hideous head, and vow'd reuenge, yea sharpe reuenge to take.
But issuing out his Citie gates he found the Foe so hot,

That,

ALBIOS ENGLAND.

That notwithstanding such his bragges, the worst *Antaeus* got:
For *Hercules* did canuase so his carkes, that at length
He did retire himselfe and men, as trustlesse of his strength.
His *Libians* slaine, and he not sound, *Antaeus* Truce did crave:
For graunt whereof vnto his Foes meane time he victuals gaue:
And whilst the Month of Truce did last, the Giant brused sore,
Did heale his wounds, and to his part sollicits Aiders more,
Meane while the *Greeke* to *Mauritain* did passe vñknowne of all,
And theare in King *Antaeus* aide he found supplies not small:
And for he looked souldier-like, they brought him to the King,
Who offered pay: not so (quoth he) I meane an other thing,
Discharge theſe Bands, or else will I discharge thee of thy breath,
That all alone to thee and thine oppose me to the death.

When *Atlas* knew him *Hercules*, that conquered of late
The Iland which his daughters held, and brought to latest fate
His Giant that defended them, and captivated than
His friend *Philotes*: he twixt feare and fiercenesse waxed wan.
And looke how fast the ratling haile vpon an house dooth fall,
So fast they lay on *Hercules*, that holdeth wage gainst all.
For as the Smith with Hammour beats his forged Metall, so
He dubs his Club about their pates and fleas them on a row.
And whilst (not daring to looke downe) by heaps on him they flic,
Some stumbling on the bodies dead are smoldred so and die:
Some sliding in their slippery bloud, wherewith the place did swimme,
Were strangled so: some others whilst disordredly at him
They freat and foyne, are crowded on by those that hindmost be,
And with their weapons spoyle themselves and fellowes two or three:
Some others with the wounding points of broken weapons die:
And others daring with their Foé their bootles force to trie,
Were in a moment slaine by him: and thus in little space,
Without resistance *Hercules* had Lordship of the place:
And, maugre swords or studied Starres, brought *Atlas* to the Seas,
Wheras *Philotes* did in time his penituenes appease,

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And to his friend commands the Foe for bountie (which at last
Himselfe did finde) and when as time his griefe had ouerpast,
The same that for Astrologie the Skies support was said,
In such his Science *Hercules* a perfect Artist made.

The Month of Truce by this had end, and *Hercules* returnes
To *Affer*, that incamped at the *Lybian* walles soiournes.
A second battell then begonne : *Antaeus* like a Baer
Bestires himselfe amonst his Foes, whilst *Hercules* did faer
As roughly with contrarie bloes, till none to fight did daer:
But humblie all submitting them subdued by his might,
He gaue them grace, and staid theare to doe them law and right.

Meane time *Antaeus*, lately fled, returnes from *Mauritain*,
And with a mightie Troupe of *Moores* renewed fight againe:
And all the Fields with Carcases of mangled men were filde,
And numbers failed to the *Moores* that *Hercules* had kild.
But when *Antaeus* saw his men to lessen more and more,
Resoluing or to win the Spurres or lose himselfe therefore,
He makes a bloudie glade vntill the *Thabane* he espide,
And finding him: bestowe on me thy bloes, the Giant cride,
That am both able to endure and to repay the same,
A Flie is not an Eagles praie, nor Mouse a Lyons game:
My death might countenance thy deedes (if that it so would be)
But make account that I anon will triumph ouer thee.
In saying which he smites his Foe, perfourming wondrous might:
And bodie vnto bodie they with equall dammage fight.
But *Hercules* disdaining that so long *Antaeus* standes
With him in combat, griping him betwixt his angrie handes,
Did crush his Carkasse in the ayre that life did leaue him so:
And thus did reape a Monarchie, and rid a mightie Foe.
Then *Hercules* (*Antaeus* dead) with ease he ouercame
All *Lybia* with Prouinces and Kingdomes of the same,
And maketh *Affer* King of all that beares the Donees name.

In

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

IN expedition of which warre when *Hercules* would dwell
No longer time, but purposed to bid his friends farewell,
A warlike wench, an *Amazon*, salutes him by his name,
And said : know *Hercules* (if it thou knowest not by fame)
How that the *Scythian* Ladies, late expeld their natiue Land
By King of *Egypt*, haue contriu'd amongst themselves a bande,
And with the same haue conquered all *Asia*, *Egypt*, and
All *Cappadocia*: Now for that we, Victors, vnderstand
The *Africane*s are our Allies, we minding to proceed
In further Conquests, tending them, haue therefore thus decreed
That you two Champions shall elect, and we will also send
Two Ladies, that for victorie shall with your Knights contend:
And if your Champions vanquish ours, then we will tribute pay,
But if that ours doe vanquish yours, then you shall vs obey.
But hope not so, more profite gives our bountie then our bloes,
And vninforced tribute may procure your friendly Foes.

Then *Hercules*, admiring much the Chalengers, did yeeld
Two aduerse Knights the morrow next should meet them in the field.
And mounted well on Corsers twaine next light by dawne of day
Into the Listes came *Hercules* and *Theseus*: Mid the way
Upon a brace of milke white Steedes the two *Viragoes* meeete
The Knights, and each the other did with ciuill Congies greete.
Then either parte retiring backe began to make their race,
And couching well their valiant Speares did run a wondrous pace.
With *Menalippe* *Hercules* the fight did vndertake,
And *Theseus* with *Hippolite* did his Encounter make.
They meeting, either part both Horse and load to ground were cast,
Wherat the *Africane*s did muse, and *Scythians* were agast.
Unhorsed thus, disdainefullly each Knight defendant tooke it:
And either Ladie so disgrac'd as scornefully did brooke it.
Then settle they to handy Armes, the which was long and fierce,
And with their cutting weapons did both Helms and Harnesse pierce.
But *Hercules*, though never matcht so hardie in his life,

Disarmes

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Disarmes at length his *Scythian* Task, and ended was their strife.
 But *Theseus* with his Combattis in doubtfull battell fight,
 Till, blushing at the Maidens blowes, he checks his mending sprights:
 And laid so hardlie to her charge, not able to sustaine
 His fresh-got force, that he also the second Prize did gaine.
 }
Antiope, a third vnto those warlike Sisters twaine,
 Beholding how sinisterly the double fight had past,
 Makes sorrow, whilst the *Africane*s reioice for it as fast.

The *Scythians* to the *Africane*s did homage then, and pray
 Their Ladies might be rausomed. That sute did *Theseus* stay,
 For he through launce, his Foe through loue went victoriess away.
 And therefore when th' *Athenian* Knight and *Amazon* were matche
 In mariage, *Menalippe* then from durancē was dispatcht.
 And *Hercules* (then which to him no greater prize could be)
 Had Queen *Antiope* her Beale and armour for his fee,
 And sets the dames of Thermodon from other rausome free.
 And *Theseus* with *Hippolite* at *Athens* landing takes,
 And *Hercules* to *Calidon* a Dismall viage makes.

THEare did King *Oeneus* bounteously receaue so great a Guest:
 VVhere scarcely had he any time from passed toiles to rest,
 But that proud *Achelous* sent Ambassadors to knowe
 If that King *Oeneus* on him his daughter would bestowe,
 If not, to threaten wreakefull warres: which much abasht the King,
 Till *Hercules*, who then was come about the selfe same thing,
 (For loue to *Deianira* both competitors did bring)
 Expelled feare by offring aide to backe him from the Foe,
 By meanes whercof vnsatifsde awaye the Legats goe.
 The Tyrant *Achelous* then, with all *Epirus* torce
 Innades the bounds of *Calidon*, and spoyls without remorse.
 But *Hercules* he leading forth his Armie got the day,
 And well was he amongst his foes that fastest ran away.

They and their King, with hard escape, immure themselfues at length
 within

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Within a Castle neere the Sea, an Hold of wonderous strength.
 The *Thabane* then, as resolute to spoyle both Foe and Fort,
 Did burne his foes forsaken shippes, left riding in the Port,
 And with a fewe besets the hold. When *Achelous* he
 So slender watch about the walles of Enemies did see,
 He scorned that so weake a siege should pen him vp so straight,
 VVho hauing ten for one of them, did issue out the Gate
 Against the *Greekes*, that willingly his comming did awaite.
 Espying *Hercules*, he cride, lo yond same diuell is he
 That droue vs out of *Calidon*, who so of mine he be
 That flaicht him, halbe iiricht with great rewards by me.
 But he that made such offers large, did offer them in vaine:
 For when his men saw *Hercules* approaching them attaine
 VVith fierie eyes, and angrie lookes, and dreadfull Club in fist,
 They thought it needes to assaile, and booteles to resist,
 And euerie man retired backe into the holde againe,
 VVhere many dayes, attempting flight, they cowardly remaine.
 From warre at length they fell to wieles. There lay vpon the shore
 A broken Hoy, that had not brookt the Seas of long before,
 The Mast they boring full of holes, in euerie hole did sticke
 A burning Torch, and lancht it out in night when clouds were thick.
 No sooner was the fierie keele a floate vpon the waues,
 And that the *Greekes* espyed it, but ech man rashly craves
 The viewing of so strange a sight. But *Hercules* did smell
 The presupposed Stratagem, and raung'd his armie well,
 And marching neere the guilefull light, did finde ambushment theare
 That playing on aduantage thus (pretended though) appeare.
 Occasion hapning, *Hercules* would not omit the same,
 But tooke them as he found them now, and fights it out by aime.
 When *Achelous* he beheld his guile by guile to faile,
 Wel might he chafe, but harder chaunce his courage might not quaille:
 For looke how fierce and boisterouslie a chafed Bull doth fight,
 So *Achelous* lustilic on either side did smite:

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And by his only prowesse then a many Knights were slaine,
Whilst *Hercules* with like successe his Opposits did paine.
And now, by chance,amidst the brunt the valiant Woers twaine
Doe single, and togetheres tug, and as two Lions strong
Each one desiring others bloud did hold a Combate long.
King *Achelous* minding her for whom began that broyle,
To Conquer where he did contend, annexed hope to toyle:
Alomenas Sonne remembryng too whose cause he did defend,
Euen hers on whom his being and his very soule depend,
So chargd his Contrarie with knocks, and vsd his Club so well,
That vanquished (though valerous) King *Achelous* fell.

Th' Epirotes when they saw their King a Captiue led away,
Their hearts were doone: and *Hercules* subdued them ere day:
And *Achelous* in exile did end his latter dayes:
And all *Aetolia* was fild with *Hercules* his praise,
To whom the King did giue to VVife faire *Deianira*, shee
The pleasing pris of that his prowse, and dearelie earned Fee,
Who after, of her owne decaye, and his, the meane should bee.
The *Centaure* *Nessus* was the man that made her erre so much:
Of which her error, but his sinne, the circumstance is such.

CHAP. VIII.



Hen ouer deepe *Euenus* Foord the passage did not fit,
This Giant, of a Stature tall, did offer helpe to it:
And *Hercules*, forgetting him (for at the *Centaures*
Fray
The same vnslaine, but not vnskard, escaped then a
way)
Did pray him to the farther shoare with *Deianira* to waide,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And so he did,whilst *Hercules* this side the Riuier staid.
When *Iuno* Breed on farther bankes his Passenger had set,
Then lust and long conceaued grudge to foule reuenge did whet:
Not *Deianira* could auoid a Rape, or little lesse:
Or *Hercules*,disioynd by Foord, giue aide to her distresse.
One while,contrarie to himselfe,full humbly he intreates,
Anon,like *Hercules* indeede, he did commaund with thretes.
But first nor latter might preuaile, for *Nessus* halde her thence.
I may not follow,nor in flight is (*Centaure*) thy defencce
Said *Hercules*. His deeds approue his latter saying truc,
For letting flie a fatall Shaft the Rauisher he slue.
And though the arrow galled him euen at the very heart,
Yeat for a while he did indure the not induring smart.
And hauing brought his trembling Rape into a vallie, said :
See *Deianira* how thy Loue an end of me hath made:
Yeat is my death lesse griefe to me, then that thou shouldst bestow
Thy selfe on such a changing Churle as *Hercules*: I know
(Sweete Wench I know) he dooth preferre contrarie Loues to thee,
Wherfore my graue (the lesse my griefe) in this thy good shall be.
Take this (he gaue a folded cloth, and to the baene therein
He mixed somewhat of his bloud) this same (quoth he) shall win
To thee again thy Husbands loue, when he shall it estrange:
For out of doubt, I know it I, he takes delight in change.
When thou suspectest such a wrong, doe boylc a shirt with this:
No sooner shall he weare the same (herein such vertue is)
But that his nouell Loue will change and fall whence it did flic:
Meane while doe not the vnction touch, least so the vertue die.

In all this time betwixt his armes he did the Ladie claspe,
And hild her so, as Hawke a Pray, vntill his latest gaspe.
Then leauing him a luclesse Coarfe, mistrusting nought his drift,
She meaning simply, tooke with her the traitours poysned gift.
And *Hercules* by this had past the Riuier deepe and wide:
Who (*Deianira* first imbrast) drew from the *Centaure*s side

And

D

The

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The fatall Shaft that shoulde the death of braue Achilles proue,
In Phabas Church, by Paris hand, for Polixenas loue.

THE Centaure left vntoombed there, Hec, Shee, and all their traine
are come to Lerna, whom the King did noblie entertaine.
Theare had he from their common teates the cruell hauock made
By Lernan Hydra, whom in Fenne nor armies durst inuade.
His vpper parts had humane forme, his nether Serpentine, (fine
The whole was monstrous, yet his wit more monstrous, but most
(For wit is monstrous when the same from vertue doth decline.)
Such were his subtil arguments, and still supplies therein,
That he by often losse of headswas fained heads to winne:
And wittie thus to others wrong confounded all hee found,
Propounding questions, and a word vnanswere was a wound.
The Scourge of Tyrants hearing this, did promise death or ayde,
Whilst scarefull Deianira did the contrarie perswade.
But womans speech from weapons vse might not withdraw him ther,
Til entring Palus, he had rousd the Monster from his Denne.

Disdainfully did Hydra take the presence of his Foe,
And after subtil arguments to sturdie fight they goe.
Two blowes at once with Glauc and Taile made Hercules to reele:
Who since he first had vsed armes the like did never feele.
Not long he borrowed had the Loan, but Hydra had the like:
So either twaine repaye their debt, and neither faintly strike.
But who might stand with Hercules? By him the monster fell:
Who, burning vp his vgly shape did passe his soule to hell:
Which happie fate of Hydras fall left Lerna glad and well.
From whence to Athens, and from thence to Lycia did he saile,
Then to Hesperia Gerions Realme his outrages to quaile.

HE by his triple tyrannie / for Gerion he was said.
three headed, in respect that him three other Giants aid)
So spoild and plag'd þ neighbour Realmes with daily wrongs & war.
That

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

That all the force of Africa his furie could not barre.
In Gadira when Hercules his Pillers reared had,
The which(our westerne world not knowne)men farther land forbad,
Then with victorious ships he sets on Gerions chased Fleet:
And secondly at Megida did either armie meeete.

Theare Gerion with his brothers twaine the Citie did beset,
And scornefullie aduance themselues as men not to be met.
Prouiding therefore murall workes, they threaten hot assault:
Whilst Hercules contrarie warres vnto his souldiers taught.
The Gates wide opened, out he comes vnto the Giants threc,
Your men, he said, are well at worke, well met are also we.

This lesse then monster more than man, a Fiende in humane shap:
The Spanyard said, is he from whom I made so hard escape.
Yet hardier shalt thou now escape, said Hercules, and than
Betweene them foure, three to one, A cruell fight began.
And euery of the Giants thought himselfe an ouer-match
To Hercules, who almost gaue to one a quick dispatch,
The second he dispatcht in deed, who fell his latest fall.

Then thousands came to rescue them yeat,one, he fights gainst all:
Till he ses with the other knights did march their Armie out,
And ioyne to him, their Foes with them, and all make bataile stout.
Then Gerions brother fights againe, and both did bathe in blood,
It was no fighting where they fought, or standing where they stood.
King Meleus, Teseus, Hispan, and Philoetes did no lesse:
But soueraignlie the sonne of Jove bestird him in the presse.
The Giant, Gerions brother, then by him did breath his last,
And Gerion did retire his men into their Gallies fast,
But where they land, theare Hercules wonne landing, though he past
The Pikes withstanding thousand Swords, & warding thousand Slinges
Himselfe alone, ere that his men to fight on Shore he brings.

Then Gerion, cursing heaven & earth, bestirre ye friends he cride,
Now is the time to live or die, let good or bad betide,

ALBIONS ENGLANC.

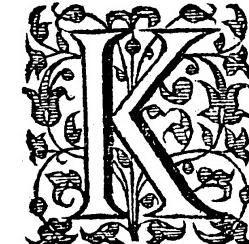
Doe live as men, or die as men, see tenne we are for one,
 What lets vs then from vi^e storie, that victors haue beeene knowne?
 Reuenge your selues, reuenge your friends, reuenge our comō mone.
 Not did he shrinke from what he said, or said not as he wrought:
 His onely deeds were manies death: Till *Hercules* he sought,
 Whome singling, after combat long, of him his end he caught:
 So to subiection *Hespera* by *Hercules* was brought.

NO better Spanish *Cacus* sped, for all his wondrous strength,
 Whom *Hercules* from out his Realme debelled at the length.
 A richier King or Tyrant worse liu'd not in any Land,
 Nor any one agaist *Hercules* in hardier fight did stand.
 Yeat chased by his Conqueror he was inforc'd to flie
 Vp to a Mountain in those parts: where as, at poynt to die
 Through famine, by his Magicke Arte he made the Mountaine flame,
 And by that shifft escapt his Foe, long wondring at the same.
 Then fled the Giant night and day (for feare did lend him wings)
 And as about from place to place the wandring Tyrant flings,
 He on a Mount in *Italie* cal'd *Auentine* did light,
 Where laboured *Cacus* did repose his wearied limmes all night.
 In this same Hill he found a Caue, which fitting place espyde,
 He did resolute in secrecie thenceforth himselfe to hide
 In that same Mount from sight of men: and being theare alone,
 That words at least might yent his woes he maketh thus his mone.
 Ah wretch (quoth he) no longer King, that title now must change,
 Thou late were fearfull vnto all, now fearing all must range.
 This ragged Caue must now suffice in stead of Royall seat,
 And though (alas) the place should please, yet want I what to eat.
 Where be my solemne banquets now? where is my stately traine?
 My Tributes? nay my proper Goods? or doe my friends remaine?
 Not one I feare: proud wealth was such, that now in time of need
 I knowe not where to seeke a friend in any hope to speede.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And yeat despaire not, *Picus* liues, indebted much to me
 For great good turnes: to him I will ere here I settled be.
 Thus droue he foorth the dismall night, and vp by peepe of day
 He sped him vnto *Calabrie*, for there King *Picus* lay.
 His daughters three of long before, and still did loue him well:
 And, whether with the kings consent, or not, it so befell
 He took them all to *Auentin*, and there with him they dwell.
 About his boisterous neck full oft their daintie armes they cast,
 Still plying him with kisses sweet, no sport was ouer-past
 That *Cacus* would, & they might worke: and more; their custome was
 By pleasant tales in order told the wearie times to passe.
 And once especially it was concluded on a row
 That each of them should tell her tale, the first beginning so.

CHAP. IX.



And.

In Aganippus ere his death had with his Lords
 decreed
 His only daughter *Daphles* should in Empire him
 succeed.
 A fairer Ladie liu'd not then, and now her like
 doth lack,
 And nature, thinke I, neuer will a second She
 compact.
 The King intombed, *Daphles* of his Scepter was possest:
 And one there was, a Noble man, that could it not digest.
 Who (for he was of fame and force) did bid her battaile, and
 In doubtfull end of victorie their ciuill quarrels stand.
 At length the Argive Maiden Queene she Doracles subdued:

D 3

But

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

But (*Cacus*) of this Stratagem a Tragedie ensued.

Now Loues,not Laines came in vre, the man that lost the day,
And lies in Chaines, left her in cares : her Conquest was his pray.
Full often did she blame her selfe for louing him her Foe,
But oftner thought she it more blame not to haue erred so.
Thus whom in Campe she loathed late,in chaines she loued now,
And thought him sure, because so sure. To Princes prisoners bow
Thinks she : and watching fitting time,vnto the Prison went,
Wher at the dore of such his Lodge a many teares she spent.
But entring,when her eyes beheld the Image of her hart,
To her still peerelesse,though his bands had altered him in part,
She casting downe her bashfull eyes stood fencelss then a space,
Yea what her tonguelesse loue adiornd was extant in her face:
And now the Goaler left to her the Prisoner and the place.
Then,cheering carefull *Doracles*,let it suffice (quoth shee)
That I repent me of thy bands, and frankly set thee free.
And let that Grace grace-out the rest,for more remaines behind
Then,being said,may decent seeme to such as faults will find.
My selfe,my Land,my Loue,my life, and all what so is mine
Possesse : yet loue, and saue my life,that now haue saued thine.
Then sownes She at his sulle feete,that yet abode in thrall:
Which to auoid,he faintly rubs his Liver on his gall:
And with his hand,not with his heart,did reate her sinking downe,
And faining to approue her Choise,had promise of the Crowne.

But neither Crowne,nor Countries care,nor She(worth all the rest)
Nor grace,nor dutie,reconcile whom eniuie had possest.
No sooner was he got at large, and wealth suppli'd his lack,
But he to seeke her ouerthrow to forren aids did pack.
Demaund not how the wronged Queen disgested such her wrong,
But aske if she,the tidings tolde,to heare them liu'd so long.
She liu'd in deede,yet sowned oft, and sowning ouerpast,
From her mistempered head she teares her louely Tresses fast.
And beateth on her Iuorie brests, and casts her on the ground,

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And wrings her hands, and scriketh out, and flingeth vp and downe.
Her Ladies pittyng her distresse had got their Queen to rest:
From whenceforth outward signes & sighs her inward griefe exprest,
Her sparing Diet,seldome sleepe,her silence, and what not?
Had framd her now right Louer-like, when thus to him she wrot.

VVhat fault of mine hath causd thy flight doth rest in cloudes to me,
But faultles haue I heard of none, and faultie may I be.
Yet not my Scepter, but my selfe, haue kingly Suters sought:
Did all amisse, saue thou alone, that settest both at nought? }
Atnought, said I? Yea well I said, because so easly caught.
One crime but cite, and I for it will shead a million teares:
And to be penitent of faults with it a pardon beares.
Ah, *Doracles*, if our extremes, thy malice and my loue,
The formers euer ill shall not the latters good remoue.
I heare thou doest frequent the warres, and war thou wilt with mee,
Forgetfull that my Argive men impatient Wariours bee:
Sweet, hassador not the same to sword that Loue doth warrant thee.
Ech Speare that shal but crosse thy Helme hath force to craese my hart:
But if thou bleede, of that thy blood my fainting soule hath part.
With thee I liue, with thee I dye, with thee I loose or gaine,
Liue safe therefore, for in thy life consists the liues of twaine.
Most wisely valiant are those men that backe their armed Steeds
In beaten Paths, ore boorded Tylthes to break their staffe-like Reeds:
Whare not the dint of wounding Laine, but some deuise of loue,
Sans danger, hath sufficient wait their manhoods to approue.
Whare braue Aspects of louely Dames *Tantara* to the fight,
Whose forms perhaps are weg'd in harts, whē Fauours wag in sight.
Wheras the Victors Prize is praise, and Trumpets sound ech blow,
Whare all is well, that seemes but well, in courage or in show.
Whare Ladies doffe their Champions Helmes, and kisse wheare Bea-
And parlie vnder Canopies how well or ill they did. (uers hid,
Ret. re therefore, swcer heart retire: or, if thou wilt be arm'd,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Then fight as these where all things make that all escape ymharm'd.
 Such manhood is a merriment : things present are regarded:
 Not thousand drammes of blood in warre, one drop is here rewarded.
 In few, the wartes are full of woes, but here even words of warre
 Haue brauer grace the works theclues, for Courts frō Campes be far.
 Than are the valiat, who more vaine? Than Cowards who more wise?
 Not men that trauell *Pegasus*, but Fortunes fooles doe rise.
 Me thinks I see how churlish lookes estrange thy cheerefull face,
 Me thinks thy gestures, talke, & gate, haue changd their wonted grace:
 Me thinks thy sometimes nimble Limbs with armour now are lame:
 Me thinks I see how scars deform where Swords before did maime:
 I see thee faint with Summers heat, and droup with winters cold:
 I see thee not the same thou art, for young thou seemest old:
 I see not, but my soule doth feare, in fight thou art too bold:
 I sorrow, lastly, to haue seene whom now I wish to see,
 Because I see louses Oratresse pleads tediously to thee.
 If words, nor weepings, loue, nor lines, if case, nor toyle in fight,
 May waine thee from a pleasing ill, yet come thou to my sight:
 Perchance my presence may diss Wade, or partnership delight.
 But wo am I, dead paper pleads, a fencelos thing of woe:
 It cannot weepe, nor wring the hands, but say that she did so:
 And saith so vncredited, or if, then thought of corse:
 Thus thus, because not passionate, to paper failes remorse.
 O that my grieses, my sighes, and teares, might muster to thy viewe,
 Thē woes, not words, thē paine, not pē, should vouch my writing true.
 Yeat fare thou well, whose fare-well brings such fare-ill vnto me:
 Thy fare-well lacks a welcome home, and welcome shalt thou be.
 These lines, subscribed with her name, when *Doracles* did viewe,
 He was so far from liking them, that loathing did ensue.
 And, least that hope should eafe her heare, or he not seeme vnkinde,
 In written Tables he to her returned thus his minde.

The Bees of *Hybla* beare, besides sweet hony smarting stings,
 And beautie doth not want a baite that to repentance brings.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Cōtent thee, *Daphnes*, Mooles take mads, but mē know Mooles to catch,
 And euer wakes the *Dawlian* bird to ward the floe-wormes watch.
 I haue peruf'd, I wot not what, a scrole, forsooth, of loue,
 As if to *Dirus* in his Tent should *Cupid* cast his gloue.
 A challenge proper to such Sottes as you would make of me,
 But I disdaine to talke of Loue, much more in Loue to be.
 Nor thinke a *Queene*, in case of Loue, shall tie me to consent,
 But holde the contrarie more true, and it no consequent.
 For persons must in passions iumpe, els Loue it proueth lame:
 Nor thinke I of a Womans graunt, but as a Woers game.
 Your Sex withstands not place and speach: for be she baſe or hie,
 A Womans eye doth guide her wit, and not her wit her eye.
 Then fencelos is he, hauing speach, that bids not for the best:
 Euen Carters Malkings will disdaine when Gentrie will digest.
 The better match the brauer Mart, and willinger is sought:
 And willing sute hath best euent: so *Vulcan Venus* caught.
 I argue not of her estate, but set my Rest on this.
 That opportunitie can win the coyest She that is.
 Then he that rubs her gamesome vaine, and tempers toyes with Arte,
 Brings loue that swimmeth at her eyes, to diue into her hart.
 But since the best, at best, is bad, a Shrow or els a Sheepe,
 Iust none at all are best of all, and I from all will keepe.
 Admit I come, and come I then because I come to thee?
 No, when I come, my comming is contrarie sights to see.
 My leisure serues me not to loue till fish as haggards flie,
 Till Sea shall flame, till Sunne shall freeze, tyll mortall men not die,
 And Riuers, climing vp their bankes, shall leaue their channels dry.
 Whcn these shall be, and I not be, then may I chance to Loue,
 And then the strangest change will be that I a Louer proue.
 Let Beuers hide, not busses hurt, my lips, for lips vnfitt:
 Let skarred limbis, not carefull Loues, to honor, honor get.
 I skorne a face effeminate, but hate his bastarde minde
 That borne a man, prepostrouslly by Arte doth alter kinde:

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

With fingers, Ladie-like, with lockes, with lookes, and gauds in print,
 With fashions barbing formeles beards, and robes that brooke no lint,
 With Speare in wret, like painted Mars, frō thought of battaile free,
 With gate, and grace, and euery gaude, so womanly to see,
 As not in nature, but in name, their manhood seemes to bee.
 Yea sooner then that maiden heares bud on his Boyish chinne
 The furie of the fierie God doth in the foole beginne.
 And yeat to winne, who would be wonne, theſe woo with leſſer ſped,
 Then might be wun a towne of warre, the croppē not worth the ſeede.
 But let them trauaile till they tire, and then be ridde for Iaides,
 If Gameſters faire, if Souldiers milde, or Louers true of Maides :
 Who loue in ſport, or leaue in ſpight, or if they ſtoupe to luer,
 Their kindnes muſt haue kindly vſe : faultes onely make them ſuer.
 Did fancie? no, did furie? yea, hang vp the Thracian Maide.
 The wonders ſeuен ſhould then be cyght, could loue thee ſo perſwade.
 But loue or hate, fare ill or well: I force not of thy fare:
 My welcomē, which thou doeft pretend, ſhall proue a thankeleſſe care.

When *Daphles* heard him ſo vnkind, ſhe held her ſelfe acciurſt:
 And little lacked of ſo well but that her heart diſburst.
 And wheare ſhe read the churliſh ſcrole, ſhe fell into a ſowne,
 But, brought againe, vpon a bed her ſelfe ſhe caſteth downe,
 Not riſing more: and ſo her loue and life together end:
 Or (if I ſo may geſſe) in death her ſoule diſlieu his friend.

The Queene enterr'd, and Obbit kept (as ſhe in charge diſgivē)
 A Knight was ſhippt to *Calidon*, wheare *Doracles* diſlieu,
 To offer him, as her bequeſt, the Argine Throne and Croune.
 Not that we force, or feare (quoth he) thy fauour or thy frownē
 We moue this peace, or make thee Prince, but *Daphles* ſwore vs ſo,
 Who louing more then thou couldſt hate, nor liu'd nor died thy Foe.
 And is ſhe dead (quoth *Doracles*) that liued to my wrong?
 I gladly doe accept theſe newes, expeſted for of long.

The Lord and Legate were imbarkeſt, and Ship ran vnder ſaile,
 Vntill into the Argine Strand the Marinets diſhaile.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

To *Daphles*, by adoption, theare inthronized a King,
 He diuers yeares good fortune had ſuccesſiuē in each thing,
 All friends, no Foes, all wealth no want, ſtill peace, and neuer ſtrife,
 And what might ſeeme an earthly Heauen to *Doracles* was rife.

A Subiect, but a Noble man, diſtchly feaſt the King:
 And after meat preſeneted him with many a ſight and thing.
 Theare was a chamber in the which, portraide to the quick,
 The Picture of Queene *Daphles* was: and deepeley diſt prick
 The King his conſcience, and he thought her like diſt not remaine:
 So, whome her person could not pearce, her Picture now diſt paine.
 A Kissing Cupid, breathing loue into her breast, diſt hide
 Her wandring eies, whilſt to her heart his hand a Death diſt guide:
Non mārcens morior, for the Mott, inchased was beside.
 Her curteſie and his contempt he calleth then to minde,
 And of her beautie in himſelfe he diſt a Chaos finde.
 Recalling eke his late degree, and reckning his defart,
 He could not think (or faintly thought) his loue to ſterne her heart:
 And to the Maker of the eaſt did ſuich his thoughtes impaſt.

And doubtes your Grace the Feaſter ſaid, if *Daphles* lou'd or no?
 I wiſh (I hope I wiſh no harme) ſhe had not loued ſo,
 Or you not loathed as you diſt: then ſhe had liued yet:
 To what her laſte ſpeach diſt tend I neuer ſhall forget.
 My ſelfe, with diuers noble men whose teares bewraide our care
 Was preſent, when her dying tongue of you diſt thus declare.

My hap (quoth ſhe) is ſimbley bad that cannot haue, nor hope:
 Was euer wretch (I wretch except) held to ſo ſkant a ſcope.
 I ſee him roue at other markes, and I vnmarkt to be:
 I finde my fault, but followe it, whileſt death doth followe me.
 Al death (my Lords) diſpaire is death, and death muſt ransomē bliſſe,
 Such Ransome pleaſeth *Doracles* and *Daphles* Pliant iſ.
 Not bootleſſe then (ſince breathles ſtraiſt) ſweet Loue doth flames con-
 The which ſhall burne me vp at once that now doe burne aliue. (true,
 Alas.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Alas (then did she pause in teares) that *Doracles* were by,
 To take it from his eyes, not eares, that I for him doe die :
 At least, perhaps, he would confess my loue to be no lie.
 But (Want-wit I) offensiuſe sights to *Doracles* I craue:
 Long liue, deare Hart, not minding me, when I am laid in graue.
 And you (my Lordes) by those ſame Goddes whose ſight I hope anon,
 I coniure, that ye him inuenct your King when I am gon.
 Alonely ſay I liu'd and died to him a Louer true,
 And that my parting Ghost did ſound, ſweete *Doracles* adue.
 A ſigh concluding ſuch her words, ſhe closed vp her eye:
 Not one of vs, beholding it, that ſeemed not to die.
 Thus to your Grace I leauē to geſſe how tragick *Daphles* died:
 In Loue, my Lord, yea louing you, that her of Loue denied.

The Picture, and this ſame diſcoule afford ſufficient woe
 To him, that maimed in his minde did to his Pallace goe.
 Theare *Doracles* did ſet abroach a world of things forgot:
 What meaneft thou man? ah frantick man, how art thou ouerſhot
 (He ſaid) to hate the ſubſtance then, and loue the shadow now,
 Her painted board, whose amorous hart did breake whilſt I not bow?
 And couldſt thou, churliſh wretch, cōtemne the loue of ſuch a Queene?
 O Gods, I graunt for ſuch contempt I iuſtly bide your teene.
 Her onely beautie (worthy *Loue*, that now on me hath power)
 Was worthie of farre worthier Loue, without a further dower.
 But gaze thou on her ſenclies Signe, whose ſelſe thou madef thy pray,
 And gazing perish: for thy life is debt to her decay.

Time going on, greefe it grewe on, of dolour ſprung dispaire,
 When *Doracles* to *Daphles* Tombe did ſecrety reپaire:
 Theare (teares a preface to the reſt) theſe onely words he ſpake :
 Thy Loue was loſſe, for loſſe my life in recompence doe take,
 Deare *Daphles*. So a daggers ſtab a Tragedie did make.

Well did this Tragickē matter ſort to *Cacus* Tragickē vaine:
 But merrier matter did behoue ſuch humoure to reſtraine.

That

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

That knew the ſecond Sister well, who, ſmilng ere ſhe ſpake,
 Began her turne, and of her Tale the next report I make.

CHAP. X.



Proper Lad made Loue (quoth ſhe) vnto a pretie
 Laffe :
 In ſelfe ſame house, for-worne with age, this Mai-
 dens Grandame was.
 Her eyes were ſunk into her head, her cheekeſ
 were leane and lank,
 Out stood her chin, into her mouth her blood-
 leſſe lips they ſanke,
 Her toothleſſe chappes disgracſt her tongue in telling of a Tale,
 And ſucke ſhe might a Teat for teeth, and ſpoonage too did faille,
 Her haire ſince ſixtie yeares not blacke, was now or white or none,
 The ſubſtance of her wrinkled face was only ſkin and bone, (ſent,
 Dimme were her eyes, deafe were her eareſ, ranke ſmelt it ſhee could
 A Palsie made her feeling ceaſe, downe taſtleſſe food it went.
 Sight, hearing, ſent, touch, taſt, and all, thus failing with her strength,
 She to her chamber, bed, and chaire, betooke her at the length,
 But gold is lou'd till graue hath lodg'd, her bags and ſhe were one:
 And ſhe muſt giue the Maidens Dowre, or els her Dowre is none.
 The young man, though he lou'd the Maid, on whom no loue was loſt,
 Yeat did he loue to liue, and knew that marriage aſketh coſt.
 The olde wiues bags did let the Banes: with whom he ſmoothed ſo,
 That flattered, ſhe fantiſed, her moldie braineſ did cro.
 What Diuel I wote not made her dote, ſhe doted on the man :
 Her rotten trunke and rufte face ſhe finiſhed than :
 And ſeeth what ſhe could not ſee, her ſenclieſ ſenſes worke,

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And vnderneath a wrinckled hide a wanton heart did lurke.
Vnkindly too she kisses gaue, which he did kindly take,
Supposing that her kindnes was but for the Maidens sake.
Her crooked ioynts, which long ere then supported, scarcely stood,
She brought vnto a wallowing pace, disallowing so her bloud:
And all for loue (surreuerence Loue) did make her chew the cudde.

Young *Battus* from his *Omphida* (for they were named so)
Dislodged by the Grandame long, to worke did roundly goe:
Desiring both the Maiden, and to marric her a Dower.
The old-wife, neiled at his words, for all her loue did lower,
And drying vp what drained out in belching, thus did say:
The thing (friend *Battus*) you demaund I gladly not denay,
But well you wot that I am old, and yeat not all so old,
But that the remnant of my life may spend the wealth I holde.
As all are neerest to themselfes, so to my selfe am I:
And all shall lacke ere I will lacke: store is no sore we trie.
If you doe like of *Omphida*, I also like the match:
Loue hath no lacke, ye both are young, wealth comes to such as watch.
You louing her, she to her selfe a dowrie is, if not,
My money shall not sell the Maid, a sinfull tale God wot:
For money shall not sell my selfe. And yeat I cannot see,
But that a comfort to mine age an honest match would be.
My Goods besides doe want a Guide, and often did I know
Your youngers vpon elder wiues then I themselfes bestow,
And lued well, and loued well. But as I doe not care
For mariage, so an honest match I never will forswearre.
Well, *Battus*, take you *Omphida*: but if you money craue,
My bagges must onely vent to him whome I my selfe shall haue.
Yeat thinke not I mislike of you in that you haue not sped,
But thinke I wish no better match, if I my selfe should wed.

Thus cunningly she closde with him, and he conceaues her thought:
Vnequall was the Combat then that Loue and Lucar wrought.
The one was in her flowing age, the other to too old:

The

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The first with beautie did allure, the latter with her Gold. (liue,
But stormes (thought *Battus*) haue their stops, not long the Croen can
Or if my kindnes length her life, my kindnes God forgiue.
Resoluing therefore on such hope, with easie sute he got
Assurance to be wedded to the old deformed Trot.

Medea charmed *Aeson* yong, *Battus* *Medea*-like,
Did worke no lesse a cuer vpon this vaine vnweldie Tyke:
Now on the bridle played she: yeat as she laughes she lookes
With icelious eyes, if *Omphida* be blotted out his bookes.
Yea she that could not moue before, now crauleth every wheare,
To prye if *Battus* play not false, and cause there was to feare.

But all this while no mariage was, nor witnes of their match:
And well he knewe that widdowes shrinke, if men forslowe dispatch.
So hasting what she hindred not, come was the wedding day:
The Morning thawde the eauening frost, and slipprie was the way:
Yeat hobling on her rustie ioynts, to Churchward goes the Bride:
Whose feete (her harts vnequall gides) could nothing els but slide.
Then *Battus* kindly leadeth her, and euer as she trips,
God blesse thee Mouse the Bridegrome said, and smakst her on the lips.
The oftner stumbled then his Beast, the oftner to be kist:
And thinketh in her gentle Choyse her selfe not meanly blist:
But when the Priest had done his part, and that they homeward come,
The Bride, for *Battus*, might salute the Pauement with her bomme.
She reeled oft, and looked backe: he sawe, but would not see:
At length she stumbled headlong downe, hoyst vp againe, quoth hee:
The second tyme she did the like, hoyst Brock, her good-man saide:
And thirdly falling, kindly bad her breake her necke, olde Jade.
The old-wife tooke it to the hart, and home she went and dyde:
But *Battus*, ere his first was sicke, had owed his second Bryde.

This Iest from *Cacus* straynde a stnyle, but quickly was it donne:
When turning to her Sisters twaine, the yongest thus begonne.
Ye, Sisters, seuerally haue tolde how foes in loue did fall,

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And age with youth: but I doe say that Loue can all with all.
Examples we, whom Loue hath brought from Court to liue in Caue,
And were there neede of further prooфе, a thousand prooфе I haue.
Could *Latomus* speake, it might accuse euen *Phœbe* of a kis:
And of a Votarie of hers to speake my purpose is.

But first she cheareth thus her friend (for *Cacus* sadly sits)
Be merrie man, thy pensiuenesse our pastimes badly fits:
Be as thou art, not as thou wouldest, it will be as it is:
Learne then to lacke, and learne to liue, for crosses neuer mis.
Thinke Fortune newly hatch is flide, and waggeth wing to flye:
All suffreth change: our selues, new borne, euen then begin to dye.
Be resolute, not desperate: the Gods that made thee poore,
Can, if they will (doe waite their will) thy former state restoore.
At least let patience profit thee, for patience is a thing
Wherby a begger gayneth of a discontented King.
Know Destinie is Destinie. This Epitaph I reede,
Though common-booked Poetricie, yett not vnworthie heede:

Vnborne to knowe what I shold be to Gods my mother prayde:
A Male quoth *Phœbus*, Female *Mars*, and *Juno* neither sayde:
An *Hermaphrodite* was I borne. My death then askt shee after:
By sword quoth *Juno*, Tree quoth *Mars*, and *Phœbus* saide by water.
A Riuer shadowing tree I climbd: out slipt my sword: I slidd:
By feete I hung, stabd with my sword, my head in water hidd.
Male, Female, neither, hanging, Sword, and drowning I abidd

Thus, *Cacus*, howsoeuer things from likelihoods discent,
In birth, life, death, the Gods are first, the middell, and Euent.
And not what they can doe they will, but what they will they can:
And that they doe, or doe it not, behoues not vs to skan,
And saying so, and kissing too, her tale she thus began.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The vncouenant I shal I haue? O loue,

What vncouenant I shal I haue? O loue,

ALBION VS ENGLAND.

Yeat, in respect of that I feele, I heare them not at all,
A friend (ah frieflesse name I Friend?) it being as it is,
A friend I say, much more a foe, and more, and worse then this,
The sonne of *Saturne* *Flor. 1.1.1.*, that speed and hearing misse.
Doe rid, ah rid mine eyes of teares, and set my heart at rest,
By taking life, not making Loue: the forgerer likes me best.
Or, if that poore *Calisto* life shall lengthen to her wo,
Graunt that among *Dianas* Nunneres a Victorie I go:
For neither fits it now to loue, or euer shall it so.

What viewed *Jupiter* this while, not pleasing to his sight?
Or what vnuiewed did he gesse, not adding to delight?
Not excellent, but exquisite, was all to minde and eye:
Saue she, the hanfel of this loue, did hym of Love denie.
It greeues that Natures Paragon in Cloister, not in Court,
Should loose the beautie of her youth, and he thereby his sport.
But constant in her chaste pretence, he grants that would gain-say,
And seated in religion now, with *Phæbe* did she stay.

Blame *Jupiter* of other Loues, of this doe set him cleere,
It was his first, and first is firme, and toucheth verie neare.
He might forgoe, but not forget *Calisto* in her Cell,
When setting higher thoughts apart, the Fritches did please him well:
He takes his Quicke and his Bow, and wheare she hunts, hunts hee:
And sacrificed to his eyse that daye he did her see.
About the Chase, Toyles, Dogs & Bowes, the Stand, Quarrie and all
Hee vseth double diligence: so often did besall,
Not onely sight of her his Saint he got, but also talke,
Whilst thus for his *Calisto* loue, he haunted *Phæbes* walke.
But sight and talke accrue to loue, the substance must be had:
And for to bring his drift about, he virgin-like is clad.
His nonage kept his beard from bloome, no wench more faire then he
Whome at her Nunnerie a Nun *Diana* takes to be,
And with his Sisters brotherly doo gesse him to agree.

Thus

ALBION VS ENGLAND.

Thus faines *Lycavons* Conquerer a Maid, to winne a Maid:
His hands to woll, and Arras worke, and Womans Chares hee laid,
That not so much as by the tongue the Boy wench was bewraig.
Yeat thought is free, he sees, and smiles, and longs perhaps for more:
No manuell, for that Sister-hood had goodlie Ladies store.
Scarce one for birth and beautie too was theare vnworthie him,
Yet chieflie to *Calisto* vaine he formed life and limme:
And Sister-like they singe oft, and chat of manye things,
But that *Calisto* mindeth loue no likelihood he wrings.
So *Love* not once durst mention *Love*, and force was sinne and shame
But loue is hardie. Thus it hap: by long purfure of game,
She wearie resteth in the Thicks, wheare sitting all alone,
He seeing her, is resolute or now to end his moeie,
Or for so sweet a bodies yse to leauie his soule in loene.

He Nymph-like sits hym by the Nymph, that tooke him for no man,
And after smiles, with neerer signes of Loues assault began.
He feeleth oft her Inorie breasts, nor maketh coy to kisse:
Yeat all was wel, a Maiden to a Maiden might doethis.
Than ticks he vp her tucked Frocke, nor did *Calisto* blush,
Or thinke abuse: he tickles too, no blab she thinks the Bush.
Thus whilst she thinkes her Sister Nunne to be a merric Lasse,
The Wanton did disclose himselfe, and told her who he was.

Away the Virgin would haue fled, whom he withhold by force:
Thy loue(sweet Nymph) hath vrg'd this shif, wel worthy thy remorse,
He said: nor scorne with me a King to ioyne thy selfe a Queen:
Or doe but loue and I will liue in *Phæbes* Celles vnsene:
And theare in beds, in bushes heere (My fainings fit so well)
We may enioy what loue enioynes, and none our scapes shall tell.
She would not loue, he could not leauie: she wrangleth, and he wooeth:
She did resist, he did persist, and sport denied dobeth.
That done, which could not be vndone, what booteth discontent?
As good bee pleas'd as not be eas'd: away *Calisto* went
To Cloyster, *Jupiter* to Court: nor much she did repent,

E 2

Vntill

ALBION'S ENGLAND.

Vntill her growling wombe disclosed an ante-cedent fault,
Then in the Chapter house she told of Iupiter's assault.
Diana, and her virgins all, admyning that escape,
Did gird at her, maligning *Ioue* for such his subtil Rape.
And who more ready to controule, their *Athalanta* was?
Whome shortly *Meleager* brought vnto the selfe same pas.
The Lady Abbesse did discharge *Calisto* from her Cell:
And silly Nymph, the great with child some other wheare must dwell.
Pelasgis it was *Iupiter*, and he her cause of blame,
The King her father in exile, her selfe in this defame,
What then remain'd? euene secrecie, to hyde her selfe from shame.
Keepe close (quoth she) frō world ye woods mine error, *Ioue* his crime:
And setting theare in simple *Cauc*, did waite her childing tyne.
At length was hairy *Arcas* borne: no sooner could he go,
But that his wildnes eiked to his wretched Mothers wo.
No beast so stropg that he would shunne, and man he never sawe,
Nor yett his vexed mother could from scarcenes him withdrawe.
Long time (the daughter of a King) she liued thus in *Cauc*,
Not wanting griefe, but wanting all that poorest wretches haue:
And (worst of all) her Savage sonne (whose maners did agree
Vnto his birth place) hoyerly threats his mothers death to bee:
And angrie once, pursued her so long from place to place,
That euen into the Cittie gates he followed her in chase.

The people when they did behold so fayre a nymph in flight,
A Beate like *Arcas* in pursuite, (for being naked quite,
His skinne was swart and hairie) they did wonder at the sight.
And some that would his passage stop, he ruddily cast th downe;
And spares no spoyle vntill the sight was noysed through the towne.
Then out came *Iupiter* in armes, whom when *Calisto* knewe,
Help *Ioue* (the cryde) for loe thy sonne his mother doth pursue.
He knewe his Leiman at the first, and ioyed of her sight:
Then kisse they, when the Savage boy by force did leaue to fight.

Calisto

ALBION'S ENGLAND.

Calisto lid Ladie like, yea *Iunos* Riuall now:
And *Arcas*, nobly mannaged, such vertues him indow,
That (*Ioue* consenting) him for King *Pelasgis* did allow.
A Sonnewell worthy such a Syer: and for his prowes and fame,
Pelasgis then, of *Arcas*, tooke *Arcadia* to name.

But neither might these Ladies faire by any pleasant tale,
Or dazeling toye of masking loue, (sweet Consorts to preuaile)
Disswade outragious *Cacus* from vnpatientnes of mind:
Who in his greatest tyrannies did chiefest pleasures finde.
He fleas the harmles Passengers, from eldest soule to childe,
He burnes and spoyles the neighbour parts, and women he defild:
And to his *Cauc* (*Troponius Caue*) did bring the spoiles he gaines,
In which (except to doe more harme) he secretly remaynes.

Whilst nonedid passe, that did repasse vnspoyled or vnkild
(None knowing how) all *Italie* with feare thereof was fild.
But, lo an helpe: when *Hercules* had slaughtered out-right
Tenne Giants, of *Cremona* Kings, and put theleauenth to flight,
From thence the worthie did arive with his victorious band
At King *Euanders* Cittie, that by *Auentin* did stand.
Amongst a many richer Spoyles, though none to him so rare,
He brought a sort of Spanish kine. *Euander* taking care,
(Because the like misfortunes oft had hapned theare before,)
Least *Hercules* should loose his kyne, of which he made such store,
Gauel counsell that within the walles they might be kept all night.
And, better to approue his words, with teares he did recite
The murthers, thefts, and cruelties, without compassion made
Upon his subiects, and their goods, by whom could not be said,
But that the Gods (for so they gesse) for sinne them so inuade.
I am resolu'd quoth *Hercules*, wheare Gods do vengeance craue,
It is not strong or fensiue walles that any thing can saue:
My Kyne shall therefore grase abroad: if mortall man it be,
Then know a tyrant is my taske, his blood the Taskers fee.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The Cattell grasing then abroad (as was his yfe alwaies)
The Gyant left his cruell Denne, to seeke his cursed praiers.
The Moone not wanting of her light, the Kine he did espye:
And knowing them, he also knewe his feared Foe was nyc.
And far much better feare had bin then malice at that tyde:
But hardly shunneth pollicie, what destinies prouide.
He might haue lurkte a while in Denne, but of a peeuiih spight,
Eight of the Kine with fastned cords, by pollicie and might,
He dragged backward by their tailes into his diuelish nest:
Then stopping vpt the subtill hole, did laye him downe to rest.
Now *Hercules* (the rather prickt by King *Euanders* talkē)
Into the fieldes to see his Kine by prime of day did walke.
Where missing eight, he could not gesse which waie they shuld be gō:
A many therefore had in charge, to scarch them out anon.

The Searchers, following every signe, great store of footings found
Descending from Mount *Auentine* into the lower ground:
But for the footings did descend, and not ascend, they thought
Of no such cunning as in deed in *Auentine* was wrōught.
Akens Grand-sonne searching long the Thefts he could not finde,
Was much disquieted in himselfe, and angrie in his minde:
And chafing, when he should depart, he twise or thrise did shake
A Tree that grew on *Auentine*: which rooted vp did make
So large a vent that one might view they hollow caue belowe,
And *Cacus* with his Leash of wiues they were disclosed so.
Whome, when the Greeke espied theare, O gracelesse King, he said,
Whose Tyrannies haue made the Realmes of *Hespera* afraid,
Whose cruelties haue been the cause of al the losse thou hast,
What moueth thee in *Italie* to prosecute such waste?
Thinkste thou, whom neither mightie Realmes, nor royal Gards of me
Could late defend, now to escape, inclosed thus in den,
The iust reuengement of the Gods? no, no, the Heauens we see,
Hane brought to light a wretch so lewd, euē by a fenceles Tree:
And since that neither wealth nor want to goodnes may thee win,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

A greevous death, condignly, shall cut off thy groundēd sinnes.
To it did *Cacus* awnser thus: doest thou pursue me still?
Who onely art the chiefest cause of these my doings ill:
Not suffering me to liue the rest of mine ynhappie daies
Among the fruitleſſe Rocks, a wretch in miserie alwaies.
Cease further prate; said *Hercules*, in troth it greeueth much
To see a King in this Distresse, but since thy life is such
As neither in aduersitie, nor prosperous estate
Thou canſt afford one iot of good, I purpose to rebate
Thy wicked dayes by worthy death, prepare therefore to dyce.

When *Cacus* sawe he must perforce so harde a combatte trye,
He by enchanted flames againe endeavoured to flye.
But *Hercules* deluded once by that deuise before,
Had learned now for being so deceiued amy more:
And, casting feare aside, did leape into the flaming Caue,
And theare by Arte did conquer Arte. The Gyant then to sauē
Himselfe did take his Axe in hand, wheare *Hercules* and he
Couragiouſly bestirre themſelues, vntill they did agree,
To trye it out in open ayre. So doubtfull was their fight,
That Lookers on could not discerne to whether best should light.
The frightened Ladies did their best to helpe their fighting friend:
But *Hercules* had victorie, and *Cacus* had his end.

CHAP. XII.

For Gyants of *Cremona* slayne, and *Cacus* ridded so,
The Latine Princes prayse on him and presents did bestowe.
Wheare *Rome* is now, *Pallantia* then, *Euander* hee did frame

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

A temple, and to Hercules did dedicate the same:
And he (intreated thercunto) in Italie did stay:
To honor whome did Princes come from farre and euerie waye.

King Faunus had affaires abroad, when from Laurentum came
His wife Marica, Fauna some this louely Queene doe name.
From liking did shee fall in loue with Hercules, and he
More readie to haue made demaunde, then like to disagree,
Conceauing her by circumstance, so coupled by contract,
That, had King Faunus never liu'd, Latinus had not lackt:
Yeat home came Faunus, fethering his late Corriuals aet.
But whether gotten lawfully, or thus in loue forbod,
Latinus, Brute his Gran-dames Syer, was sonne vnto a God.

WHilst that in loue of this same Queene, and lande of all besides,
The vanquisher of *Vulans* sonne in Italie abides,
Of Calabria, a mightie host King Picus he prouides.
And, in reueng of *Cacus*, swore his Slayter shold be slaine:
But he, ere long, that so didswere, vnsweared it againe:
When, chased home into his holdes, theate sparr'd vp in gates,
The valiant *Thebane*, all in vaine, a following fight awaies:
Who, for dispatch, did layne himselfe a Legate to the King,
And him the Porters, as the same, before their Tyrant bring.
Then shaking off his ciuil robes, his shining Armes appeare:
And renting downe an Iron sparr, both Prince and people feare.
Some ran to Armor, other some did fight with him their last:
Both court and Cittie in the end did lay vpon him fast.
Theare Picus, worthely, did winne of valiantnesse a name:
Yeat Hercules more valiantly by death did Picus tame:
And to attend their King his ghoсте he sendeth flocke by flocke:
His furie was as fier to Ferme, his foes as waves to Rocke.
Nor did his Lyons Spoyle giue place to darting or to knocke.
Meane tyme his men assault without, whil'st he assayles within,

Whare.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Wheare fighting to beate downe the Gates he so the Goale did win:
Within the King his ransackt Court he Iole espyes,
Whose teares, then mounting frō her hart, dismount thē frō her eyes,
King Picus (now a lifeles corle) was Father of this Mayde:
In vaine therefore did Hercules her pensiuenesse dissawayde:
Nor could he but lament her fate, and loue so sweete a face,
Whose person also did containe the type of female grace.
At first she was so farre from loue she rather seem'd to hate,
Yeat could she not so giue the Checke, but that she tooke the Mate.
Then eithers loue, was eithers life: poore *Deianira* she
Was out of commons, yea of thought, an other had her see.

With this, so faire and portly wench, he sayled into Thrace:

And heares how *Diomedes* did tyrannize in that place.
No Straunger scapes vnaunsomed: but Raunsome wanting, then
He casteth them, as prouender, to Horses eating men.
A Garde of Tyrants, like himselfe, attending on him still,
Who richly did maintaine themselues, by such their doings ill.
The Scourge of such was moued, not to be remoued now
By Iole, whose louing teares such labours disallow.
With *Diomedes* and his Garde in Forrest did he meete,
Who with their common Stratagem the Stranger thinket to grecce.
Hands of commaunded Hercules, for Horse I am no hay,
All Straungers Raunsom, once for all, my comming is to pay:
Which sayd, himselfe against them all began a noble fray.

The sturdie *Thracians*, mightie men, did hardly loose their ground:
But, than the King, a mightier man not any wheare was found.
These all at once assayle, and strike, and thunder on his Sheeld:
But number fited to his force, vnewanted so to yeeld.
For with his club he skuffles then amongst their Curets so,
That speedie death was sweeter dole then to suruiue his blo.
Well mounted comes the King himselfe, whom he dismounts anon,
But,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

But rescued to his Horse againe, away he would be gon.
Lesse haste, he sayd, I Harts out-runne, nor shalt thou me out-ride:
Out-stripping so the man-feade horse, he toppled ore his side
The Monstrous King, that resculesse to flying people cride.
Who, lying all to frusshed thus, the sonne of *Iole* did bring
His cruell Iades, that soone deuoure their more than cruell King.

The *Thracians* all submit themselves, and ioye their Tyrants death,
And thinke some God had left the Heauens to succour men on earth,
From such as what they would they will, and what they will they can,
And what they can they dare and doe, and doing none withstan.
Nor thought they better of the man then did his deedes approue,
That neuer was a Conqueror vnto his owne behoue,
But to establish vertuous men, and Tyrants to remoue.

This common Soldiour of the world with *Iole* did land
In *Lycia*: and the earth in peace, discharged theare his band.
Sweete busses, not sharpe battels, then did alter man and minde:
Till he, as others, sorowre in securitie did finde.
From *Affur* went the Empire then when *Tonos* he had time
To court his Trulles, *Arbaces* so espyng place to clyme.
Secure in *Tomyris* her flight, was valiant *Cyrus* slaine.
From *Capua*, not from *Cannas*, grewe braue *Hanibal* his baine,
The same to whose victorious Sword a second world was sought.
That *Macedon* in court, not Campe, to traytous end was brought.
A louer, not a Soldiour, went *Achilles* to his graue.
And *Casar* not in steele, but silke, to Rome his farewell gane.
Euen so, this second vnto none, superior vnto all,
To whome did sooner Causes cease then Conquests not befall,
This monster-Master *Hercules*, this Tyrant-Tamer, hec
Whose high Exploutes did leaue the earth from spoyl & spoylers free,
In pleasures did he perish now, that did in perils thriue:
A grecuous Taske I yndertake his dying to reuive.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XIII.



Hen *Deianira* understood her husbands back returne,
She thought it strange, that he frō her so strangely
did soiorne.
Explorers sent to search the cause, returne was
made that he
Did loyter in a Strangers Loue : and *Iole* was
she

That euer hanged at his lips, and hugged was of him,
And that, his armor layd a-part, in silke he courts it trim.
The daughter of th' *Aetolian* King did little lesse then rauie:
And can the churle (quoth she) preferre in loue a captiue Slauie
Before his wife, whome late he faynd inferiour vnto none?
Ah *Hercules* thou art a man, thy manhood thus is knowne.
Fye, may a forren Strumpets armes so fasten on his necke,
As he (the Rector of the Earth) must bowe if she doth becke?
Oh how vnlike to *Hercules*, is *Hercules* in this?
But, leauing men to natures fault, in her the lewdnes is,
No man so chaste, but such as she may worke to doe amiss.

Thus whilst her ouerplus of loue to Ielouise did growe,
She simply minds the spightfull gift that *Nefus* did bestowe.
And, for he dying spake the words, she held it as her Creede
That it could winne him to her selfe: of which (now hauing neede)
She vseth part, and sent a Shirt so boyled as she bad
To *Hercules*: and *Hercules* was of the Present glad:
Confessing her his onely Wif: And whilst he did repent
His breach of Loue, on *Oeta* Mount to sacrifice he went.

Philectes,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Philoctetes, *Pæans* valiant Sonne, and *Lychas*, he that brought
The poysned Shirt, were present theare, but of no treason thought:
Nor *Deianiras* selfe (good Soule) till tryall made it playne,
When as his body and the fire gaue moysture to the bayne.

His stoutnes hid such torments long, as els could none abyde,
Yea till the baine his Bowels and his very Marrow fryde.
But when his torments had no meane, the Altar downe he throes,
And from his martred body rents the gory smoking cloathes:
And striuing to strip off the Shirt he teareth flesh from bone,
And left his breaking Synoeces bare, his Intrailes every one
Did boyle, and burst, & shew them selues wheare lumps of flesh did lack,
And still the murdrous Shirt did cleue vnto his mangled backe.
Espyng *Deianiras* Squire, that quaking stooode, he sayde,
And art thou wretch the Instrument of my destruction mayde?
Whome swinging then about his head, he flinged downe the hill:
And so did silly *Lychas* dye, that purposed no il.
Then running downe from hill to Playne, from Playne to hill againe,
He rents vp Rockes and mightie Hils in error of his paine:
Till, sadly leaning on his Club, he sighing, vowed that none
Should be the death of *Hercules* but *Hercules* alone.
And to his friend *Philoctetes* tooke his Arrowes and his Bow,
And gladly to the hallowed fyre, as to his bed did go.
Wheare lying downe, and taking leauue with reared hands to skye,
The Earths Protector so, in peace, amidst the flames did dye.

Philoctetes, neere o'rgone with greefe, his Ashes did conuaye
To Italy, inshrined in his Temple there to stay:
And wofull *Deianira* heares of *Hercules* decay.
His Ghoste she voucheth and the Gods to witnes, that her minde
Was giltles of a traitrous thought: nor thinke me so ynkinde
(Sweet Husband) as to haue the will to ouerliue thee heer,
But that my Ghoste before thy Ghoste it selfe of guile shall clear:
And now I come, ah now I come, forgiue ye gods the deed
She sayde: and pearing so her breast, a breathles Corse did bleed.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

AS Greekes lament their Champions losse, so did the Phrygians ioy:
And *Priamus* did fortifie his stately Cittie *Troy*.
Twise *Hercules* had rased it, and thirdly was it reard
By *Pryam*, strong in wealth and walles, through *Asia* lou'd and feard.
He cald to mynde *Laomedon* whome *Hercules* had slayne,
His Sister too *Hesone*, that Captiue did remayne
In *Salamis* with *Telamon*: and well he was apayde,
In that the Doer of the same liu'd not the Greekes to ayde.
His Sister therefore not restorde, his Legates asking it,
By stealing of the *Spartane* Queene did *Paris* crye them quit.

Twclue hundred fiftie fwe war-Shippes, with me & Armor fraught,
By seauen tie Kings & kingly Peeres, frō *Greece* to *Troy* were brought,
To winne her thence. King *Priamus* (besides his Empire greate)
Had ayders Princes thirtie three: lessie Lords I not repeate,
Nor *Sagitar*, that in this Warre did many a valiant feate.
Tenne yeres, tenne monthe, & twise sixe daies, the siege they did abide:
Eight hundred sixtie thousand Greekes, by *Troian* weapons dyde:
Sixe hundred fiftie sixe thousands of *Troians* fighting men,
Besidies the slaughtred at the sacke, by *Grecians* perisht then:
And (if that *Hector*, *Troilus*, and *Paris*, so we name)
Fell fortie Kings: omitting more, of little lesser fame.
Mislike, and ciuill quatrels, when the *Grecians* homewards drewe,
Did well neere waste the remenant Kings that *Phrigia* did subdewe.

Thus secure *Troy* was ouer-set, when *Troy* was ouer stoute,
And ouer tich, was ouer-runne, and tardie lookt about. (roe,
The Greekis Ships, with Phrigian Spoyles, through *Xant* and *Simoes*
For now *Antenor* had betrayde *Palladium* to the foe,
And with *Palladium* *Priamus*, *Eneas* sought to hide
From *Pyrribus Polyxena* (she for whom *Achilles* dyde,
Whcrefore vpon *Achilles* Tombe her selfe was after slayne,
What tyme old *Hecuba* discryde yong *Polydor* his bayne:) For which, *Eneas* banished, did hoyst his sayles to wind,
And, after many perils, rule in *Italie* did finde.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

*A*neas dead, Ascanius raignid: Ascanius dead, his brother Posthumus Sylvius did succeede: Lavinia was his mother, Her Syer Latinus, Faunus his, and Picus him begot, And Saturne him. From mother thus Posthumus lacked not The noblest bloud. On Fatherside his petigree was thus: Ioue had Dardanus: and the same begot Erettus: He Troy: Troy, Assaracus: he Caps: and the same Anchises: he Eneas had: of him Posthumus came: And he was Father vnto Brute: and thus the Brutons bring Their petigree from Jupiter, of Pagane Gods the King: And adde they may, that Brute his Syer of Venus sonne did spring. Thrise fие degrees from Noe was Brute, and fower times sixe was he From Adam: and from Iaphets house doth fetch his petigree: Posthumus Sylvius perishing in Chace amongst the brakes, Mistooke for Game by Brute his Sonne, Brute Italie forsakes: And to associate his Exile, a many Troyans mo At all aduentures put to Seas, vncertein where to go: To whom did Fortune, Fortune-like, become a friend and foe: Till Brute, with no leſſe payne and praise then had his Grandsier late Achiued Latium, landing here, suppressed so the state Of all the Fiend-breed Albineſts, huge Gyants feare and strong, Or race of Albion Neptuns Sonne (els ſome derive them wrong) That of this Isle (vn-Scotted yet) he Empire had ere long.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE OF
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XIII.



Ow, of the Conquerour, this Isle had Brutaine vnto name, And with his Troians Brute began manurage of the fame. For rased Troy to reare a Troy fit place hee searched then, And viewes the mounting Northerne partes: These fit (quoth he) for men That trut as much to flight as fight: our Bulwarks are our breſts, The next Arrivals heere, perchaunce, will gladlier build their nests: A Troians courage is to him a Fortres of defence: And leauing ſo wheare Scottes be now he South-ward maketh thence: Whereas the earth more plentie gaue, and ayre more temprature, And nothing wanted that by wealth or pleasure might allure: And more, the Lady Flood of Floods, the Ryuer Thamis, it Did ſeeme to Brute againſt the foe, and with himſelfe to fit. Upon whose fruitful bancks therefore, whose bounds are chiefly ſaid, The want-les Counties Essex, Kent, Surrie, and wealthie Glayde Of Hartfordshire, for Citties store participating ayde, Did Brute build vp his Troy-nouant, incloſing it with wall:

Which

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Which *Lud* did after beautifie, and *Luds-towne* it did call
 That now is *London*: euermore to rightfull Princes trewc,
 Yea Prince and people still to it as to their Storehouse drewe,
 For plentie and for populous the like we no wchare vewe.
 Howbe it many neighbour townes as much ere now could say,
 But place for people, people, place, and all for sinne decay.
 Whan *Brute* should dyethus to his Sonnes hee did the Isle conuay:
 To *Camber* Wales, to *Albanact* he *Albanie* did leue,
 To *Locrine Brutaine*: whom his Queene of life did thus bereave.

The furious *Hun*, that drowning theare to *Humber* left his name,
 The King did vanquish, and for spoyle vnto his Nauie came:
 Where *Humbars* Daughter, Parragon for beautie, such a Dame
 As Loue himselfe could not but loue, did *Locrine* so inflame.
 That *Guendoleyne*, the *Cornish* Duke his daughter, *Locrins* Queene,
 Grewe in contempt: and, *Coryn* dead, his Change of Choyse was seene.
 To *Cornwall* goes the wrothfull Queene to seaze her Fathers Land,
 Fro whence she brought, to worke reuenge, of warriours stout a band,
 And bids her husband battell, and in battell is he slaine:
 And for their Sonne in Nonage was, she to his vse did raine.
 The Lady *Estrild Locrins* Loue, and *Sabrin*, wondrous faire,
 Her husbands and his Leimans impe, she meaning not to spare,
 Did bring vnto the water that the wenches name doth bear:
 There binding both, and bobbing them, then trembling at her yre,
 She sayd: if *Scythia* could haue hild the wandring King thy Syte,
 Then *Brittis* waters had not been to him deserued bayne:
 But *Estrild*, snout-fayre *Estrild*, she was sparde, for sooth, to traine
 With whorish tricks a vicious King: But neither of you twaine,
 Thou stately Drab, nor this thy Brat, a bastard asthy selfe,
 Shall liue in triumph of my wrong: first mother and her Elfe
 Shall fish in Flood for *Humbars* soule, and bring him newes to hell,
 That *Locrins* wife on *Locrins* whore reuenged her so well.

They

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

They lifting vp their lillie hands, from out their louely eyes
 Powre teares like Pearles, & wash those Cheekes where naught sauе
 And seeking to excuse themselves, & mercie to obtaine, (beautie lyes:
 With speeches good, and praiers faire, they speake and pray in vaine.
 Queen *Guendoleyne* so bids, and they into the Flood are cast,
 Whereas amongst the drenching waues the Ladies breath their last.

As this his Grandame, such appear'd *Memprius*, *Madans* sonne,
 Whose brother *Manlius* traytrously by him to death was donne.
 And since of noble *Brute* his line prodigious things I tell,
 I skipping to the Tenth from him will shewe what then befell.

A bout a thirtie yeares and fiue did *Leir* rule this Land,
 When, doting on his Daughters three, with them he fell in hand
 To tell how much they loued him. The Eldest did esteeme
 Her life inferior to her loue, so did the second deeme:
 The yongest sayd her loue was such as did a childe behoue,
 And that how much himselfe was worth, so much she him did loue.
 The formost two did please him well, the yongest did not so:
 Upon the Prince of *Albanie* the First he did bestoe:
 The Middle on the *Cornish* Prince: their Dowrie was his Throne,
 At his decease: *Cordellias* part was very small or none.
 Yeat, for her forme, and vertuous life, a noble *Gallian* King
 Did her vn-dowded, for his Queene into his Countrie bring.

Her Sisters sicke of Fathers health, their husbands by consent
 Did ioyne in Armes: from *Leir* so by force the Scepter went:
 Yeat, for they promise pentions large, he rather was content.
 In *Albanie* the quondam King at eldest Daughters Court
 Was settled scarce, when she repines, and lessens still his Port.
 His secōd Daughter the, he thought, would shewe her selfe more kind:
 To whom, he going, for a while did franke allowance finde.
 Ere long abridging almost all, she keepeth him so loe,
 That of two bads, for betters choyse be backe againe did goe.
 But *Gonorill* at his returne, not onely did attempt

F

Her

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Her fathers death, but openly did hold him in contempt.

His aged eyes powre out their teares, when holding vp his hands,
He sayd: O God, who so thou art, that my good hap withstands,
Prolong not life, deferre not death, my selfe I ouer-lieue,
Wher those that owe to me their liues, to me my death would giue.
Thou Towne, whose walles rose of my welth, stand euermore to tell
Thy Founders fall, and warne that none do fall as *Leir* fell.
Bid none affie in Friends, for say, his Children wrought his wracke:
Yea those, that were to him most deare, did lothe and let him lacke,
Cordella, well *Cordella* sayd, she loued as a Child:
But sweeter words we seeke than sooth, and so are men beguild.
She onely rests vntried yet: but what may I expect
From her? to whom I nothing gaue, when these doe me reicte.
Then dye, nay trye, the rule maye fayle, and nature may ascend:
Nor are they euer surest friends, on whom we most doe spend.

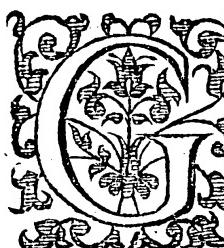
He ships himselfe to *Gallia* then: but maketh knowne before
Vnto *Cordella* his estate, who rueth him so poore,
And kept his theare ariuall close till she prouided had
To furnish him in every want. Of him her King was glad,
And nobly entartayned him: the Queene with teares among,
(Her duetie done) conferreth with her father of his wrong.
Such duetie, bountie, kianes, and increasing loue, he found
In that his Daughter and her Lord, that sorrowes more abound.
For his vnkindly vsing her, then for the others crime:
And King-like thus in *A gamps* Court did *Leir* dwell, till time
The noble King his Sonne-in-lawe transports an Armie greate
Of forcic *Gawles*, posseſſing him of dispossesſed Seate:
To whom *Cordella* did succeede, not raigning long in queate.

Not how her Nephewes warre on her, and one of theſe flew th'other
Shall followe: but I will diſclose a moſt tyrannous mother.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XV.



Orbodags double Issue now, when eighteene
Kings were past,
Hild ioyntly Empyre in this land: till *Porrex* at
the last,
Not tyed ſo by brotherhood, but that he did dif-
daine

A fellowe King, (for neuer can one Kingdome
brooke of twaine)

Did leue ſecrete bands: for dread whereof did *Ferrex* flye,
And out of *Gallia* bringeth *VArre*, in which himſelfe did dye.
Then *Porrex* only raigned heere, and ruled all in peace:
Till *I den*, mother Queene to both, her furie did increase
So feareſly, as ſhe ſeekes reuenge euuen in the highest degree.
Why liueth this (quoth ſhe) a King? in graue why lyeth he?
Dye *I den*, dye: nay dye thou wretch, that me a wretch haſt made:
His ghost, whose life ſtood in thy light, commauideth me of ayde.
Nor want I (*Ferrex*) will to ayde: for why the Gods I ſee
Deferre reuenge, nor with a Deuill the Devils disagree. (hell,
The heauens, me thinks, with thuderbolts ſhould preſſe his ſoule to
Or Earth giue paſſage, that at leaſt with men he miſt not dwell.
But I my ſelfe, euuen I my ſelfe, their slackneſſe will ſupplye,
And Mothers name and Nature both to ſuch a Sonne denye.

Dead night was come, when *I den* found the King her ſonne a ſleepe,
And all was ſtill: not then as now did Guards their Princes keepe.
Admit they had, who would haue fearde ſuch miſchiefe in a mother?
She whiſpring softly, ſleepe thy laſt, yea ſleep as doth thy brother,
Did gash his throte: who ſtarting vp, whē ſtrength & ſpecch were gōe;

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Lifts vp his faynting hands, and knewe the Tyrannesse anone:
 And maketh signes, as who would say, ah mother thou hast done
 A deede, as neuer mother earst did pra&ise on her Sonne.
 But name of Son, nor signes did serue him still with wounds she pleyes
 Nor (more than Monster) did it please that simplie so he dyes,
 But that his bodie, peccemalc e tore, about the Lodging flies.
 And thus from noble Erute his line the Scepter then did passe:
 When of his bloud for to succeede no heire suruiuing was.

Fower Dukes at once, in ciuill broyles, seiunctly after raine.
 Neere when, rhe *Scottes* (whō some accuse by Ante-dates to gaine)
 Did settle in the Northerne Isles. These people bring their line
 From *Cecrops*, and that *Pharo* he that euer did decline
 From *Moses*, seeking *Hebers* house from *Egypt* to conuay.
 His daughter *Scota Gathelus* their Duke brought thence away,
 When *Pharos* sinne to *Jacobs* Seede did neere that Land decay.
 And *Cecrops* son brought the frō thence (as *Scottes* inforce the same)
 The Stone that *Jacob* slept vpon, when Angels went and came.
 Of it was made their fatall Chaire: of which they beare in hand,
 That wheareloere þ same is found, the *Scottes* shall brooke þ land:
 At *Westminster* that Monument doth now, decaying, stand:
 In *Lusitania* *Gathelus* did first his Kingdome found:
 And of his race (of *Scota*, *Scottes*) when *Spanish* *Scottes* abound,
 Ariue in *Ireland*, and in it a second Empire ground.
 And thirdly, when their broodie Race that Isle did ouer-store,
 Amongst the Islands *Hebredes* they seek out dwellings more.
 These *Irish*, sometime *Spanish* *Scots*, of whence our now-*Scots* be,
 Within the Isles of *Albion* thus, whilst *Brutaines* disagree,
 Did seat themselues, & nestle too amongst the Mountaine groundes:
 What time a *Scythian* people, *Pichtes*, did seazc the middle bounds
 Twixt them and vs: & these did prooue to *Brutaine* double wounds.
 The *Pentland* people and the *Scots*, alying, friendlie liue,
 Vntill the *Pichts*, by *Brittish* wyles, contrarie cause did giue.

Then

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Then from their Captains fell the *Scots*, and chose to them a King:
 And *Fergus* out of *Ireland* did the Chaire of Marble bring:
 In which instald the first *Scotch* King in *Albion*, so he wrought
 That *Pichts* and *Scots*, then vp in Armes, were to attonement brought,

Three valiant people thus at once in *Albion* Empire hold,
Brutes, *Scots* and *Pichts*: the latter twainelesse civil, but as bold.
 The *Pichts* were fierce and *Scythian* like: much like the *Irish* now
 The *Scots* were then: couragious both: Nor them I disallowe
 That write they fed on humane flesh, for so it may be well,
 Like of these men their bloudie mindes their native stories tell:
 But to our *Brittish* busines now, to shew what theare befell.

Not how the tri-partited Rule vnto his quartarne Rayne
Dunwallo, after fortie yeres, did Monarchize againe:
 Not what precedent Kings in *France*, and *Denmarke* did obtaine
 Speake I. From *Porrex* fortie Kings in silence shall remaine:
 Alonelic valiant *Brennus*, and his brother *Beline*, thay
 Unpraised for their warres and works shall not escape away.

CHAP. XVI.

Heſe Brothers, thirſting amplier Raignes, did
 martiallie contend,
 Till *Brenn* his force was not of force his brothers
 to defend.
To *Normay* ſayles hee, wheare he got an Armie
 and a prize,
The Prince of Normaies Daughter, whom hee
 winneth in this wife.
 The King of *Denmarke* ſtoode with him, vntill the States decreede
 That both ſhould plead before their Prince, and better Pledore ſpedee.

F 3

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And when the *Norgane* Prince and Peeres were feated for their strife,
The King of *Danes* beginning first, thus pleaded for a wife.

Not yet a King, King *Philips* son with none but Kings would cope;
His reason was, inferiour strife of glorie giues no hope:
I am a King, and graunt the Prize in question worthie mee,
But grudge that my Competitor a banisht man should bee.
Doe grant him what he hath for-gon, and neuer more shall git,
Yeat were he but a Demi-king, to challenge me vnsit:
Dunwallos yonger Sonne, that hath his brother to his Foe,
And worthelie, his trecheries haue weill deserued soc,
And yet (audacious that he is) he blushest not to heare
The troth of his vntroth, nor yeat an heere-Repulse doth feare.
Would she for whom I must contend were not to methe same
She is, or he that stands with me a man of better fame.
But since in this vnequall Plea I must my selfe imbac,
Knowe, *Norwaias*, that my pleaded cause cōcernes your publique case.
It is the King of *Denmarkē* doth your Prince his daughter craue,
And note, it is no little thing with vs Allie to haue.
By league, or Leigure, *Danske* can fence, or fronte you, friend, or foe,
Our neighborhood doth fit to both, your wel-fare or your woe.
Combine therefore in needfull League our neere conioyned States:
I may your good, nought lesse can he that thus with me debates.
He is a *Bruton* (if Exile allow wee call him so)
And farre from aiding you, that knowes himselfe not to bestoe.
Admit he were receiued home, what Empire doth he sway?
A sorrie Islands Moyetie, and farre from hence away.
Her Dowrie is your Diademe: what Ioynter can he make?
Not an ie: giue not then to him from whom you cannot take.
And Ladie (She for whom they stroue was present) well I wot,
My loue doth claime a greater debt than so to be forgot.
I wish(mine Opposite his want) that Armes might giue the right,
It is not dread, but doom'd (sweet wench): hat thus with tongue I fight.
Proude *Bruton* (frowning so on *Brenn*) disclaime in her my dewe,

Els

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Els thou repining shalt repent: doe make thy choyce a newe.
At least amend thine Error, and mine enuie shall haue end:
I neede not force so weake a Foe, seeke thou so strong a friend.
Norwaias consent, and, Ladie, be no Counter-mand to this:
Discent not *Brenn*: conclude her mine: els my Conclusion is,
If not for worth, by force perforce to winne her from you all.
Yea though our banisht Copes-mate could his *Brittish* Succours call.
The King of *Danes* concluded thus: and after silence short,
The *Brataine Heros* vailed, and did answere in this sort.

Most gracious *Norgane* Peeres, you heare the ouer-teaming taunts
Of this Appellant, that himselfe and Scepter ouer-vaunts.
It lesser grceueth he should grudge that I with him co-riue,
Than his so peremptoric speach in your despight to wiue.
It greeues, in troth: not for my selfe, but for he beardoþ you,
And seemes disdainful of your aide, that doth so proudly wowc.
How captiously he derogates from me, and mine estate?
And Arrogates vnto himselfe, to bring me so in hate.
How daintely his eyes endure so bacc an Obiects view?
How desperatly doth he conclude, and threatneth me and you?
Well, barke he, byte he, bragges nor blowes shall dare me to defend
A Challenge, wheare so braue a Prize stands for the Wagers end.
Nor thinke (vaine-glorious that thou art) me lesser than a King,
Or greater than by sute, or sword, to prize so rare a thing.
Upbrayd me not with banishment, nor *Belyn*s quarrell touch,
Nor yeat my petite Signorie: nor more than troth by much.
These present nobles knowe the cause for which I hether come:
Not as an exile, but for ayde, and they assure me some.
Then knowe, the cause is honest when their Honors giue supplies:
As capable arthey of troth, as thou art apt for lies.
My bothers Kingdome seemes, forsooth, an Ouer-match to mine,
My Kingdome, *Cutlake*, therefore is an vnder-match to thine?
Nay, giue (and so I hope ye will) the Prize to me, and than
Let *Cutlake* with his Crowne of *Danske* yn-crowne me if he can.

F 4

Then

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Then he, disabling me to make a Ioynter happelic,
With Denmarke such a Ioynters want(if wanting)should supple.
But neither haue I such a lacke, nor holde I such a loue,
As that her Dowrie (not in quest) before her selfe doth moue.
He harpeth as himselfe would haue, that maketh loue his Staile:
Els would he sue in milder sort, and suing, feare to faile.
For Ladic see your Louers Plea: your loue, saith he, is debt:
And if not words, nor worthines, then Armor shal you get.
Braue words and fit to feare, not feede, a courted Ladies vaine.
But say he cannot wowe in print, but Soldior-like and plaine:
Nor I, in sooth, more loues my heart than can my tongue explaine.
Conclude we therefore Souldior-like, and let a combate yeeld
Vnto the hardier of vs twaine the honour of the field,
If not: then, if my Lords so please: or she thereto agree,
Although thou shouldest by force of Armes, subdue her hence to thee,
Yeat from thy strongest Holde in *Danske* I would thy Cōquest free.
Loc hecr my Gage(he terr'd his Gloue)thou know'st þy Victors meed:
(So did he pause, his Pledge vntoucht, and then did thus proceede)
Then fret thy fill, and worke thy worst: deliuere, Lords, your willes:
Ye haue experience how this same with brags, not battell, killis.
He threatneth onely, I intreate, he claimeth her of dew,
I wish, and hope for to deserue. The Counsel then withdrew
Themselues apart: and soone for *Brenn* a verdict did ensewe.

The *Dane* enraged sayled thence, and rigged out a Fleet,
And did with *Brenn*, relayling home, at great aduantage meete.
Their Shippes did grapple, and their swords did sunder life from lim:
So fought they, as their shippes did seeme in Seas of bloud to swim:
But multitude oppressed *Brenn*, he hardlye did escape,
His Ladie will he, nill hee, left the King of *Denmarkes* Rape.

Not meanely insolent the *Danes* hoyst vp their home-meant Sayles:
But after manye crabbed Flawes, and long contrarie Gayles,
The Kings and *Nergane* Ladies Shippe was toised to the Coste
Of *Brutaine*: wheare, imprisoned, King *Belyn* was their Hoste:

Vntill,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Vntill, sufficient Pledges had that *Denmarke* it should pay
Continall Tribute to the *Brutes*, he them dismift away.
Meane while King *Bren* (receiued now amōgst the *Gawles* did threate
For Englands Crowne halfe him with-held his Brothers selfe & Seate:
(For Time, alaying Loue, did adde vnto domestike hate)
And with the *Cenoue/ean Gawles*, whose Prince his heire of late
He had espoused, did inuade the Empire of his Brother:
And almost did their Battels ioyne, when thus intreats their Mother.

I dare to name ye Sonnes, because I am your Mother, yet
I doubt to tearme you Brothers, that doe Brothierhood forget.
These Prodigies, their wrothfull Shields, forbiddon Foe to Foe,
Doe ill beseeeme allyed hands, euen yours allyed soe.
O, how seeme *Oedipus* his Sonnes in you againe to striue?
How seeme these words in me (aye me) *Iocasta* to reuiue?
I would *Dunwallo* liued, or ere death had lost againe
His Monarchie, sufficing Fower, but now too small for Twaine.
Then either would you, as did he, employ your wounds elswheare:
Or for the smalnes of your Power agree, at least for feare.
But pride of ritch and rome-some Thrones, that wingeth now your
It will (I would not as I feare) worke sorrow to your harts. (darts,
My Sonnes, sweet Sonnes, attend my words, your Mothers wordes at-
And for I am your Mother doe conclude I am your frend: (tend,
I cannot counsell, but intreat, nor yeat I can intreat
But as a Woman, and the same whose blood was once your meate.
Hence had ye Milke (She baerd her Pappes) these Armes did hug ye oft:
These syled hands did wipe, did wrap, did rocke, and lay ye soft:
These Lips did kisse, or Eyes did weep, if that ye were vnqueat,
The pliy I did, with Song, or Sighes, with Dance, with Tung, or Teate.
For these kind Causes, deere my Sonnes, disarme your selues: if not,
Then for these bitter teares that now your Mothers Checkes do spot:
Oft yrge I Sonnes and Mothers Names, Names not to be forgot.
Send hence these Souldiers, yee, my Sonnes, & none but ye would fight:

When

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

VVhen none should rather be at one,if Nature had her right.
 VVhat comfort, *Beline*,shall I speede? sweete *Brenn*,shall I preuaile?
 Say yea (sweete Youties) ah yea, say yea: or if I needes must faile,
 Say noe: and then will I begin your Battell with my baile.
 Then then some Stranger,not my Sonnes,shall close me in the Earth,
 VVhen we by Armor ouer-soone shall meet,I feare,in death.

This sayd,with gushing teares eftsoones she plyes the one and other,
 Till both did shew themselves at length Sonnes worthy such a Mother:
 And with those hands,those alred hands,that lately threatened bloes,
 They did imbrace: becomming thus continuall frends of foes.

Glad was the *Queene*: and *Beline* hild sole Empier: more,he had
 From *Denmarke* Tribute: and to this a greater honor add,
 His daughter *Cimbra*,wedded to the *Almayne* Prince,gau^e name
 Vnto the *Cimbrians*,holding *Rome* so long and warlike game.
 Some (if no Error) gue to him for forraigne Conquests fame.

His Valour,Warre,& Peace ore-past:now speake we of the Knights,
 That this side and beyond the *Alpes* subdewed all by fight.
 The stateliest Townes in *Italie* had *Brenn* their Builder, and
 Euen *Rome*,the terror of the W^{or}ld, did at his mercie stand.
 The Senate,giuing to the Earth ear-while both warre and peace,
 Could not themselves,their Citie,scarce their Cappitoll release.

THEir Gander Feast,what *Manlius* and *Camillus* did therein,
 How This the Cappitol, and That from *Brenn* his Spoyles did win,
 I pretermitt. The three-topt Mount *Parnassus* had beloe
*Apollo*s Temple, whither men for Oracles did goe.
 This,with the God and Goods the *Gawles* did put to sacke and spoyles:
 And whil'st,incamped here,they kept such sacreligious coyle,
 The God,or rather Diuell,whom th'Almighty did permit,
 His Deitie prophaned,to deceiue the world in it, (lers quit,
 With Tempests,Earth-quakes,Stench,& Sights,so cryde the Spoy-
 That most did perish,fewe disperse, and all were out of harte,

Yea

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Yea *Brenn* himselfe,discouraged,did change in euery parte.
 He looking after and vpon the scattered and the slayne,
 Did seeime a second *Admus*,saue lesse patient of his payne:
 And,shaming to be seene to weepe,devoured sightles teares:
 And,in these words,his heartie greeves did number to their Eares.

Sweet Soldiours leaue me to my selfe,it likes me that ye leaue me,
 More takes your tarriance frō my health than can these plagues bereave
 Each of these Massie of Corpses dead hath bin a death to me, (me:
 Deliuer then mine Eyes of you,too many deathes I see.
 Suruiue, and tell the W^{esterne} W^{or}ld what we exployted haue:
 How that to *Rome*,amidst her Roofe, the mayden Sacke we gaue.
 Tell of our Battels,Booties, and our Buildings: lastly tell
 (An honor to our Ouerthowre) that we at *Delphos* fell
 By wounds devine,no humane Armes. But God,who so thou bē,
 Lesse is thy courage than Commaund,els wouldst thou cope with me,
 As *Pluto* with *Alcides* did, and *Mars* sometimes with men:
 Do me like honor, and these Graues shall lightly greeue me then.
 But thou full little darest so. Nay,I doe dare too much,
 That with my so vnhallowed tongue thy Deitie dare touch.
 Ah,see these Slaughters, and reserue aliue this small Remayne,
 Let lastly me, and only me,eike number to the slayne.
 But bootesse on a ruthles God I see my prayers spent,

As haughtily doest thou reuenge as humbly I repent.
 Well (God of *Delphos*) since our teares,this Incense,nor these Graues
 Appease thine yre,persist to plague this flesh,that henceforth craues
 No pitie: to the *Hebrewe* God, of power exceeding thyne,
 (Men say) appeale I, and bequeath the Soules of me and myne:
 Accept my simple Legacie,O Godhood most deuyne,
 Sayd *Brenn*. And with a selfe-wrought wound did perish: and his men
 Departing,wonne, and left the name to *Gallo-Grecia* then.

The righteous *Corboman* might add fresh Subiect to our Muse,
 But skipping to his Fathers Sonnes,of them it thus enseweys.

Five

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Ifue yeeres had Archigallo raign'd, when hated doing wrong,
 He was depriued of his Realme, and liued vagrant long,
 And fearing all that frended none, kept close the Woods among.
 Theare Elidurus hunting found his wretched Brother, and
 They gasing each in others face, with sighes and weepings stand.
 A King, as Elidurus is, once was I thinkes his Brother,
 A wretch, as Archigallo is, I may be thinkes the other.
 The lowlie King alights anon, and when they had imbrac'd,
 Then Archigallo secretly in Ebranks Towne was plac'd:
 In which, the King commaunding so, the Nobles did conuent,
 To whom did Elidurus thus informe of his intent.
 If Fortune had bin crosse (my Lords) to me, or any feare
 Of Armor were approching vs, I should perchaunce appeare
 Faint and false-hearted in my charge, but euer lackt the one,
 Nor hath the other likelihood, for quietler ruleth none. (staine,
 Yeat Kings may thinke their heads too weake their Dyademes to su-
 For endles cares concurre with Crownes, a bitter sweete is Raine:
 Howbeit, Subiects falsely iudge their Princes blessed are,
 When both of peace and perils they containe the common care,
 And yeat for this they grudgingly from Pounds a Penny spare.
 Not these, my Lords, make me disclaime in it which all pursue,
 But Justice bidds my Brothers right I should commend to you.
 This one Request includes, I knowe, exceeding dangers twaine,
 To me, if for a priuate life I change a publique Rayne,
 To you, if whom ye haue depriu'd ye shall restore againe.
 But for I haue done right, no wrong, though Justice wants not foes,
 And though vnto a Magistrate disgrading bringeth woes,
 Yeat gainst the bad a conscience good may safe it selfe oppoes.
 Nor be ye fearefull of reuenge, that did no more than right:
 Euen Archigallo will confesse his sinne, and cleare your spight:
 Whose restitution (were he wrong'd) at least shall you acquite.
 You haue lesse, re-kinging him, theri I vn-king'd to bee,
 And Danger ouer-dates, if it from Justice disagree.

Then,

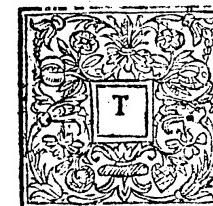
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Then, good my Lords, doe right his wrong, at least wise doe him right,
 Whose smarte, no doubt, hath wrought in him a reconciled spright.
 Iust Corboman his brotherhood succeeding in their Line,
 Then Archigallo should be King, to him let me resyne.

So much the King did vtge this Text, that Archigallo rayn'd,
 And Elidurus willingly in priuate life remaynde:
 The one restored, for his late depriving nothing mou'd,
 The other (wonders tell I now) dis-crowned yeat belou'd.
 Tenne yeares did Archigallo raig ne, beloued well, and dyed:
 And Elidurus once againe the Kingly Throne supplyed,
 Vntill his Brothers secondyly depose him of his raine,
 But they deceasing, thirdly he was crowned King againe,
 And so, vntill his Dying day, with honor did remaine.

A many Kings whose good or bad no Wrichter hath displaide
 Did follow. Lud, and Hely, for their stately buildings made
 Rest chiefly famous. Nor forget King Bledgrabed I shall,
 Whom Brutons did their Glee-god for his skill in Musick call.
 The next whose dayes gaue famous deedes, Cassuelan is sayde,
 Whom Cains Julius Cesar did with Armour thus inuade.

CHAP. XVII.



His Conquerour of Gallia found his Victorie pro-
 long'd
 By Britissh Succours, and for it, pretending to bee
 wrong'd,
 Did send for Tribute: threatening els to bring the
 Brutons Warre.
 The latter going forward first, the Albines to barre
 A common foe, concurre as friends; and now was come the Spring,
 When

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

When *Cesar* out of War-wonne France victorious Trowpes did
But easlier wonne the *Grecians* land at *Pargama* by much, (bring.
Than got the *Latines* footing heere, their Contraries were such.
Yee might haue seene of *Hector*s race, ten thousand *Hector*s heere,
With pollicie on either part, the *Romanes* buying deere
The bloodie Shore : the water yeat leste deerer than the land
To them, whom valiantlie to prooфе the Ilanders withstand.
Ofte battell they, the *Brutons* still victorious, and in vaine
Their foes were valiant : onelie heere was *Cesar*s force in waine,
And as our men vnto his men were as tempesteous Thunder,
So did his ankred Shippes on Seas by Tempest dash iu sunder.
But twice (quoth *Cesar*) Fortune, thou wert opposite to mine,
But thridlie heere to *Cesar*s selfe thou (wontles) dost decline.
Conuaying then his wearie men into his wasted Shippes,
To *Gallia*, thereto Winter them, he miscontented slippes.

Of this same Victorie did spring securitie and strife,
The *Scottes* and *Pichtes* did sunder hence, the *Brutons*, ouer-rife
In Largeesse, making frollike Cheere, a quarrell then aroes
Betwixt the King and *Luds* false Sonne, and they dis-ioyne as foes:
That *Cesar* slippes Aduantage such were error to supposse.
Euen of the *Brutons* some there were recalling backe the Foe,
And Winter past, with doubled power he backe againe did rōe.

The *Romaines* more, the *Brutons* they farre fewer than before,
Offend, defend, fight for, fence from, to winter, and warde the Shore.
But *Cesar* landed, and enswēd continuall cruell fight:

Thrice put the fierce *Cassinian* the *Cesarines* to flight,
And still the King incouraging in euerie wing appears,
So giuing needlessle spurres to fight, his Souldiours brooke not feares,
Nor little did the *Cornish* Bellies offend the *Romaine* eares.
When *Cesar*s oft succelles fight had tyred him and his,
Intinged wth his mayhmed Campe, the *Romane* speaketh this.

Are these same Bands, those selfe-same Bands that neuer fought in
And ye the men that following still my Standard still did gaine? (vaine?

Euen

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Euen these, and ye are verie those: nor can I discommend
Your manhoodes, that with lesser work brought greater Wars to end.
But not, as was my wont to wright, the Senate now shall reede,
I came: I sawe: I ouer-came: such Foes forbid such speede.
Nor let the Senate muse, for *Troy* with *Troy* doth here contend:
This warlike people (fame is so) from whence sprong we descend.
Yea, if *Eneas* had not left the *Phrygian* Gods to vs,
And *Greekes* Palladium Shipt to *Greece*, this Fortune foyling thus,
I would haue thought those very Gods had followed our anoy:
But them haue we, these onely haue vndanted harts from *Troy*.
But what? shall *Cesar* doubt to fight against so braue a Foe?
No, *Cesar*s Tryumphes with their Spoyles shall giue the brauer shooe.
Ye Gods that guide our Capitoll, Mount *Palatin* thou Throne
Of stately *Rome*, ye Followers too of her affayres each one,
Delay not, but deprive me quite my Triumphes now in hand,
Nor let me liue, if so I leauie vnconquered this Land:
This Land, the last of Westerne Isles, an Isle vnkownen ere this,
Which famous now through *Cesar*s fight and our misfortune is.
Enough, my fellow friends in Armes, enough we *Romaines* haue
To seeke reuenge: your Conquest loc a Countrie rich and braue:
And (which perswadeth victorie) in *Troynouant* there bee,
That hold that Citie to our vse: the *Brutons* disagree,

No *Scot* or *Pichte* assisting them in these our Warres I see.
Their ciuill strife will proue their scourge, how stout foere they seeme,
And perpetuitie doth faile in euery thing extreeme.

Not Fortune still is good or bad, and now let be our day:
Too long we liue, if that so long we shall on trifles slay,
Said *Cesar*. And with such his words did so inflame his men,
That with leste patience did they liue, than linger battell then.

The *Romaines* bid the Bacc, and then did cruell Warre begin:
And little wanted that the *Brutes* the better did not win.
But *Cesar* so foresawe Supplies, and Succors here and theare,
Perswading this, disswading that, controulring flight and fare,

T. 12.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

That, after many *Romaines* slaine, the *Brutons* tooke their flight,
To Southetne Shores: whereas to proofe *Cassivelan* did fight
With oft Eruptiones out of Woods, vntill the traitorous Knight,
The Earle of *London* yeelds his Charge and Citie to the Foe,
Through which disloyall president did other Cities soe:
And then with hard-won Tribute hence the Conquerour did goe.

BVt he, that wonne in euery Warre, at *Rome* in ciuell Robe
Was stab'd to death: no certaintie is vnderneath the Globe.
The good are enued of the bad, and glorie finds disdaine,
And people are in constancie as *Aptill* is in raine:
Wherof, amidst our serious penne, this Fable intertwaine.

An *Asse*, an Old-man, and a Boye, did through a Citie passe,
And whil't the wanton Boye did ride the Old-man led the *Asse*:
See yonder doting foole, said Folke, that crauleth scarce for age,
Doth set the Boye vpon his *Asse* and makes himselfe his Page.
Anon the blamed Boy alightes, and lets the Old-man ride,
And, as the Old-man did before, the Boye the *Asse* did gide:
But, passing so, the people the did much the Old-man blame, (shame.
And told him, Churle, thy limbes bee tough, the Boye shoulde ride for
The fault thus found, both Man and Boye did backe the *Asse* and ride,
Then that the *Asse* was ouer-charg'd each man that met them ride.
Now both a-light, and goe on foote, and leade the emptie Beast,
But then the people laugh, and say, that one might ride at least.
With it they both did vndershore the *Asse* on either side,
But then the wondring people did that witles pranke deride.
The Old-man seing by no waies he could the people please,
Not blameles then, did drive the *Asse* and drowne him in the Seas.
Thus whil't we be, it will not be, that any pleaseth all:
Els had bin wanting, worthely, the noble *Cesars* fall.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XVIII.



Vgustus quayling *Anthonie* was Emperour alõe:
In whose vn-foed Monarchie our cõmon health
was knowne.
The Brooser of the Serpents head, the Womans
promisid Seede,
The Second in the Trinitie, the Foode our soules
to feede,
The Vine, the Light, the Doore, the Way, the
Shepheard of vs al:
Whose Manhood ioynd to Deitie did Raunsome vs from thrall,
That was, and is, and euermore will be the same to his,
That sleepes to none that wake to him, that turns our Cursse to blisse,
Whom, yet vnseene, the Patriarkes saw, the Prophets haue foretold,
Th'apostles preacht, the Saints adore, and Martyres doe behold,
The same (*Augustus* Emperour) in *Palestine* was borne,
Amongst his owne, and yeat his owne did crosse their Blisse in skorne:
Bi-formed *Ianus* then in Mewe: so would this Prince of Peace,
That *Cesars* Edict cuerie wheare should *Mars* his enuie cease.

Then raignid here King *Cymbelyn*, King *Theomantius* sonne:
Next him *Guiderius*, that with-held the Tribute *Cesar* wonne.
The *Romaines* that, in our respect, neglected *Misia*, *Spartne*,
Armenia, *France*, and *Siria*, then Recusants of their Raine,
Not by their Captaines, but himselfe the Emperour of *Rome*,
Into relapsed *Brataine* with imperiall Ensignes come.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Then hotter than the *Punike Warres* to *Romaines* did begin:
And *Claudius* looseth valiantlie all that the *Brutons* win,
But *Romish Harry*, from whose death *Southhampton* had that name,
In *Brittis* Armes salutes the King, and slewe by guile the same.
Duke Aruiragus vsing then the Armor of the King,
Maintained fight, and wonne the field ere *Brutons* knewe the thing.

This hardie Knight, his Brother slaine, was Crowned in his place:
And with his winnings, also wonne the Emperour to grace:
Who sending for his daughter, faire *Genissa*, so did ende
The Warres in Wedding: and away did *Claudius Cesar* wende.
But *Aruiragus* after this reuolted, and to stay
The hauocke made of *Romaines* here came succors every day.
His Queene *Genissa* childing died, when his Reuolt she knew:
And *Voada*, deuorfed late, became his Queene of new.
Then he that at *Ierusalem* the fatall siege begonne,
Was sent from *Rome*, and warring here, the wonted Tribute wonne;
And through his gentle Victorie, bound *Aruiragus* still
A friend to *Cesar*, whome the King adopted heire by will.

I here omit the dismall Warre in Isle of *Mona* made
Against the *Romaines*, whome the Priests the *Druides* inuade
With banning words, and women, with their haire vntrusfed, stand
With brands of fire in furious wise about their desperat Band.
The King deceased, *Voada* and her two daughters, they
Abused by the *Romaine* Lords, doe hotter warres assay.

THE noble *Scot* King *Corbred* he confederates with the King
of *Pichts*: and they and *Brittis* Peeres to field their Armies bring
To aide the *Queene* of *Brutes*, that like the *Amazonian Dame*
That beating downe the bloodie *Greekes* in *Priams* succour came,
Had pight her *Iauelin* at her feete, when entred in among
The fearece confederates, thus she spake amidst the silent throng:
My state and sex, not hand or heart, most valiant friends, with-hold

Me

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Me, wretched Cause of your repaire by wicked *Romans* ild,
From that reuenge which I do wish, and ye hatie cause to worke:
In which suppose not *Voada* in female feares to lurke.
For Loe my selfe, unlike my selfe, and these same Ladies faire
In Armor, not to shrinke an ync wheare hottest doings are.
Euen we do dare to bid the Base, and you your selues shall see
Your selues to come behind in Armes: the *Romaines* too that bee
Such Conquerors, and valiantly can womankind oppresse,
Shall know that *Brittis* women can the *Romis* wrongs redresse.
Then Arme ye with like courages as Ladies shall present,
Whom ye, nor wounds, nor death, the praise of Onset shall preuent.
Nor enuie that our Martiall rage exceeds your manly ire,
For by how much more we endure, so much more we desire
Reuenge on those in whose default we are vnhallowed thus,
Whilst they forget themselues for men, or to be borne of vs.
Ye yeeld them Tribute, and from vs their Legions haue their pay:
Thus were too much, but more then thus the haughtie Tirants sway.
That I am *Queene* from being wrong'd doth nothing me protect:
Their Rapes against my daughters both I also might obie&:
They maydes deflower, they wiues enforce, and vs their wils in all,
And ycat wee lieue deferring fight, inferring so our fall.
But valiant *Brutons*, ventrous *Scots*, and warlike *Pichts* I erre,
Exhorting, whom I should dehort your fiercenes to deferre.
Lesse courage more considerate would make your foes to quake:
My heart hath ioy'd to see your hands the *Romaine* Standards take,
But when as force and Fortune faild, that you with teeth should fight,
And in the faces of their Foes your women in despight
Should fling their sucking Babes, I hild such valiantnes but vaine:
Inforced flight is no disgrace, such Flyers fight againe.
Here are ye, *Scots*, that with the King my valiant brother dead
The *Laines*, wondring at your prowes, through *Rome* in triumph lead.
Ye Mars-stard *Pichts* of *Scythian* breed are here Colleagues: & more,

G 2

Yc

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Ye Dardane Brutus, last named, but in valour meant before:
In your conduct, most knightly friends, I supersede the rest:
Ye come to fight, and we in fight to hope and helpe our best.

Scarce did this braue Bellona end, when as the Battailles ioyne,
And life and death was bought & sould with courage, not with coine.
Aboue the rest the Queen of Brutus through blood did cut her way,
Sixe thousand Ladies Lyons-like exployting like Afray:
Till Cattus with his Romaine Armes, subdewed, fled away.
Of Romans seuentie thousand died, of Brutons then were slaine
Twise fifteene thousand, and the rest their ceased freedome gaine.

When valiant Plancius, President in Gallia, heard such newes,
He waffes an Armic out of Fraunce, and Voda pursues.
The Albions to aid the Queene assemble at her call,
And then began a second Warre, nor was the slaughter small.
The Brutons, barring flight, had clos'd themselues with waines about,
In which the awles women stood suruaying who was stout,
Controuling Cowards, and among did fill the aire with dinne:
But, valiant though the Brutones were, the day the Romaines winne.
In vaine the furious women then on Sonnes and Husbands call,
Themselues with Sonnes and Husbands did by aduerse weapons fall.
Queene Voda past helpe, and hope, betooke her selfe to flight:
Till looking backe, vnfollowed then, and hauing in her sight
The senseles Tronkes of slaughtered friends, shee leaning on her Lance
Did power forth teares, and grew at length impacient of the chance,
And said: my selfe, my trustie friends, wil with my dearest blood
keepe Obite to your happie Ghostes, that for your Countries good
Be as you be, and I will be: no Romaine sword shall boast
Of my dispatch. So on her Lance she yeeded vp the Ghoste.

Her Daughter then, for to reuenge her friends vpon her foes,
Affisted by the vanquished against the Victors roes,
And slaughtring through the Romaine Tentes the brauer virago goes,
Till Plancius, euer prouident of perils, brought supplies,
What time Vodicia, vrging wounds, with constant courage dies.

Such

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Sch busines hanging, Lucius, here the first baptizid King,
Died iſtuleſſe: and for the Crowne did long contention ſpring.

At length Constantius Caesar (for the Brutons yeeded ſo)

Did Helen, Colis daughter wed. Of her doe praifes go
For finding of the holie Crosſe: and for deuotion rare.

From thence proceeded Constantine, the moſt vndoubted heire
Both to the Romaine Monarchie and this his Parents Reame.
He turn'd the Empires ebbing pompe into her flowing ſtreame,
And was a Prince Religious: yeat (with reuerence be it ſaid)
If leſſe religious, then not he the Empire had decaide,
By largeſſe to a pompeous Priest, Apoſtoliſque ere then,
But now intruding even on God, iuſtifying ouer men.

Nor ſpareſt thou his native Realme that ſeazed thee of Rome.
Admit his frankneſſe were a fault (as is their common doome,
That ſay he made a Paule a ſainte that made a Priſt a Prince,
And in that grace the Empires grace diſgraced euer ſince)
Find thou no fault with ſuch a fault wherby he fited thee:
But, if thou wilt vngrateful prooue, vngtacious ceafe to be,

A Traytors Tutor is a K. nor force we ſuch a T.
Let ſuch a Prelate bleſſe or banne, with Candle, Booke and Bell,
He cannot raife himſelfe to heauen, nor rid a knaue from hell.
Vaine are his Bulles engendring Calues, ſent hither from his Stals,
To feede (mad Sots) the Foule that by his name the Sendor cals.

Not thiſke he dreamed thiſ in vaine that dreamed thus of late:
One ſeemed to haue paſſed ſtix, and entring Plutos gate,
Saw Hecat new canonized the Sourantife of hell,
And Pluto bad it holliday for all which theare did dwell.
Sterne Minos and grimme Radimant descend their dufkie roomes:
The Docke was alſo cleare of Ghosts, adiorn'd to after-doomes:
The Furies and the deadly Sinnes, with their inuetiuſe Scroles
Depart the Barre: the Feends rake vp their euert-burning Coles:
The Elues, and Fairies, taking fiſts, did hop a merrie Round:

G 3

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

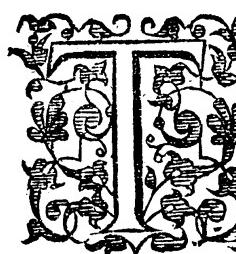
And Cerberus had lap enough : and Charon leasure found :
The airy Sprights, the walking Flames, and Goblins great and small,
Had theare good cheere, and company, and sport the diuell and all:
To Tantalus the shrinking flood, nor starting fruit were such :
Nor Titus his bowels did the hungrie Vultur touch :
Upon his Stone sat Cisaphus : Ixeon on his Wheele :
The Belides vpon their Tubs : no wonted toile they seele.
Till, in this anticke Festiuall, these last recited fve
Of dignities for dueties theare they earnestly did striue :
And then the quarrell grew so hot that hell was hell againe,
And flocking Ghosts did seuerally their Fauctors part maintaine.
With Cisaphus tooke part the Ghosts of minds that did aspire,
And by ambitious climing fell, desarts vnlke desire.
With Tantalus hild starued Ghols, whose pleasure was their paine,
Whose euer Hords had neuer vse, and gettings had no gaine.
To Belides assisted Soules of Vnthriffts, whose supplies suffise.
Did passe from them as Sea through Cieues, whose wastes no weathes
Vnto Ixeon stood their Sprights that had their lusts for law,
Rebellants to a common good, and sinning without awe.
To Titus lastly ioyned Ghosts, whose hearts did emptie hate.
As Todes their poyson, growing when it seemeth to abate.
About flic Apples, Stones, and Tubs, the wheele was tumbled downne,
The Vultur girds, no Ghoste but had at least a broken crowne.
This skufling and confedracie in hell made such a reare,
That (wontles of such braules and blowes) Proserpine did feare,
But Pluto, laughing, told his Bride to Ela it was Feare,
To morrowes dinne should prooue that same to be a ciuill day :
In peace these were their practises on earth, and here in hell
(Sane that their Soules haue neuer peace) we finde them as they fell.
They worke to me, each of these fve, though dailie count I aske,
Doe newlie number Million Soules, whose tormentis is their taske.
The Queene of such, not free of fear, replied thus againe,

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And yeat, me thinks, that Pluto should haue pittie on their paine.
He lowers, and Feast with Fray had end, and drinke did euery soule
Of Lethe : who, their ioyes forgot, euuen yet in tormentis houle :
Nay Pluto must be Pluto still, and so I will (quoth he,)
For this same onely day the Ghosts indebted are to thee :
For as the like shall neuer come, so neuer like befell,
But henceforth all, yea Prince, and Pope, shall euer find it hell.
So dreamed one : but ouer-long on fantazies Idwell.

CHAP. XIX.



He Cosen of great Constantine, in Rome and here
succeeds :
Betwixt the Brutons, the Scots, and Pichtes conti-
nuall trouble breeds :
And long the reg'ment of this Land the Romanes
did inioy,
Transmitting Captaines euermore as Foes did
hereanoy.

But Rome it selfe declined now, and Brutaine was opprest,
No longer were the Scottish Spoyles by Romaine Swords redrest.
Then ends the Tribute, then began new troubles, worser farre
Then Tribute : for the Scots and Pichtes inferre consuming warre.
The Brutons, vnder Rome secure, as men that did relie
On others, were disabled now by Martiall meanes to trie
The fame of fight : but Captainelesle, confusedly they deale,
And give a wretched instant of an headles Common-weale.
And whom so many Romaine Peers, grand-Captaines of such might,

G 4

Of

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Of whom nine Emperors themselves in persons here did fight,
Could hardly foyle, were fronted now euen of a barbarous Foe:
And at the point (a wondrous change) their Country to forgoe.
Such fruit hath ease, such pollicie did serue the Romaines turne,
Who, waining Martiall minds, themselves the quietlier here sojorn.
The Brutons thus dispoyld of Armes, and courage in effect,
Of Prince, of Capaines, and aduise, their busines to direct:
Dispatch their Legate to the Land Diminutrie in name
To Brutaine: where the Legate thus his Ambassie did frame:

The back-slide of our helpless friends, the down-fall of our state,
Our lacke of Prince, of people, and our wealth, not now as late,
The sauage dealing of our Foes, consuming ours and vs,
Is cause (right mightie King) that we approch thy presence thus.
Not for we are in blood allied, or that whil'st Fortune smil'd,
Your Ancestors had rule from vs, not for the Dames desil'd.
At Cullen, who notwithstanding lust for it did loose their liues,
That els to Conon and his Knights had liued noble wiues,
We are emboldned in our suit: though all of these might mooue:
But for our former wants, O King, and for thine owne behooue,
Great Brutaine doth submit it selfe thy Subiect (if thou please.)
Or els dispose it at thy will. Pronided we haue ease
Against such Foes, as would not saue our liues to haue our Land:
Whom to conclude (except thou helpe) we neuer may withstand.

The King Aldroen pittyng much the cause of his Allies,
Arm'd thence his brother Constantine, a Captaine stout and wise.
He chasing hence the Scottes & Piches, with glory wore the Croune,
And through his vertue stayed vp a Kingdome sinking downe.

Within a while did Vortiger the Duke of Cornewaille raigne,
When Constan's Sonne of Constantine he traitrously had slaine.
The Scotts did ruffle then anew, nor did the King affye
In Brutones, for they hated him, and reason had they why:

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And Saxon Fleetes from Germanie in Armor here arriue,
Through whose support the King in wars against the Scots did thriue.
The Foe by Hengest foyled thus, he and his brother git
The chiefest credit with the King, but few gaine-saying it, }
Necessarie of Souldiers here so well for them did fit.
And Hengest's Daughter entertain'd King Vortiger so well,
That to misliking of his wife and liking her he fell:
And sortid thus in forren Loue, did wed the Saxon Wench:
Which wrought vnto the Saxons weale, but to the Brutons offence:
For whatsoere the Queene did aske, the King would not deny,
Vntill his Subiects ran to Armes, and made the Saxons flic.
They putting downe the Father, then did set vp Vortimer,
He poisoned by his Stepdame, they restored Vortiger,
With this condition, that he should no Saxons intartaine.
But Hengest (hearing from the Queene that Vortimer was slaine,
And Vortiger his Sonne-in-lawe re-kinged) did resaile
With Saxon forces: though with fraud, not force he did preuaile.
For thus by pollicie he did the Brutons circumuent:
He craued Parlie, as a man that were to quietnes bent,
The place appoynted, Parlantes him in simple meaning meet
Farre from their Armie all vnauld, whom Saxon Traitors greet
With deadly wounds by hidden kniues, & held the King with them,
Confounding so the Brittish Oste. Nor cease they to contemne
Both Christian rights, and ciuill Rule, subuerting either twaine:
And what they would of Vortiger through fearefull threats they gaine:
And plant themselves in Southfolke, Kent, and elsewhere at their will:
And ruffling runne throughout the Land oppressing Brutons still.
The King and Brutons fled to Wales: and Feend-got Marlin theare
Bewraied more then I beleue, or credit seemes to beare:
As shewing how the Castell worke, rear'd daily, fell by night }
By shaking of two Dragons great that vnderneath it fight,
With other wonders, tedious if not trothlesse to resight.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Aurelius Ambrose, brother to King *Constans* murdred late,
From either *Bruton* hauing aid, wonne so the kingly state:
And, ere that *Hengest* or his Sonne stout *Octa* he subdew'd,
First to reuenge his Brothers death he *Vortiger* purseg'd,
In vaine the Welsh wild Mountaines fence the Flier from his Foe,
Or *Gerneth Castell*, when as flames throughout the buildings goe:
In midst whercof the wretched King did end his dayes in woe.

The *Brutons* thus had peace a while, till *Vortigerus* Sonne,
And *Guillamour* the *Irish* King, in new Conflicts begonne:
Whom, whil'st that *Vter* valiantly in *VVales* to wracke did bring,
His Brother *Ambrose* did decease, and *Vter* then was King.
Vter did by *Marlins* Art, in compassing his will
Upon the *Wife* of *Garolus*, transfigured by skill
Into the likenesse of her *Lord*, on whom he got a Sonne,
Renowned *Arthur*: or to name the A&ts by *Vter* donne,
Were much and needless: onely note he was a valiant Prince,
But such as was his noble Sonne, was not before or since.
Yeat blazing *Arthur*, as haue some, I might be ouer-scene:
He was victorious, making one amongst the *Worthies* neene:
But (with his pardon) if I vouch his world of Kingdomes wonne,
I am no Poet, and for lacke of pardon were vndonne.
His *Scottis*, *Irish*, *Almaine*, *French*, and *Saxone* Battelles got,
Yeeld fame sufficient: these seeme true, the rest I credite not.
But *Bruton* is my taske, and to my taske I will retire:
Twelue times the *Saxon* Princes here against him did conspire,
And *Arthur* in twelue Battels great went vanquishor away:
Howbeit *Saxon* forces still amongst the *Brutons* stay.
This King to entertaine discourse, and so to understand
What Accidents in after-times should happen in this Land,
He with the *Brittis* Prophet then of Sequelles fell in hand.
Of sixe long after-Kings the man, not borne of humane seede,

Did

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Did Prophesie, and many things that came to passe in deede.

Now *Arthur*, chiefe of Chivaltrie, had set his Crowne at stay,
And to his Nephew *Mordred* did commit thereof the sway,
When with his Knights, the wonders of the world for Martiall deeds,
Beyond the Seas in forren fights he luckely procedes:
Till faithlesse *Morared* cal'd him backe that forward went with fame,
For at his Uncles Diadem he traiterously did aime.
Twise *Arthur* wonne of him the field, and thirdly slewe his Foe,
When, deadly wounded, he himselfe, victorious, died so.

In terred then with publique plaints, and issules, enslewes
A drouping of the *Brittis* state: the *Saxon* still subdewes,
Howbeit worthy Kings succeed: but destiny withstood.
The auncient Scepter to iniure in *Brutes* succeeding blood.
Vnlou'd Careticus was he that lost the Goale at length:
Whenceforth, in vaine, to win their losse the *Brutons* vse their strenght.
Yea God, that as it pleaseth him, doth place or dispossesse,
When foes, nor foiles, nor any force, their courage might supprese,
Seem'd partiall in the *Saxon* Cause, and with a Plague did crosse
The *Brutons*, that had els at least rebated from their losse:
For *Cadwane*, and *Cadwallyn*, and *Cadwallader*, the last,
But not the least for valorous of *Brittis* Princes past,
Brought out of *VVales* such knightly wars as made their foes agast.
The Plague (worse spoyler then the Wars) left *Cambre* almost waste,
Which to auoid, the remnant *Brutes* into their Ships did haste.

Cadwallader, in leauing thus his native Shore, he fixt
His eyes from whence his bodie shold, and with his sighes he mixt
His royll teares, which giuing place, he speaketh thus betwixt.
Sweet *Brutaine* (for I yet must vse that sweet, and ceasing name)
Adew, thy King bids thee adew, whose flight no weapons frame:
But God comands, his wrath commandes, al counter-maund is vaine,
Els, for thy loue, to die in thee were life to thy Remaine.

Thus

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Thus tymes haue turnes, thus Fortune still is flying to and fro:
 What was not, is : what is, shall cease : some come, and others goe:
 So, Brutaine thou of Nation and of name endurest change,
 Now balking vs whome thou hast bread, and brooking people strange.
 Yeat (if I shoot not past mine aime) a world of time from me,
 Part of our blood, in highest pompe, shall Englands glorie be:
 And chieflie, when vnto a first succeeds a second She.
 But, leauing speeches ominous, Cadwallader is woe,
 That seeing death determines griefe, he dies not on his foe.
 Ah, Fortune sayleth mightie ones, and meaner doth aduance :
 The mightiest Empier Rome hath change, then Brutaine brooke thy
 Let it suffice thou wert before and after Rome in fame : chance:
 And to indure what God intends were sinne to courir a shame.
 Nor vaunt, ye Saxons, of our flight: but if ye needs will vaunt,
 Then vaunt of this, that God displac'd whom you could neuer daunt.
 This said, the teares cōtrould his tong, & sailes wrought land frō sight
 When (saue a Remnant small) the Isle was rid of Brutons quight.

THE

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XX.

He Bruton thus departed hence, Seauen Kingdomes here begonne:

Where diuerslie in diuers broyles the Saxons
lost and wonne.

King Edel and King Adelbright in Diria iointly
raigne:

In loyall concorde during life these Kingly
friends remaine.

When Adelbright should leaue his life, to Edel thus he sayes:
 By those same bondes of happie loue, that held vs friends alwaies,
 By our by-parted Crowne, of which the Moyetie is mine,

By God, to whome my soule must passe, and so in time may thine,
 I pray thee, nay I coniure thee, to nourish as thine owne
 Thy Neece my Daughter Argentile, till she to age be growne,

And then, as thou receiuest it, resigne to her my Throne.

A promise had for this Bequest, the Testator he dies :

But all that Edel vndertooke, he afterward denies.

Yeat well he fosters for a time the Damsiell, that was growne

The fairest Lady vnder Heauen: whose beautie being knowne,

A

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

A many Princes seeke her loue, but none might her obtaine:
For grippell *Ede* to himselfe her Kingdome sought to gaine,
And for that cause from sight of such he did his Ward restraine.

By chance one *Curan*, Sonne vnto a Prince in *Danske* did see
The Maid, with whom he fell in loue as much as one might bee.
Unhappie Youtly, what should he doe? his Saint was kept in *Mewes*.
Not he, nor any Noble-man admitted to her vewe.
One while in Melancholy fits he pines himselfe away,
Ahon he thought by force of Armes to win her, if he may,
And still against the Kings restraint did secretly inuay.
At length the high Controller Loue, whom none may disobay,
Imbaſed him from Lordlines, vnto a Kitchin Drudge:
That so at least of life or death ſhe might become his Judge.
Accesse ſo had to ſee, and ſpeakē, he did his loue bewray,
And tells his bearth: her anſwer was ſhe husbandles would stay.

Meane while the King did beat his braines his booty to atchieue,
Nor caring what became of her, ſo he by her might thriue:
At laſt his resolution was ſome Peſſant ſhould her wiue.
And (which was working to his wiſh) he did obſerue with ioye
How *Curan*, whom he thought a drudge, ſcapt many an amorous toy.
The King, perciuing ſuch his vaine, promotes his Vaffall ſtill,
Leaſt that the baſeneſſe of the man ſhould let, perhaps, his wiſh:
Affiſed therefore of his loue, but not ſuſpecting who
The Louet was, the King himſelfe in his behalfe did wowe.
The Lady, reſolute from Loue, vnkindly takes that he
Should barre the Noble, and vnto ſo baſe a Match agree:
And therefore ſhifting out of doores, departed thence by ſtealthe,
Preferring pouertie before a dangerous life in wealth.

When *Curan* heard of her escape, the anguſh in his hart
Was more then much, and after her from Court he did depart:
Forgetfull of himſelfe, his bearth, his Country, friends, and all,
And onely minding (whom he miſt) the Foundrefſe of his thrall.

Nor

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Nor meanes he after to frequent or Court or ſtately Townes,
But ſolitarily to liue amongſt the Country grownes.

A brace of yeeres he liued thus, well pleased ſo to liue,
And ſhepherd-like to feede a flocke himſelfe did wholly give.
So waſting loue, by worke, and want, grewe almoſt to the Waene:
But then began a ſecond Loue, the worſer of the twaene.

A Country wench, a Neatheards maid, where *Curan* kept his Sheep,
Did feed her Droue: and now on her was all the ſhepheards keepe,
He borrowed on the working daies his holic ruffets oft:
And of the Bacons fat, to make his Startops blacke and ſoft:
And leaſt his Tarbox ſhould offend he left it at the Folde:
Sweete Growte, or Whig, his Bottle had as muſh as it might hold:
A Sheeue of bread as browne as Nut, and Cheeſe as white as ſnowe,
And Wildings, or the Seasons fruit, he did in ſcrip beſtow:
And whiſt his py-bald Curre did ſleepe, and Sheep-hooke lay him by,
On hollow Quilles of Oten strawe he piped melody:
But when he ſpied her his Saint, he wipte his greaſie ſhooes,
And clear'd the drieuell from his beard and thus the ſhepherd woos.

I haue ſweet Wench a pece of Cheeſe, as good as tooth may chaw,
And bread, and Wildings ſouling-well (and therewithall did drawe
His Lardrie) and, in eating, ſee you Crumpled Ewe (quoth he)
Did twinne this fall, and twin ſhouldſt thou if I might twip with thee.
Thou art too eluiſh, faith thou art too eluiſh, and too coy:
Am I (I pray thee) beggerly, that ſuch a Flocke enioy?
I wiſ I am not: yeat that thou doest holde me in diſdaine
Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe to all that keepe this Plaine.
There be as quaint (at leaſt that think themſelues as quaint) that craue
The Match, that thou (I wot not why) maift, but miſlikſt to haue.
How wouldſt thou match? (for well I wot, thou art a Female) I,
I know not her that willingly with Maiden-head would die.
The Plowmans labour hath no end, and he a Churle will prooue:
The Craftsman hath more worke in hand then fitteth vnto loue:

The

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The Marchant traffiquing abroad, suspectis his Wife at home :
 A Youth will play the Wanton, and an olde-man prooue a Mome.
 Then Chuse a Shepheard. With the Sun he doth his Flocke vnfold,
 And all the day on Hill or Plaine he merrie chat can hold:
 And with the Sun doth folde againe : then iogging home betime,
 He turnes a Crab, or tynes a round, or sings some merrie ryme :
 Nor lackes he gleefull tales to tell, whil'st round the Bole doth trot:
 And sitteth singing care-away, till he to bed hath got.
 Theare sleepes he soundly all the night, forgetting Morrow cares,
 Nor feares he blasting of his Corne nor vttering of his wares,
 Or stormes by Seas, or stirres on Land, or cracke of credite lost,
 Not spending franklier then his Flocke shall still defray the cost.
 Wel wot I, sooth they say that say : more quiet nightes and daies
 The Shepheard sleeps & wakes than he whose Cattel he doth graize.
 Beleeue me Lasse, a King is but a man, and so am I :
 Content is worth a Monarchie, and mischieses hit the hie:
 As late it did a King and his, not dwelling far from hence,
 Who left a Daughter, (sauie thy selfe) for faire a matchlesse wench :
 (Here did he parise, as if his tongue had done his heart offence.)

The Neatresse, longing for the rest, did egge him on to tell
 How faire she was, and who she was: She bo're (quoth he) the bell
 For Beautie : though I clownish am, I know what Beautie is,
 Or did I not, yeat seeing thee, I fencelis were to mis.
 Suppose her Beautie *Hellen's*-like, or *Hellen's* somewhat lesse,
 And euery Starre conforting to a puer Complexion gesse.
 Her Stature comely tall, her gate well graced, and her wit
 To manuell at, not meddle with, as matchles I omit.
 A Globe-like head, a Gold-like haire, a Forhead smooth and hie,
 An euen Nose, on either side did shine a graish Eie:
 Two rosie Cheekes, round ruddy Lips, white iust-set Teeth within :
 A mouth in meane, and vnderneath a round and dimpled Chin :
 Her Snowish necke with bleuiful Vaines stood bolt vpright vpon

Her

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Her portly shoulders : beating Balles, her vained Breasts, anon
 Adde more to Beautie : wand-like was her middle, falling still,
 And rising whereas women rise : but ouer-skippe I will,
 What Males in Females ouer-skippe: imagine nothing ill.
 And more, her long and limber Armes had white and azure Wrists:
 And slender Fingers aunswere to her smooth and lillie Fists:
 A Legge in print, a pretie Foot : coniecture of the rest,
 For amorous Eies, obseruing forme, thinnke parts obscured best.
 With these (O thing deuine) with these, her tong of speech was spaer:
 But speaking, *Venus* seem'd to speake the Balle from *Ide* to baer.
 With *Phabe*, *Juno*, and with both her selfe contends in face :
 Whare equall mixture did not want of milde and stately grace.
 Her smiles were sober, and her lookes were chearefull vnto all :
 And such as neither wanton seeme, nor wayward, mell, nor gall.
 A quiet mind, a patient mood, and not disdaining any:
 Not gybing, gadding, gawdie, and her faculties were many.
 A Nymph, no tong, no heart, no Eie, might praise, might wish, might see
 For life, for loue, for forme, more good, more worth, more fire, the she :
 Yea such an one, as such was none, sauie onely she was such :
 Of *Argentile* to say the most, were to be silent much.

I knewe the Ladie very well, but worthles of such praiers,
 The Neatresse sayd : and muse I do, a Shepheard thus shold blaze
 The Coote of beautie. Credit me, thy latter speech bewraies
 Thy clownish shape a coined shew. But wherefore doest thou weep?
 (The Shepheard wept, and she was woe, and both doth silence keepe.)

Introth, quoth hee, I am not such as seeming I profess :
 But then for her, and now for thee, I from my selfe digresse.
 Her loued I, (wretch that I am a Recreat to be)
 Iloued her, that hated loue : but now I die for thee.
 At *Kirkland* is my Fathers Court, and *Curan* is my name,
 In *Edels* Court somtimes in pompe, till Lotte contrould the same :
 But now. What now? deare heart how now? what ailest thou to weep?
 (The Damsell wept, and he was woe, and both did silence keepe.)

H

I

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

I graunt quoth she, it was too much, that you did loue so much:
 But whom your former could not moue, your second loue doth touch,
 Thy twise beloued Argentile submitteth her to thee:
 And for thy double loue presents herselfe a single fee:
 In passion, not in person chaung'd, and I my Lord, am she:

They sweetly surfeiting in ioy, and silent for a space,
 When as the Extasie had end did tenderly imbrace,
 And for their wedding, and their wish got fitting time and place.
 Not England (for of Hengest then was named so this Land)
 Then Curan had an hardier Knight, his force could none withstand:
 Whose Sheep-hooke laid apart, he then had higher things in hand.
 First, making knowne his lawfull claime in Argentile her right,
 He war'd in Diria, and he wonne Brenitia too in fight:
 And so from trecherous Edel tooke at once his life and Crowne,
 And of Northumberland was King, long ragning in renoune.

CHAP. XXI.



He Saxons that, in these discents, deriuie from
 Gods and men,
Ione, Minos Get a, Flokwald, Flynn, Fredwolfe,
Fraloffe, VVoden,
 Each as here placed others son, not onely Conquer here,
 But with their wandring Armies spoyle the World through-out welnere.

The English Saxon Kings oppresse the mightier ones the weake:
 Each trifling cause sufficing here their loue and leagues to breake.
 One seazeth of his Neighbours Realme, and is disseaz'd ere-long:
 For Empire some, for Enuie some, and some to right their wrong

Contend

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Contend vnto their common losse, and some like Monsters raigne:
 As Sigbert, who for tyrannie did banishment sustaine.

He wandred vnbewailed long, a man whom men exempt
 From house and helpe, pursuing him with capitall contempt.
 Forlorne therefore, with drouping lims, and dropping eies, in vaine,
 He frendles walks the fruitles Woods, and foodles did complaine.
 A Swineheard meeting him by chaunce, and pitying his estate,
 Imploy'd the Westerne King, vnkowne, on his affaires to wait.
 Nor did the needie King disdaine such roome, for such relieve:
 An vnder-Swineheardship did serue, he sought not to be chiefe.
 But when by speech and circumstance, his Maister ynderstood,
 His seruant was the somtimes King: blood cries (quoth he) for blood:
 My gilkles Malter in thy pompe, thou Tyrant, diddest slay,
 Nor venguenged of his death thou shalt escape away.
 With that he tooke a Libbat vp, and beateth out his braines:
 And dead (so odious Tyrants be) not one for him complaines.

NOT all so ill, yett cause of worse vnto the English state
 Was Osbert of Northumberland: his loue did winne him hate.
 Enamored on Lord Buerns wife, as tired in the Chace,
 He left the Hounds, and with a fewe dismounts at Buerns Place.
 Her husband absent, heartely his Lady entertaines
 The King, and feasts him Royally, not sparing cost or paines.
 But he that fed on Fansies food, and hungred whil'st he eates,
 Thought Venus sparer in her loues then Ceres in her meates.
 The Trayne and table voyded, then he taking her apart,
 Directs her by his tongue and teares vnto his louing heart.
 Delay he sayth, breedeth doubts, but sharpe deniall death,
 Or do not long surcharge my blisse, or soone discharge my breath:
 For if my praiers adde no edge vnto thy begged doome,
 The vintage of my thriflesse loue is blasted in the bloome.
 Be fauorable to my fire: for thy sweete sake, be bolde,
 I durst attempt eu'en Hell (if hell so sweete a thing might holde.)

H 2

Doc

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Doe thinke her coie, or think her chaste, my Censure I suspend:
 Some Women yeld not at the first, yea t yeld they in the ende.
 She gaue repulses to his lust, and he replies of Loue:
 Not all the Writs *Diana* had might Cupids Plaint remoue.
 She countermaunding his demaund, he ceased Courting now,
 And did with her by violence what vertues disallow:
 And then departed, leauing her in selfe-conceit disgraste:
 More trespassed then some would thinke, and yea t perhaps as chaste.
 Home came her Lord, whose browes had buds, and found his wife in
 And (toolish thing) she told a troth, for which reuege he swears. (tears,
 But so the man did proue a beast: he better might haue hid it,
 Some such are mistically domme, yea t domly doe forbid it.
 His Wives escapes done secretly, if by the man detected,
 Shewes hilled bups (supposed bups) merechornes, not hornes suspected.
 At *Denmarke* in his Cosins Court, he telleth of his wrong:
 And gaines against his soueraigne Lord of *Danes* an Armie strong:
Hungar and *Hubba*, and himselfe, Conductors of this Hoast,
 Did with their forren forces land, and spoyle the Northerne Coaste.
 The vicious valiant *Osbret*, that had vanquished erethen
 The King and Kingdome of the *Scots*, though wanting armes & men,
 Thought skorne his foes should beard him so & bar him vp in walles,
 And therefore, issuing out of *Yorke*, vpon the *Danes* he falles.
 A Bloodie Batgaine then begonne, no fight might fearter be,
 And of the *Danish* part were slaine for euery *English* three.
 But manhood lost, and number wonne, the *Danes* they got the field:
 And *Osbret* dyed valiantly, that not to liue would yeld.

Meane while the *Danes* with fresh supplies atiuue at euerie Shore,
 And warre almost in euery shire infesting *England* sore:
 With whome courageous *Ethelred* contended long in vaine,
 By them was he, King *Ella*, and the holy *Edmund* slaine.
 Nothing was done, but all vndone, till King *Astured* hee
 In daunger of his Royall selfe did set his subiects free:

For

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

For euery day, in euery place, the *Danes* did so increase,
 That he nor any *English* King enjoy one day of peace.
 Nor mightier men at Armes than they, might any wheare be found,
 Who in their diuers Wars els-where did diuers Realmes confound
 For as the *Gothes*, the *Vandales*, *Hunnes*, and *Saxons* earst did range:
 So now the *Danes* did plague the world, as sent by interchange.
 This *Westerne* and victorious king, and greatest Monarke heere,
 Perceiuing of this spoyled Isle a toward Ruine neere,
 Disguised like a Minstrill poore, did haunt the *Danish* Tents,
 And with his feats and melodie the Enemie presents:
 And of their sloth, their gluttonie, and Counsels priuie so,
 Hetooke aduantage, giuing them a sodaine ouerthrow.
 And slayeth *Hubba*, *Hungar*, and the Cause of their repayr,
 And putteth all to sword and Seas that vnbaptized wair.

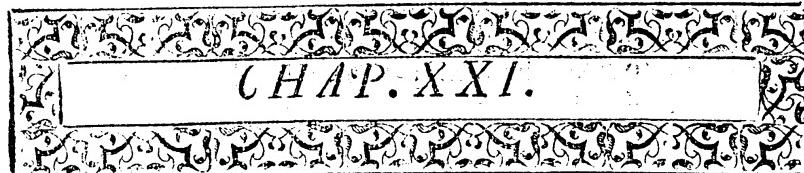
Yeat to *Northumberland* return'd fearce *Gurmond* with the *Danes*,
 Meane time did king *Astured* die, the Hatchet of their Tranies.
 But *Adelstane* (one king betwixt) not onely clear'd the Land
 Of *Danes*, but of all *England* had sole Empire in his hand.
 Thus of this long dismembred Realme was he the onely King:
 In which, till *Egelred*, his raigne did prosper euerie thing.
 Heraigning, much of *England* then the Lordly *Danes* did hold,
 Exacting Tributes euery yeare, and selling Peace for Gold.
 And (which no doubt did hatch those Plagues) the King a wicked one,
 Did enter by his Brothers blood, extorting thus his Throne:

King *Edgar* that subdu'd the *Scots*, and slaughtered the *Danes*,
 And of the *Welch* had tribute Wolffs, of whom it more remaines
 That, as it were in Triumph-wise, Eight Vnder kings did roe
 Him, Sterns-man, on the Riuier *Dee*, with diuers honors moe,
 This *Edgar* by a former wife had *Edward*, by an other
 This *Egelred*, a Sonne vnto a kind and cruell Mother:
 For as she labors to preferre her owne by well and ill,
 So to destroy her Son-in-law she wanted meanes, not wil.

H 3

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And meanes did hit. King Edward hunts, and hunting lost his Traine;
Whom, men-les, at her Castle Corfe the Queene did entertaine.
He hauing seene to whom he came in curtesie to see,
Made haste away, in Quest of them that still a hunting be:
And when he, mounted, should depart, to him his Stepdame drinke.
Whom, pledging, him an Hierling stab'd, & litle-les downe he sinkes.
Thus Egyred obtain'd the Crowne, but for his crowning so
His Subiects grudge, and he became a Preface to their woe.
For when this proud and vicious king, was neither lou'd of his,
Nor liued safely for the Danes, his secret Edict is,
That sodainely in one selfe hower, throughout the Land should passe
A common Massaker of Danes, which so performed was: (charge
Hartfordia Velvyns Vel health-wyn then, for promptinesse in that
Beginning, other Townes as it themselues from Danes inlarge.



His common murther of the Danes was com-
mon mirth to all
The English, whom they did oppresse with
flaueries not small,
Compelling me by grieuous Draught as Beasts
to plough their Land,
Of whom the English as of Gods, or Feends, in
terror stand.

The Husband durst not vse his Wife if liked of a Dane,
Nor House nor Goods, nor ought he had, for who resists was slaine:
That frankes and feedeth daintily, This pines and fareth ill,
And of his sweat that hath the sweete, and is imperious still.
Each house maintained such a Dane, that so they might preuent

Conspiracies,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Conspiracies, if any were, and groped how mindes were bent:
Lord Dane the same was called then, to them a pleasing name,
Now odiously Lur-dane say we, when idle Mates we blame.
When Swaine the Daciā King did hear his Danes were murthere dso,
With bitter vowes he shipt his men for Englands ouerthroe:
And landing, spar'd no shrine, nor Saint, nor Sex, nor any State,
Not wanting Aiders English-men, that held their King in hate.

Especially false Edricus the Admirall deceives:
His King and Countrey oftentimes, and Bribes of Swaine receiuies:
And Egelred his cowardise incouraged the Foe,
Till Swaine at length, for Masses great, was bribed hence to goe.
But making short returne, the Peeres of England that disdaine
Th'indignities of such a King, that did so feebly raigne,
Submit them Subiects vnto Swaine: and Egelred did flie
Vnto the Father of his Queene, the Duke of Normandie:
And Swaine, possessed of the land, did shortly after die.

His sonne Canutus, present here, had Seazon of the Crowne,
Till Egeldred, returning back by Armor puts him downe.
Who scarcely giueth breathing time, but that he back resailes
From Denmarke, and by force, by friends, and fortune here preuailes:
For in this Warre King Egeldred did sicken and decease:
And then the broiles (Canutus king) did for a time decrease,
Till Edmund, sonne of Egelred, did interrupt that peace.

Conferring Armes, Edmonds age to when Egelred did lie
On death-bed, to his sonne he said: not quite forlorne am I,
Whose life hath had so much of griefe, thus gratioufly to dye.
Ad more, thy vertues glad my death, yeat two things greeue among,
To leaue my Kingdom so in Warres, and thee for Warres too young,
So may these troubles weare to none as thou doest waxe I pray,
And so possesse thy Fathers Seate that all approoue thy sway.
Not to be made a King (my Sonne) is so to make thee proude,
For Mildenes fitteth maiestie, high mindes are disaloude.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

See me thy Father, now a King, and by and by but earth,
Nor thinke that enemie King hath hap to die a happie death.
Let nature for perfeⁿction, molde a Paragon each way,
Yeat death at last on finest lumps of liuing flesh will pray:
For nature neuer framed it, that neuer shall decay.
The brauest are as blossomes, and the longest Liver dies,
And dead, the louelest Creature as the lothsom^t Carrion lies.
Then thinke not but that kings are men, and as the rest miscarrie,
Saue that their fame or infamie continually doth tarry.
Deeme past Examples Sentences, and (which did fayle in me)
Make vse of those not now in vse, for now will cease to be.
Attempt not things beyond thy reach, ioyne fortune to thy will:
Least *Phæbus* Chaire doe else furcharge rash *Phæton* his skill.
If Fortune helpe whom thou wouldest hurt, fret not at it the more:
When *Ajax* stormed, then from him the Prize *Vlysses* bore.
Try friends by touch, a feeble friend may proue thy strōgest Foe:
Great *Pompeis* head to *Cæsars* hand it was betrayed so.
Admit thou hadst *Pactolion* waues, to land thee Golde at will,
Know *Crasus* did to *Cyrus* kneele, and thou maist speed as ill.
Abandon lust, if not for sinne, yet to auoyd the shame:
So Hogges of *Ithacus* his men the *Latian* Witch did frame.
Be not too moody in thy wrath, but pause though fist be bent:
Oft *Philips* Sonne did rashly strike, and leisurely repent.
Content thee with vnthreatned Meane, and play not *Aſops* Dogge:
The Golde that gentle *Bacchus* gaue did greedy *Mydas* clogge.
Be valiant, not too venterous, but fight to fight againe:
Euen *Hercules* did hold it ods for one to striue with twaine.
Be not ambitiously a King, nor grudgingly decline:
One God did root out *Cis* his stock, and rayse vp *Ieffes* line,
Iest nor with edge tooles, suffer Saints, let mightie Fooles be mad:
Note, *Seneca* by *Neroes* doome for Preceptis penance had.
Haue care to whom, of whō, & what to speake, though speech be trew
That Misſe made *Phæbus* contrary his Rauens Swan-like hew.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

He frameth torments to himselfe that feeds a Tyrants vaine:
Perillus was by *Phalaris* adiudg'd to self-taught paine.
Prayſe not the beautie of thy Wife, though ſhe of forme be ſped:
For *Gyges*, moued ſo, did graft on *Canadeus* his head.
Shunne Ielouſie that heart-breake loue, if Cat will goe to kind,
Be ſure that *Io* hath a meanes that *Argus* ſhall be blind.
Commit not Treasure with thy Child to greedy minded men:
Thou leauest *Polidor* a ſpoyle to *Polymnestor* then.
Occurrents giue occasions ſtill of like, in which be ſure
To ſeru thy God, to ſaue thy ſelfe, and well to all procure.
Be vertuous, and affreſt thy ſelfe thou canſt not then but thriue:
In onely vertue it is ſayd, that men themſelves ſuruiue.
As for the vicious, ſuch they are, as is the heedleſſe Flye,
That killſe it ſelfe, and hurts his ſight that hath her in his eye.
Farewell my Sonne, *England* farewell, thy neuer happy Prince
Doth take his leauē, an happy leauē, if taken ſo long ſince.
And, *Edmond* (burying not with me thy vertues, nor my ſpeech)
I bleſſe thee in his bleſſed Name whome I of bleſſe beſeech,
Said *Egelred*: and ſhortly gaue a quiet gaspe or twaine,
And being dead, his noble Sonne ſucceeded him in Raigne.

This like himſelfe, euen Knight-like and an *Engiſh-man* indeede,
Did quickē *Englands* quailing Prowes, & *Mars*-like did proceed.
A brauer Captaine than was he not any band might haue:
And yeat a *Mars* did match this *Mars*, *Canutus* was as braue.
These wonders of that age for Armes, and *Dixii* of thoſe dayes,
Did often battell, equally to eithers loſſe and praiſe,
Now after many bloody Fieldes, when none might estimate
The better or the worſer part, a Knight that ſaw the ſtate
Then preſent, and by likelihoođ prefaged what might fall,
Said (hearing it the diſſenting Kings and Souldiers almoſt all:) *We euer warre, and neuer winne, Edmund hath Fortitude,*
Canutus Fortune, neither thus of other is ſubdue.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Death feares not vs, nor for their lives our Contraries doe care:
 It followes then, that all must die whiche all so desp'ret are.
 If all be slayne, then who shall serue our Princes that suruiue?
 Or fence out Forrens? better one, then none of both should thrive.
 To thrive therefore, were not a misse, that seeing one of twaine
 Will Owner all, that onely they the quartell doe maintaine.
 Or if Combattensie not please, the Land is rich and large,
 And they Copernicrs may liue, and vs of death discharge.
 If Combat nor Partition be, then will his Warre reviue,
 Till one, suruiuing all of vs, wants one with whome to striue.
 This sayd, the Kings did marke and make a profit of the same,
 And did conclude by Combacy to winne or loose the Game.

Within a little Island neare (round which the Armies stand)
 The Kingly Champions trie their Force, by fighting hand to hand.
 They spur their Horses, breake their Speares, & beat at Barriars long
 And then, dismounting, did renew a Battell braue and strong.
 Whil'st eyther King thus Martially defends, and did offend,
 They breathing, King *Canutus* said: we both I see shall end,
 Ere Empire shall begin to one: then be it at thy choyce
 To fight, or part. With it their Knights crie out with common voyce,
 Deuide, most valiant Kings deuide, enough ye haue of Fight:
 And so the Champions did embrace, forgetting malice quite.

Partition equally was made betwixt these Princes twaine,
 And Brother-like they loue and loue: till by a deu'lish traine,
 Earle *Edricus*, a Traytor to the Father and the Sonne,
 Did murther *Edmund*: and his head (supposing to haue wonne
 The fauour of *Canutus* so) presenting sayd (O King)
 For loue of thee I thus haue done. Amazed at the thing,
Canutus sayd, and for that thou hast headed him for me,
 Thy head aboue all English heads exalted it shall be:
 The Earle was headed, and his head poold vp for all to see.

Of England, Danske, & Norway, then *Canut* was perfect Lord,
 And in this triple Regiment all with vertue did accord.

Harold,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Harold, Hardi-knought his sonnes each th'other did succeede: {
 Of either which small certaine Fame of well or ill we recede,
 Saue by their Raigns to English-men did grieuous thraldō breedē.
 But after *Hardi-knought* his death the *Danes* were chased hence,
 Not intermeddling with the state of *England* eversince.

CHAP. XXII.



Foresaid *Egelfred* his Sonnes, *Alured*, and his brother,
Was Edward King: (for *Godwins* guile had
 made away that other.) Religious, chaste, wise, fortunate, stout, francke,
 and milde was hee:
 And from all Taxcs, wrongs, and Foes, did set
 his Kingdome free.

By oner-ruling of his Lords, intreating long the same,
 Least, dying *Issuelesse*, he leauie succession out of frame,
 He tooke to *Queene* a Damsell faire: howbeit, by consent,
 In vowes of secret chaftitie their louing liues they spent.
 The Father of this maiden-wife, he sitting by the King,
 And seeing one that stumbled, but not falling, vp to spring,
 Did laughing say, the brother theare the brother well hath eas'd,
 (His meaning was the Stumblers feete.) And haddest thou so pleased,
 So had my Brother, quoth the King, bin easing vnto me.
 The traitrous Earle tooke bread and sayd, so this digested be
 As I am guiltlesse of his death: these words he scarcely spokc,
 But that in presence of the King the bread did *Goodwyn* choke.

His sonne *Harold*, by *Hardi-knought*'s late daughter, him suruiues,
 He, crossed by contrary winds, in Normandie ariues,

Where

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Where Goodwins sonne did take an oth, Duke *VVilliam* vrging so,
 To keepe vnto the Duke his vse, when Edward hence should go,
 The Crowne of *England* (claimed by Adoption, and by blood.)
 But *Harold*, after *Edwards* death, not to his promise stood.
 And for he was in wealth, in friends, in blood, and Armor strong,
 And title had his Mothers right, he forced not the wrong:
 But arming him against the Duke, so vrged vnto wroth,
 Did seaze the Crowne vnto himselfe, contrary to his oth.
 Whil'st *VVilliam* therfore works for war, King *Harold* had not rest,
 For *Harold Hare-foote*, King of *Danes* and *Norwaises*, much opprest
 The *English* with his puissant Bands. But *Harold* him assailes,
 And after feare and doubtfull fight most valiantly preuailes:
 And with the *Norgaine* Prince he flew his people almost all:
 When, for devision of the spoyle, did much contention fall
 Betwixt the King and *English-men*: and many a noble Knight
 Not onely murmur and maligne, but did forsake him quight.

Such malice growing, *VVilliam* with his *Normanes* taking land,
 Found hot spur *Harold* prest in Armes, his puissance to withstand:
 And either Battell Marshalled, as either Captaine wild,
 The King of *England* eagerly the *Normane* Oste beheld,
 And with his cheerefull speeches thus his men with courage fild.

See valiant (Wat-friends) yonder be the first, the last, and all
 The Agentes of our Enemies: they henceforth cannot call
 Supplies: for weedes at *Normandie* by this in Porches groe:
 Then Conquer these would Conquer you, and dread no further Foe.
 They are no stouter than the *Brutes*, whom we did hence exile:
 Not stronger than the sturdy *Danes*, or victory er while:
 Not *Saxonie* could once containe, or scarce the world beside
 Our Fathers, who did sway by sword where listed them to bide.
 Then doe not ye degenerate, take courage by dissent,
 And by their burialles, not abode, their force and flight preuent.
 Ye haue in hand your Countries cause, a Conquest they pretend,
 Which (were ye not the same ye be) euen Cowards would defend.

I graunt that part of vs are fled and linked to the Foe,
 And glad I am our Armie is of Traytours cleared so:
 Yea pardon hath he to depart that stayeth Mal-content:
 I prize the minde aboue the man, like zeale hath like cument.
 Yeat troth it is, no well or ill this Iland euer had,
 But through the well or ill Support of Subiects good or bad.
 Not *Cesar*, *Hengest*, *Swayn*, or now (which neretholes shall fayle)
 The *Normane* Bastard (*Albion* true) did, could, or can preuale.
 But to be selfe-false in this Isle a selfe-Foe euer is,
 Yeat wot I, neuer Traytour did his Treasons Stipend mis.
 Shrinke who wil shrinke, let Armors wayte pressfe downe the burnd
 My Foes, with wondring eyes, shal see I ouer-prize my death. (earth,
 But since ye all (for all, I hope, a-like affected bee,
 Your Wiues, your Children, liues, and Land from seruitude to free)
 Are Armed both in shew and zeale, then gloriously contend,
 To winne and weare the home-brought Spoyles, of Victorie the end.
 Let not the Skinners daughters Sonne possesse what he pretends,
 He liues to die a noble death that life for freedome spendes.
 As *Harold* hartned thus his men, so did the *Normane* his:
 And looking wishly on the earth, Duke *William* speaketh this.
 To liue vpon, or lie within, this is my Ground or Graue,
 (My louing Souldiers) one of twaine your Duke resolues to haue.
 Nor be ye *Normanes* now to seeke in what you should be stout,
 Ye come amidst the *English* Pikes to hewe your honors out,
 Ye come to winne the fame by Launce, that is your owne by law,
 Ye come, I say, in righteous warre reuenging swords to draw.
 Howbeit of more hardie Foes no pased Fight hath spead ye,
 Since *Rollo* to your now-Abode with Bands victorious lead ye
 Or *Turchus*, Sonne of *Troylus*, in *Scythian Faze* bread ye.
 Then worthy your Progenitors ye Seede of *Pryams* sonne
 Exploit this businesse: *Rollo*'s do that which ye wish be done.
 Three People haue as many times got and forgone this shore,
 It resteth now ye Conquer it not to be Conquered more:

For

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

For *Normane* and the *Saxon* Blood conioyning, as it may,
From that consorted Seede the Crowne shall never passe away.
Before vs are our armed Foes, behind vs are the Seas,
On either side the Foe hath Holdes of succour, and for ease.
But that Aduantage shall returne their Disaduantage thus,
If ye obserue no shore is left the which may shelter vs,
And so hold out amidst the Rough, whil'st they hale in for Lee,
Wheras, whil'st men securely sayle, not seldome shipwracks bee.
What should I cite your passed Acts, or tediously incence
To present Armes? your faces shewe your hearts conceiuе offence:
Yea euen your courages deuine a Conquest not to faile:
Hope then your Duke doth prophecie, and in that hope preuaile.
A People braue, a terren Heauen, both Obiects wroth your warres,
Shall be the Prizes of your Prow's, and mount your fame to Starres.
Let not a Traytors periut'd Sonne extrude vs from our right:
He dyes to liue a famous life, that doth for Conquest fight.

By this the furious Battels ioyne, a bloody day to cyther,
And long they fight, the victory inclining vnto neyther:
At length the *English* had the ods, who keeping close array,
Vnto the Duchie Forces gaue no entraunce any way:
Who fayning feare, and Martially retyring as opprest,
The *English* so became secure, and follow on dispersit.
To which aduantage, furiously the *Normanes* did returne,
And got a bloody victorie. In vayne the *English* spurne
Amidst the Pikes against the pricke: King *Harold* then was slayne:
From whom began the *Normanes* sole, but soone conioyned rayne:
For second *Henry*, Mawd her Sonne, freed *Englands* blood agayne.
Since when (and euer may they so) that Of-spring ruled vs:
Of whose Coniunction in the Crowne, the Genalogue is thus.
King *Edmund* *Irn-side* Issue had *Edward* the Out-law: he
Had *Margaret*: Mawd by *Malcolme* (the the King of *Scots*) had she:
Mawd to the Conqueror his Sonne first *Henry*, Mawd did beire:
This second Mawd the *Angeos* wife, had second *Henry* heire.

Edward

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Edward, King *Harold*s Preregnant, of the same Change foretold,
Who present and succeeding times thus, dying, did vnfold:
It is a world, to note (quoth he) the wayes that men adore,
And how Hypocrisie hath bred of Godlike Deuils store,
That speake to seeme, that seeme to shifte, that shifte to spoyle by guile,
That smooth, & sooth, & yeat deceiue with *Scriptum est* meane while.
But let them heauie their hands to Heauen, they haue their hier in Hell,
That seeme deuout to cloake deceit, and say, but doe not well.
The Rich are retchles in their willes, their liking is for law:
The Poore repine, and Goods, not theirs, by idle shiftings claw.
The Lords and Landed ouer-rent, and cunningly the same
The Parasite doth ouer-reach, and beares away the game.
One riseth by anothers fall, and some doe clime so fast,
That in the Clowdes they doe forget what Climates they haue past.
But Eagle-winged mindes that fly to nestle in the Sunne,
Their lofty heads haue leaden heeles, and end where they begun.
It is a common point on which the aged glosely ronne,
Once to haue dated, sayd, and seene, more then was euer done.
The Youth are foolish-hardie, or lesse hardie then they ought,
Effeminate, phantafticall, in few, not few are nougat.
At *Cyprus* not the wanton Saint, nor yeat her wylie Sonne,
Did want her Orgies: nor at *Rome* did *Vesta* lacke her Nonne:
The *Lampacens* gaue *Pryapus* his filthie Rites, and *Create*
To *Ioue* his Bulles: and *Sicilie* to *Ceres* tithed *Wheat*:
The *Thracians* with their *Bacchanales* did *Lybers* Temple fill:
And *Italie* did blood of Babes on *Saturnes* Altars spill:
And fatall wreathes of Myrtill boughes were sacred vnto *Dys*:
In fewe, there was no Pagane God his Sacrifice did mis.
But *English-men*, nay Christian men, not onely seeme prophane,
But Man to Man, as Beast to Beast, holds ciuill ducties vayne.
Yea Pulpits some, like Pedlers packs, yeeld forth as men affect,
And what a Synode shall conclude, a Sowter will correct.
The rude thus boasting Literature, one Schisme begets another,

And

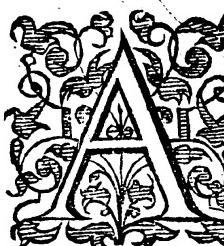
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And grossly though a Schisite, yeat hath cach Schismatike his Soother.
 Meane while the learned want their Meed, & none with profit heares
 The tedious Doubt, whose artles tonge doth preach to weary cares.
 Here could I enter in a Field of matter more than much:
 But gesse that all is out of frame, and long time hath bin such:
 And what shall be let time disclose. This onely will I touch:
 A Greene Tree cut from withered Stock, deuided Furlongs three
 From proper Roote, it shall reioyne, and after fruitfull bee:
 Thus sayd the King. And thus doe some expound that Prophesee:
 The Tree this Land, the Stock and Roote the thrallled *English* line:
 King *Harold*, and the *VVilliams* twaine, the Furlongs some define:
Henry the Normane that begot on *Mawde* his *English* Queene
Mawde, second *Henries* Mother, was the Trees Returne to greene.
 King *Stephen* first, though not so firme, did inthis Turne proceede:
 But seconde *Henrie* perfectly restalled *VVodens* Seede.

THE

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXIII.



Sisted by the former Bowne persist, my Musc,
 and tell
 How by the *Normane* Conquest here an other
 world befell.
 New lawes (not Labyrinths as now through
 wrested Quirkes) came in:
 New Lords also, at whom, for most, our aunci-
 ent Crests begin.

The *English* sinke, the *Normanes* swimme, all topsie tutuie was,
 Vntill the Conquerour had brought his whole command to pas.

Then was one *Edgar*, sonne vnto the out-law *Edward*, he
 To holy *Edward* had been heire, had not King *Harold* be:
 And *VVilliam* pleading too by sword admits no milder law:
 So *Edgar* in his soonest flight his safest issue saw:
 Who with his mother (daughter to the King of *Hungarie*)
 And Sisters, did attempt into his Grandfiers Realme to flic.
 Thus *Englands* hope with *Englands* heir in one same Barke did sayle:
 When delprate from their villanage was English blood of baile.
 But God, that to the hopeles is not helpeles, if he please,
 Did drieue the storm-beate English ship into the Scottish seas:
 Wheare, cast a shor, King *Malcolme* soone had notice of the wracke,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And did become a gracious Lord vnto their present lacke:
 And (Agathia a Votarisse) tooke Margaret to Queene:
 Protectis her brother euen by Armes, against King Williams teene:
 Vntill by warre and wise conuay he so to passe did bring
 That Edgar reconciled was vnto the English King:
 In credit, though withheld his Crowne, and thus at least did good:
 His flight Scotch-queen'd his Sister, she regraged Englands blood,
 For let we Edgar against the haer preserued, as exprest,
 And either William, luckie Knight at armes, interred rest,
 And set first Williams yongest sonne, first Henry, on the Throne,
 Through him the royll English and the Normane bloods grew one.
 On Maud, Scotch Malcomes daughter by the foresaid Margaret he
 Had Maud, that solie did sutuiue her drowned brothers three,
 Her, Empresse to the Emperour then newly being ded,
 Did Geffrey Plantaganet the Earle of Anjou wed,
 And she vnto Plantaganet did second Henry beire,
 Of England, Angeo, Gascoyne, and of Normandie the heire. (marrie,
 Yeat Stephen, first Williams daughters son whō th'Earle of Blois did
 Did with the Empresse and her son now King now Captiue varrie:
 But lastly, tyred, and inter'd, all England by his death
 Was quietly second Henries, who was lawfullst heire by birth.

With Hengess blood our droupen Muse it also now reviues:
 For harshly sounds our Poeme, saue in matter where it thrives.
 Let be your bitten Vine, we here a blissfull vintage gayne,
 That did, and doth, and euermore vblasted may remaine:
 For this coriuall seede begot England English againe.
 From whence we note what Sceptiers, what discents, & turnes befel:
 Leise pleasing vnto some, perhaps, than toyes which many tell
 That but of phansies, women, loues, and wantonnes can sing:
 From which their tunes but pip their toungs & the they hang the wing

This second Henry, mightie both in Empire and in Armes,
 Was onely by his Cleargie croft with vnbeseeching harmes.

Perplexed

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Perplexed therefore at th'apeales that waiward Becket made,
 To some, demaunding his disease at Normandie he sayd:
 Our Popes that seeme(they do but seeme) S. Peter to succeede
 Who did denie, although deserue, high Styles to him decree'd,
 Are quite vnlike to Peter and Popes thirty three fore-past
 Who liu'd in miserie and died by Martyrdome at last.
 Now neede not Tyrants: Popes to Popes be Tyrants: and they all
 Doe wrest euen Principalities submissiue to their Pall.
 Peter did sinne, and sinning to repentant teates did flye:
 Popes sinne not, but to others sinnes giue pardon (els they lye.)
 Christ washed feete, Kings kisse their feet, Christ gaue to Caesar his,
 They take, and say that either Sword in their subiectiōn is.
 The Pope did so our mothers Pheare the Emperour intreate,
 As that his proud attempts I shame and sorrow to repeate.
 What cite I foraine matters, when our native Stories yeld
 Of Myters medling with our Sword an ouerplenteous feeld?
 We offer Tapers, pay out Tythes and Vowes, we Pilgrimes goe
 To euery Sainct at euery shrine we Offrings doe bestoe,
 We kisse the Pix, we crecpe the Crosse, our Beades we ouer-runne,
 The Couent hath a Legacie, who so is left vndone:
 We fast the Eauie, we feast the day of euery Saint they make,
 Their houslings, Shrifts, and Sacraments most reverently we take,
 By tale we say Orysons, and to words vnowne Amen:
 The Quier doth chaunt, we knock our brests, we bow & crosse vs thē:
 Their skaer-spright water, boxed Boans, their hoasts, & what not
 The Priest, the Frier, or Pardoner we count not holy things? (brings
 We seat them in our fatteit Soyles for Pasture, wood, and spring,
 We lodge them safe in stately walles, we sorrowing when they sing.
 Their Belles call them from easie beds to sing in gownes as warme,
 But Larums vs from restles Campes, by wounds to heale their harme.
 And meete is so: but meete also that they protected thus,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Be not vnquiet, but for their quiet pray for and further vs.
 When our great Grādſier thought this Isle by Cōquest cleerly wōne,
 And entred Kent, what earſt he did did ſee me in Kent vndone.
 A moouing wood ſtole marching on, and hem'd his Armie round,
 When al at once, their boughes caſt downe, was heard a warlike ſoud,
 That to the Normanes did diſclove an Armie ordered well,
 Resolu'd to die, rather then leauē the lawes where they did dwell:
 (For ſo, in way of Parlie, did their mytryd Stygand tell.)
 Their Bishop, their Contriuer, and their chiefe conduct was he,
 By whose deuife the conqueror, intrapped, did agree
 To ratifie the lawes of Kent ſuch as they were, and be.
 But bearing in a common good with Crosiers croſſing Crownes,
 Proud Anſelme in our Vncles raigne did farre exceede the bownes
 Of Prelacie or pietie (for Church-men ſhould be meeke):
 Yeat ſome in practiſe leauē what they of vs in preaching ſeeke:
 For they that bid me doe, and doe themſelues the good they bid,
 Doe leade me to the ſubſtantiuē, and leauē me not in quid)
 Yea, either of our Vncles thriu'd in Forraine Conquests more,
 Than againſt their Church-men, ſetting al their Kingdome in vprore.
 One Prelate wrought the pope to curse & crosse his Prince withſoēs:
 Twixt others long ambitions Pleas for Primacie aroes:
 And now, through Becket, to our ſelfe no leſſer damage groes.
 I haue had hardy Knights for warres, and helpfull friends in peace,
 Yeat helpeleſſe friends, and hartles Knights this Cleargie-pride to ceaſe.
 These words heard diuers present Knights, who vexed at the wrong,
 Did, cleane vnitwitting to the King, arue in Kent ere long,
 And at S. Bennits Altar, in the Minſter of his Sea,
 At ſacrifc for a ſacrifice the ſawcie Clerke did ſlea.
 Which heard, the Pope canonized the ſtrif-ſtrif Priest a Saine,
 Infenſing Kings againſt our King, till warres made Henry fayne.
 Then humbled vnto haughty Priſt as Legats ſent from Rome
 He baſely bowes: and they to him for begged Penitance dome
 Purſ-payne and heathen battels, and (which w'orſer was decreed)

Barſooe

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Bareſooe he went, whom Monkes did whip till ſcete & bodie bleede:
 Bareſooe to Iurie fare the Knights, ſo dying for their deede:
 Nor might they mend it, for as bad euen Emperors did ſpeeđe.

CHAP. XXIIII.

He Kings fayre Leiman Rosamund, and how his
 Sonnes rebell

Iouer-paffe. To Richard next the Dyadem befel.
 He did in Cypris, Sicil, and in Syria warre and
 winne:

Whose glory his confederate Peeres to enuy did
 bginne:

And, warring with the Souldan, left the English
 King behinde:

Who left nor fighting till he forſt Conditions to his minde,
 And of Ierusalem was King. But as he did returne,
 The Auſtrich Duke, (whof reared flagge our wrōged king did ſpurne
 From Acon walles, his victorie,) did Richard intercept,
 And him in eafeleſſe prison for reuenge and raunſome kept.

The Duke his daughter, as the King did theare a captiue lie,
 Did labour ſtrongly in the loue ſhe would but could not flie:
 And ſighing wept, and weeping ſpake, and ſpeaking thus ſhee ſayd:
 Richard through hate, through loue am I in diſſring bands betrayd.
 My haruest hangeth in the graffe, and ere the prooſe may blaſt:
 Or clew-led Theseus, from the denne of Minotaurs paſt,
 To fare more harder ſtarres than was poore Ariadne leit
 Leauē me he may, of all, yea, more than all, of him bereft.
 Sweet Loue, Saint Loue, or rather I thy Saint and thou my God,
 In ſuch defarts let ſuch deceite be, as ſhould be, forbod.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The Gailor, bribed, with his keyes to stay or stree him sent her.
Loue (louely Richard) makes, quoth she, that I this hell-house enter,
Hence make escape, remembryng me that thus for thee doe venter.

Attentive to her speech, but more retentive of her shape,
The King, awaking to her forme, did sleepe his owne escape:
And giuing her a meeting kisse, quoth he, so God me keepe
A true desire to quite this good in mee shall never sleepe.
Yeat ransomelesse I will not hence: but fetching backe the lone,
When as thy Father shall repay to England tenne for one,
I vow thy loue a recompence, till when I liue to thee.
Thus feuer they: and raunsome him ere many weekes did free.

Soone after on the Belgicke towers he English flags did rearre:
Anstrich and all the Empire of his prowesse stoode in feare:
Vntill a desperate Stragler with an arrow pierst his head,
And sent the wofull English home, their worthie Leader dead:
Thus Lyons-hart (his courage got that surname) lastly sped.
To whom King John, in courage not inferior to the other,
Succeeded, but in life and death moreragick than his brother.

IN Scotland, Fraunce, Ireland, and Wales he warred, wearied lesse;
Than by the Pope and English Priests wronged without redresse,
Nor was, saue from their Soueraignes death, their malice out of date:
Yeat John, faine they, but they, felt John, did trouble Church and state.
Whern (for as Gaylers with Conquists, so Popes deale with a faulter)
Their sin-salue like the setting loose from Shackles to the haulter)
Whern Massie and all the Sacraments were Strangers many a day,
And that, so farreforth as it in the triple Myter lay,
Euen God himselfe was barred hence, and that, prostrate before
His Vassall Bishop Langtons feete, the King did grace implore,
Whern Peter pence were graunted, and the English Crowne to hold
By rent and Homage of the Pope, and that for sums of gold
The French Kings son was cursed hece, who els had wore þ Crowne
And that the reconciled King did seeme on surest ground,

Then

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Then he, whilſt he in progresse did at Swinshed Abbey lye,
Was poysned by a Monke, that baend himselfe that John might dye.

The Monke, more solemnly inter'd and song for than the King,
Was cause that diuers diuersly did conſture of the thing.
Some charg'd the Popes of Auarice, for that when Rings offend
They sell them peace: of pride, for that to them even Monarks bend:
Of meere incharitie, for that to wreake their priuate spight
Gainſt Kingdomes Kingdomes they incense, and, worſer, do accuite
Euen ſubiects to allegiance ſworne againſt their Lords to fight:
Of Treafon, for that to intrap ſuch as from them diſcent
With othes and al things they diſpence: Some bid vs thus preuent
Their ſinnes and ſleights, doe not as they, nor deale with them, for why?
Who doth muſt liue their Vaffal or their Victorie muſt die.
A merrie mate amongſt the reſt, of cloyſterers thus told.

This cloyſtring and fat feeding of Religious is not old
(Quoth he.) Not long ſince was a man that did his deuoire giue
To kill the paſſions of his flesh, and did in penance liue:
And, though beloued of the King, he liued by his ſweat:
Affirming men that would not worke vnworthy for to eate.
He told the erring their amife, and taught them to amend.
He counſelled the comfortleſſe and all his daies did ſpend
In prayer and in pouertie. Amongſt his doings well
High-waies he mended: doing which this Accident befell.

A doſen Theeues to haue beeene hang'd were lead this Hermite by,
To whom he went, exhorting them as Christian-men to dye.
So penitent they were, and he ſo pitifull (good man)
As to the King for pardon of the Prisoners he ran:
Which got, he gaue it them. But this Prouife did he add
That they ſhould euer worke as he. They graunt, poore ſoules, & glad.
He got them gownes of countrey gray, and hoods for raine and cold,
And hempen girdles, (which beſides themſelues) might burthenſ hold,
Pick-axe and Spade: and hard to worke the Couent fell together,

I 4

With

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

With Roabes, & Ropes, & eu'rie toole for eu'rie worke & wheather.
So did they toyle as thereabout no Causis was vnwrought:
Wherfore new labours for his men the holie Hernite sought:
But at departure prayed them to fast, to watch, and pray,
And liue rem ote from worldly men, and goeth so his way.

The holy Theeues (for now in them had custome wrought contēt)
Could much of Scripture and, indeede, did hartely repent.
But when the countrey folke did heare of these same men deuout
Religiously they haunt their Celles, and lastly brought about
That frō the woods to Buildings braue they wound the Hermits crew,
Who was from found-out worke returnde, and their *Apusta* knew.
He going to their stately place, did finde in evry dish
Fat beefe and brewis, and great store of daintie fowle and fish.
Who seeing their saturitie, and practising to winne
His Puples thence, Excesse, he sayd, doth worke acceſſe to sinne.
Who fareth finest doth but feed, and ouer-feedeth oft:
Who sleepeth softest doth but sleepe, and sometimes ouer soft:
Who clads him trimmest is but clad: the faireſt is but faire:
And all but liue: yea, if so long, yet not with leſſer care
Than formes, backs, boanes & bellies that more hōely cheriſht are.
Learnē freedome and felicitie, Hawkes flying where they list
Be kindlier and more ſound than Hawkes beſt tended on the fiſt.
Thus preac̄t he promiſt abſtinence, and bids them come away.
No haſt but good: well weare they, and ſo wel, as they would stay.
The godly Hermit, when all meaneſ in vaine he diſperceiuē,
Departing ſayd: I found you knaues, and knaues I doe you leaue.
Hence ſayd this merrie fellowe (if the metriment be true)
That Cloyſtring, Friers cloathing, and a Couents number grew.
This heard a ſimple Northerne-man, no friend to Monke, or Frier,
Or preaching Lymmer: for his ſpeach diſcloſed thus his yre.

A Fowle ill on their weazens, for the Carles garre ſyke a dinne,
That more we member of their iapes than mend vs of our ſinne.

At

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

At Ewle we wonten gambole, daunce, to carrole, and to ſing,
To haue gud ſpiced Sewe, and Roſte, and plum-pies for a King:
At Faſt-euc pan-puffes: Gang tide gaites did alie Maſſes bring:
At Paſke begun our Morriſe: and ere Pentecost our May:
Tho Roben hood, liell John, Frier Tucke, and Marian deſtly play,
And Lard and Ladie gang till Kirke with Lads and Lasses gay:
Fra Maſſe and Eensong ſa gud cheere and glee on ery Greene,
As, ſauc our wakes twixt Eames and Sibbes, like gam was neuer ſcene:
At Baptiſt-day with Ale and cakes bout bon-fires neighbors stood:
At Martelmaſſe wa turnd a crabbe, thilke told of Roben hood,
Till after long time myrke, whē bleſt were windowes, dares & lights,
And pails were filde, & hathes were ſwept, againſt Fairie-clues & ſprits:
Rock, & plow Mōdaies gams ſal gāg, with ſaint-feaſts & kirkſights.
Iis tell yee, Clearkes earſt racked not of purpoſe ne of pall:
Ylke yeoman fed moe poore tume wambes than Gentiles now in Hall.
Yea, ledge they nere ſa hally Writ, thilke tide was greater wrang
Than heretoforne: tho words had ſooth, na writing now ſo ſtrāg:
Iis na Wizard, yet I drad it will be warse ere lang.
Belyue doone lyther Kirk-men reaue the crop, and we the tythe,
And mykell bukiſh ben they gif they tache our lakines bliſhe.
Some egge vs ſla the Prince and ſhewe a Bullocke fra the Pape,
Whilke, gif it guds the ſawle, Iis ſure the cragge gangs till the rape:
Syke votion gyles the people, ſa but ſylde gud Princes ſcape:
Sa teend our King his life, and ſong is Requiem for the Monke:
Gud King God reſt thy ſawle, but Feeds reaue him bath ſawle & trōke.

Such talke was long on foote, and ſtill was quittance tale for tale.
Dunſtone, quod one, made *Edgar*, earſt an English Monarke, quale
For matter of leſſe moment, euen for wedding of a Nunne,
Whom in her Cell the King eſpi'de, lou'de, woocd, and thus wonne.

THE ſame (quod he) that rules this Land the ſame intreateth thee:
Thou maift, ſweet Wench, vnto thy ſelfe deriuē a Queene frō me.
What

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

What lets, since none may loue thee more, vnes perhaps this Cell,
Too strikt a place wherein thy selfe, eue Beauties selfe, sholdst dwell.
Let nature hide her barten formes and imperfectionsthus,
And in such Puritanes as thou command her skill to vs.
Thou wrongest Nature, molding thee to molde by thee as faer:
Thou wrōgest mē, that would beget the fruit which thou sholdst baer:
Thou wrong'ſt thy Countrie of increase: thou wrōg'ſt me in like sort:
Thou wrong'ſt thy Kin of kindred: & thou wrong'ſt thy ſelfe of ſport.
Shouldſt thou but dreame what marriage were, thou wouldſt not liue
One heart of two, two Soules to one by wedlock is cōuaid. (a maid:
An husbands open kiffings, and his ſecret coyings, nay,
The very Soule of Loue, more ſweet then thou or I can ſay,
The ioy of babes which thou ſhouldſt beare, the Seruice at thy becke,
The ſweet conforde common weale of houſhold at thy checke,
Woulde make thee ſeeme a Goddesſe: who, because thou art not ſuch,
Oifendef God in hiding of thy Tallent. Too too much
Thou doteſt on Virginitie, permittēd, not impos'd
On any, ſauie on ſuch as for no ſuch thy ſelfe thou knoefſt.
Els what ſhould meane this penning vp, ſuch vowed, & thēſe Vailes,
Since Veffels onely are of worth that beare in ſtormes their failes.
The Seedſters of thine Eſſence had they been as thou wouldſt be
Thou hadſt not been: Then gratifie the ſame, thy ſelfe, and me,
And leaue thēſe ſuperiſtious walles: Thou profitſt not hereby,
Nor are we male and female borne that fruitleſſe we ſhould dye:
Then lone me, for, beleeue me, ſo will proue a Jubilie.

Her red diſperſit in shadowed white, did adde to either more,
To her of beautie, and to him Loue greater than before.
She claimes the places priuiledge, and faintly cites a Tex:
She pleades her birth too bace, and playes the No-1 of her Sex,
An I fighteth as ſhe would be foyl'd. But, prized, Dunſtone makes
I ſacrilege: and for to wife the Reclufe Edgar takes,
In twelue yeeres would he not annoyn̄t or crowne him King & more,
Enioynes

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Enioynes hit ſeven yeeres pennance, and to edifie and ſtore
Great Monasteries fortie ere Indulgence could be got:
Thus Edgar for his Cloyſter cheere did pay this costly ſhot.

CHAP. XXV.

Iohn murther bred ſuch murmur. But third
Henry, John his ſonne,
Assiſted chiefly by the Pope, his fathers Scepter
wonne:
Who interditied Lewis, till hee curſt him into
France,
And left to Henry prosperous raigne, till hapned
this miſchance.
A Parliament at Oxenford did derogate ſo much
From his prerogatiue, as that the Quarrell grew to ſuch,
That ciuill warres betwixt the King and Barronage began:
Not ending, but with tragicke ends of many a worthy man,
Brother to brother, ſire to ſonne, and friend to friend was foe:
Al labouring (which they ſhould uphold) their Countries ouerthow.
Now was the King a Captiue, and the Barrons by and by
His Conqueſt, and the ciuill ſtrife too fast begot ſupply.
My heart wafts mine hand to write the troth of it too truw:
Euen warres Idea: more then tongue or eye can ſay or view.
But to conclude (which ſtill concludes) the King he did ſubdue:
And ſhewes himſelfe a gentle foe thus hauing wonne his peace:
And after liu'd in honour, and did happily deceaſe.
Whose death (then warring with renowme in Syria) being knownne
To Edward, he refaileſt and poſſeſt his fathers Throne.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The hanfull of his Scepter was, the *Welchmen* did rebell:
 Of whom to *Edward*, though with losse, the Victorie befell.
 Then on the *French* he warred, and a Winner did resayle:
 And for that *Baloll*, whom he made the King of *Scots*, did faile
 His Homage, thence from *Albanacke* to *England* due and done,
 Against the *Scots* he grieuous, but a glorious warre begun.
 Not *Barwicke*, though for number bold vntill it flowed blood,
 Nor any *Scottis* armes or hold, though infinite and good,
 Might stay his awing proweſſe, till he had their King his thrall,
 And in that Land, by Conquest, made himselfe the Lord of all.
 Then taking *Scottis* othes, which they did breake, and he reuenge,
 With those Exploits he French attempts as gloriously did menge.
 Yea *Paganes*, *French*, *Cambries*, & *Scots*, remembryng but his name,
 Cannot forget their skarres he made, though envious of his Fame,
 Matchles for Cheualtie: and yeat his Iustice matcht the same,
 Not partiall for the Prince his Sonne, a rash vnbridled youth,
 Whom he imprison'd, hearing of his outrages the truth,
 And vnto whom he dying spake words worth report and ruth.
 My life (quoth he) a warfare right in body and in soule,
 Resignes my robed carkasse to be rotted in the moule.
 If well I did, well shall I doe, if ill, as ill and worse:
 And therefore (*Ned*) worke as I will vpon my blesſe or curse.
 When thou becomſt an earthly God mens liues to ouerſee,
 Forget not that Eternall God that ouerlooketh thee.
 The leaſt part of a King is his, all owing him, and none
 Leſſe priuate than a Prince, the weale or woe of every one.
 He and his People make but one, a bodie weake or ſtrong,
 As doth the head the lims, or lims the head affiſt or wrong.
 Detine thy lawes from wiſteſt heads, to be vpholden ſtill,
 Not adding or abſtracſting as conceited Tier-braines will.
 Be checrefull, and in worke nor word be neither proud nor hot,
 No ſincere loue, but ſcuile feare, or neither, ſo is got.
 Encourage good Men by thy loue: reforme the bad by lawe:

Reserue

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Reserue an care for either Plea: and borrow leaſt of awe.
 Opprefſe not rich men, ſeeking ſo to please the poore: for neither
 Is to be doomed, but as right or wrong is found in either.
 To loyter well deserued gifts is not to giue but ſell,
 When to requite ingratitude were to doe cuill weil.
 And (which ſauē for the ill-mift ill might els haue bene forgot)
 Be choyce, but chufe: for wiueleſſe haue each ſtranger, place, & ſhot,
 Their heire, their home, & coſt: which, ſauē the laſt, indeed are not.
 Reforme thee even to day: vnappt to day, leſſe apt to morrow:
 Youth aptly offers vertuies ſuch as yeareſ vnapptly borroewe.
 For he that plies the lappes and lippes of Ladies all his prime,
 And falles to Armes when age failes Armes, then also looſeth time,
 As iſ a Beare in Moone-shine ſhould attempt the Moone to clime.
 Well haue I driuen out my date, and well thy dayes ſhall runne,
 If thou proue not my Glories graue, nor I plange in my Sonne.
 The ouer-weening of thy wits doth make thy Foes to ſmile,
 Thy Friends to weepe, & Clawbacks thee with Soothings to beguile.
 Yea, thoſe thy Purſes Parasites, vñworthie thine Estate,
 Doe loue thee for themſelues, nor will they leauē thee but too late.
 I bleſſe thee; if thou baniſh them, and curſe thee, if they bide:
 My bliſſe and curſe be at thy choyce. And ſo he ſhortly dide.

Forthwith a ſecond *Edward*, ſonne to *Edward*, wore the Crowne.
 He to promote his Flatterers did put his Nobles downe.
 So *Robert Bruze*, then King of *Scots*, found ingreſſe for his Armes:
 Recouering *Scottiſh* forces, and did ſpoyle our men by ſwarmes.
Barwicke in fine, and all erſt wonne, and more then all was lost:
 Yeat of more multeouſ Armeſ we than *Scotland* were at coſt.
 No Land deuided in it ſelfe can ſtand, was found too true:
 To worſer then the wars abroad the home-bred Quarrels grewē.
 Grange-gotten *Pierce of Cauelſtone*, and *Spencers* two like ſort,
 Meane Gentlemen, created Earles, of chiefe account and port,
 Enuying all equalitie, contrive of many a Peere.

The

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The wretched death: those fewe that live liu'd malcontented heere.

Good Thomas Earle of Lancaster, on whom the rest relye,
The chiefe and grauest of the Peeres, did, ouer-warrred, ffe
Into the woods: whereas himselfe and state he did bewray
Vnto an Hermite: vnto whom he, sighing, thus did say.
Happie are you sequestred thus from (so I may deuine)
Our common wracke of common weale: for how it doth decline
Through wilde and wanton Guydes in part I feele, in part I aime,
By Presidents too like and ffe too likely heere to flame:
Heare (if you haue not heard) what ffe, our leasure fits the same.

CHAP. XXV.

He Spartanes war for rapted Queene, to Ilions
ouerthowe,
The Monarke of Assyria chang'd, & Latine
Kings also.
For Tarquins lust, yea how with vs a double
chaunge did groe,
Whē Brittish Vortiger did doat ypo the Saxon's
daughter,

And Buerne for his forced wife frō Denmarke brought vs slaughter,
I ouerpasse. Who knoweth not Ireland, our neighbour Ile?
Whē Noe his Neece, ere Noe his flood, inhabited a while:
The first manured Westerne Iles, by Cham and Saphers race:
Who, ioyntly entring, sundry times each other did displace:
Till Greece-bred Gathelus his brood from Bysay did atiue,
Attempting Irelands Conquest, and a Conquest did atchiue.
Fluck ings at once did rule that Ile, in cuius strife that droopes,
When fierce Turgesius landed with his misbelceuing Troopes.

This

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

This proud Norwegian Rouer so by aides and armes did thriue,
As he became sole Monarke of the Irish Kingdome sive:
Erecting Paganisme, and did erect the Christian lawe:
And thirtie yecres, tyrannizing, did keepe that Ile in awe:

Nor any hope of after helpe the hartfesse Irish lawe.

Alone the wylte King of Meth, a Prothew plying tauor,
Stood in the Tyrants grace that much affeted his behauor.
For what he sayd that other soothde, so ccco'ing his vayne,
As not an Irish els but he a pettie King did raigne.

Turgesius friends that Vice-roy for his daughters loue the rather,
And therefore for his Leiman askt the Damsell of her Father.
Ill wot I what they knowe that loue, well wot I that I know
That that browne Gitle of mine lackes worth to be beloued so:
I haue a many Neeches farre more fairer then is she,
Yeat thinke I fairest of those faires vnworthie you, quoth he,
But she and they are yours, my Lord, such Beauties as they be.

This Preface likē the Tyrant well, that longed for the play:
Not well contented that so long the Actors were away:
Oft iterating his demaund, impatient of delay.
Now haue I, quoth the King of Meth, conuented to your bed
My Neeches, and my daughter, loath to loose her Maidenhead.
But doubt not Sir: coy Wenches closetheir longings in their palmes,
And all their painted Stormes at length conuert to perfect Calmes.
Alonely if their beauties like (as likelier haue we none)
You may conclude them women, and the Goale therefore your owne.
To morrow, seuered from your Traine, vnlesse some speciall few,
Expect them in your chamber where I leaue the game to you:
Yeat when your eye hath serude your heart of her that likes you best,
Remember they are mine Alies, vntoucht dismisse the rest.

Sweete also was this Scene: and now vnto an Act we groe.
The Irish Princesse, and with her a fiftene others moe,
With hāging Glybbes that hid their necks as tynsel shadowing snoe,
Whose

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Whose faces very Stoickes would, *Narcissus*-like, admire
Such *Semeles* as might consume *Loues* selfe with glorious fire,
And from the Smith of heauens wife allure the amorous haunt,
And reintise the Club-God *Dys* and all his diuelles to daunt,
And make the Sunne-God swifter than himselfe, such *Daphnes* chaced,
And Loue to fall in loue with them, his *Pisches* quite disgraced,
These rater then the onely Fowle of Spice-burnt Ashes bread,
And sweeter than the Flower that with *Phœbus* turneth head,
Resembling her from gaze of whome transformide *Aeon* fled,
From *Meth* came to *Tergesius* Court, as Presents for his bed.

In secret was their comming, and their chambering the same.
And now the lustfull Chuffe was come to singe out his game:
His Pages onely, and a youth or twaine attending him,
VVheare Banquet, Bed, Perfumes, and all were delicately trim.
He giues them courteous welcome, and did finde them merry talk:
Meane while (the Harbengers of lust) his amorous eyes did walke
More clogd with change of Beauties than King *Midas* once with gold:
Now This, now That, and one by one he did them all behold.
This seemed faite, and That as faire: and, letting either passe,
A Third he thought a proper Girle, a Fourth a pleasant Lasse,
Louely the Fist, liuely the Sixt, the Seuenth a goodly Wench,
The Eight of sweete Complexion; to the Ninth he alreth thence,
That mildly seem'd maesticall, Tenth modest looke and tonge,
Th'Eleventh could sweetly intertain, the Twelife was fresh & yonge,
The Next a gay Brownetta, Next and Next admirde among:
And eury feature so intyete his intricate affection,
Asliking all alike he lou'd confounded in election.
Sweete harts, quoth he, or *Jupiter* fetcht hence full many a Theft,
Or heber brought he Thefts that here their Leiman Children lefte.
Heere wandring *Cadmus* should haue sought his misse Sister, wheare
Faire *Zeda* hatcht her Cignets, whilst nor *Cocke* nor *Henne* did feare.
How many view I fairer than *Europa* or the rest,

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And Girtle boyes, sauouring *Ganimade* heere with his Lord a Guest.

And *Ganimedes* we are, quoth one, and thou a Prophet trew,
And hidden Skeines from vnderneath their forged garments drew,
Wherewith the Tyrant and his Bawds, with safe escape, they flew:
Of which yong Irish Gentlemen and *Methean* Ladies aet
The Isle was filled in a trise, nor any *Irish* slackt
To prosecute their freedome and th'amased *Norgaines* fall,
Which was performed, and the King of *Meth* extold of all.

Those Rouers (whose Originals, and others not a few,
As *Switzers*, *Normaines*, *Lumbardes*, *Danes*, from *Scandinavia* grew,
A mighty Isle, an other world, in *Scythian Pontus Clyme*)
Thus wrackt, left *Ireland* free vnto our second *Henries* time:
When, farre vnlke the *Methes* that earst their Countrie did restore,
An Amorous Queene thereof did cause new Conquests and vprore:
Dermot the King of *Leynister*, whom all besides did spight,
Did loue, belou'd, the Queen of *Meth* to whom he thus did wright.

Thy King, sweete Queene, the hindrance of our harts-case is away,
And I, in heart at home with thee, at hand in person stay.
Now is the time (Time is a God) to worke our loue good lucke,
Long since I cheapned it, nor is my comming now to hucke:
But, since our fire is equall, let vs equally assit
To finish what we fancy, say Maligners what they list.
No like immortall she- Egge Chucke of *Tyndarus* his wife,
(The wracke of *Dardane*, walles) shal mooue to vs like costly strife.
Thy husband no *Afrides* is:or were it he were such,
The *Idane* ball Judge did not more, but I would doo as much.
For why? thy selfe, a richer cause of warre, art worthy so:
Whome to continue cuer frend, I carlesse am of foe.
My Kingdome shall containe thee that containest me and it:
Yea, though we be condemned, Loue or armour shall vs quit.
Loues lawe at least adiudgeth barres, cleere booke, to pleade in breste
Prescription to obiections how his passions bee our cheefe:

K

For

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

For none doth liue not passionate of loue, ire, mirth, or greefe.
I waite thee in the necrest woods, and thether, watching watch,
Doe waite escape: of all things els my selfe doe care dispatch:
Let onely Loue (sweete Loue) perswade, if more remaine to wowe,
I hope I wish not more be done than what you meane to doo.

This read, and red her cheeke, and to his reede alreadie bent,
Not casting further doubts vnto her Paramour she went,
Conveyed into Leynister. Not many weekesensewe,
When Morice King of Meth returnes, and what had hapned knew.
A whrtle-winde in a whrtle poole roost that paire of doves (quoth he)
The singlie state is double sweet, at price too deere I see.
How wowe we woe? and won, how loth we fowle & doubt we faire?
And onely then lacke women faultes when men their faultes forbear.
The diuell goe with her, so that I with credite might forgoe her,
But such doth sinne with fauour, he is flouted that doth owe her.
I may not put it vp, vilesse I put vp many a mocke:
Fowle fall that Harrolde causing that my Geitrone is the smocke,

He worth, and wronged, and his wrong a common quarrel made,
Affisted by the Irish Kings, did Leynister inuade.
King Dermote, whom his subiects then and long ere then did hate,
Was left defencelesse, desprate of his life, depriu'd his State,
And fled to England: wheare the Pope imbulled had of late
England for Irelands Conquest: So the Exile welcome was,
As aptest Instrument to bring that Stratageme to passe.
For but to be reseated was the Fugitiues request,
And then to tribute part and leauue to English men the rest.
King Henry, yeat in warre else-where, did freely license any
To make aduenture for themselues: so Dermot sped of many.
Earle Strangbore, & the Geraldines, Fitz Stephans, Reymonde, and
Moe worthy Knights, of Wales for most, did take the taske in hand,
And to the Crowne of Englands vse made Conquest of that Land.
But shold you aske how Dermot sped (Father) he sped too well:
And nothing else the Irish bookes doo of his Leiman tell.

Alone

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Alone obserue what changes heere through onely last befell:
And note our England surfeitteth in greater sinnes than it
The onely cause that I am Earle an Exile heere doo sit.
The County thus concluded, and the Hermite answered this:]

CHAP. XXVII.

O lose an Earldome, and to liue an exile what
it is
I cannot tell, but not to haue what may bee lost
were blis.
I will not speake of Coiture, nor of Conception,
naither
It fits I should, for neuer made I Grandsier of my
Father:

But mine experiance at our birth begins it birth, I speake
How than doe we no creature worlds lesse helpefull or more weake.
From birth our Infancy throughout we liue as not alive:
To others diuersly a care, we fencelesse how we thiue.
No sooner we vncradell, be we females be we boyes,
But we affect so many, and (God wot) such foolish toyes,
And are so apt for daungers, and vnapt to shifft the same,
As aptly vanities by terme of childishnes we blame.
Thence growe we to more strength and fence, still fenceles howbeit
Of vice or vertue betirring by correction, not by wit:
Gamesome, not caring who takes care, nor can we saue or gyt.
Next but demies, nor boyes, nor men, our daungerous times succeede:
For vanities erst aymed at we shordly act in deedc:
Wilde roysting, wanton loue, or else vnhirritie shottis and game
Doe cuppell, ere we finde our fault, distresse vnto defame.

K 2

Perhaps

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Perhaps experie nce beating vs doth bid vs lay to thrive:
The first degree to which (say some) is warely to wiue.
But, wiue, if our Sainct become (as not vnlke) a Shroe,
Then is that first degree to thrifte the third degree in woe.
Or be it she be constant, wie, well intetayning, faire,
Doe graunt her silence, patience, and what vertues els be rare,
Yeat by how much more shee deserues so much more we desire
To please and profite such an one, for whom on hers we tire
Our selues and fences, yea perchance, laboure the most we may,
Much labour is too little that should housshould charge deftay.
We aged carke to liue and leauue an ouerplus in store:
Perhaps for Spendals: so amids abundance liue we poore:
Our heires waxe sickishe of our health, too long our here abod,
Meane while the neerer to our graues the further wee from God:
Grippell in workes, testy in words, lothsome for most at length,
And such at foursescore as at fourte for manners, witte, and strength.
Thus Infancie is feeble: and our lustie youth ynstayde:
Our manhood carking: and our age more lothed than obayde.
And thus from first to last our liues be fruiteles and vnqueate.
But you, perhaps, expect I shold of nouelties intreate.
I haue no tales of *Robin Hood*, though mal-content was he
In better daies, fist *Richards* daies, and liu'd in woods as wee
A *Tymon* of the world: but not deuoutly was he soe,
And therefore praise I not the man. But for from him did groe
Words worth the note, a word or twaine of him ere hence we go.
Those daies begot some mal-contents, the Principall of whome
A County was, that with a troope of Yomandry did ryme,
Braue Archers and deliuere men since nor before so good,
Those took from rich to gie the poore, and manned *Robin Hood*.
He fel them well, and lodg'd them safe in pleasant Caues and bowers,
Oft saying to his merry men, what iuster life than ours?
Here vse we Tallents that abroad the Churles abuse or hide,

Their

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Their coffers excrements, and yeast for common wants deuide.
We might haue sterued for their store, & they haue dyest our bones,
Whose tongues, driftes, harts, intice, meane, melt, as *Syrens*, Foxes,
Yea euē the best that betred the heard but aloofe our mones. (stones,)
And redily the Churles could prie and prate of our amis,
Forgetfull of their owne, when their reprooves had prooef as this :
* It was at midnight when a Nonne, in trauell of a childe,
Was checked of her fellow Nonnes for being so defilde:
The Lady Priorelle heard a stirre, and starting out of bed,
Did taunt the Nouasse bitterly, Who, lifting vp her hed,
Said, Madame, mend your hood (for why so hasted she rose,
That on her head, mistooke for hood, she donde a Channons hose.)
* I did amis, not mising friends that wisht mee to amend:
I did amend, but misled friends when mine amis had end:
My friends therefore shall finde me true, but I will trust no friend.
Not one I knewe that wisht me ill, nor any workt me well,
To lose, lacke, liue, time, frends, in yncke, an hell, an hell, an hell:
Then happie we (quoth *Robin Hood*) in merry *Sherwood* that dwelle.
Thus sayd the Out lawe: But no more of him I list to tell.
Gramarian-like, in order wordes significant to speake,
Legitian-like, to reason *pro* and *contra* am I weake:
Rhetoricall I am not with a fluant tongue to ster:
Arithmaticke in numbring hath substrafted me from her:
Geometricke her Plattes, Bownes, and Proportions passe my strayne:
Not Musick with her Concords or her Discords breakes my braine:
Nor yeast Astronomic, whose Globes doth Heauen and earth containe:
Let faire *Mnemosyne* her broode their thrife three selues explaine.
Expect not here Anotamies of Lands, Seas, Hell, and Skyes,
Such length, bredth, depth, & height I balke: nor would I be so wise,
Least, knowing all thing els, I should not knowe my selfe precise.
The Skyes containe the fierie Lights: Clowdes moysture: & the ayre
Windes, Birds & Vapors: men & Beasts the upper Earth doth beare:
Her Bowelles Wormes and Mettalls: Seas to Fishes proper are.

K 3

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Whom this Astrologie, and this Cosmographic mislike,
Beneath the Earth, beyond the Moone, further then farre must seeke.
Signes workings, Planets Iunctures, and the eleuated Ponle,
With thousand toyes and tearimes wherein our curious Artists roule,
Be strangers to my Cell: yeat loc as sound a minde and heart
As theirs that calculate their times, eate, sleepe, and wake by arte.
What was the world before the world, or God ere he was God,
Why this he did, or doth not that, his bidden, or forbod,
I dare not thinke, or arrogate such Misteries deuine, }
Faith with her Fruites significant suffice these wittes of mine,
To loue God, and our neigouer as our selfe is all in fine.
One Law and Gospell was and is, and eitheris drift is thus,
To shewe vs how the law doth kill, and Gospell quicken vs:
Which Corasie ahd Lenatiue of Simples made compound
Doe rather cure, he kindly heales that alth feelest his wonnd.
This is my rest: if more I knewe I should but know too much, }
Or build in my conceited brayne too high aboue my touch,
Or else against the hare in all proue toyous: even such
As be too'many blockish Clerkes and bookish Clownes, extacme
In all things, saue in honesty, that haue no zeale but seeme.
As for the Court it is, you knowe, become a skittish Coult, }
Of wrse men hardlier managed than of the glorious doult,
Vice rides on horse backe, vertue doth from out the saddell boult.
Theare all deformities informe in some one man wee see:
More garded than regarded, franke not to continue free,
When as the Marchants booke the Map of al his wealth shalbe.
The Muses bacyly begge, or bibbe, or both, and must, for why?
They finde as bad Bestoe as is their Portage beggerly.
Yea now by melancholic walkes and thred-bare coates we gesse
At Clyents and at Poetes: none worke more and profit lesse:
None make too more, vnmade of more, the good of other men,
For those inrich our Gowness, these eternize with their pen.
Yeat, soothly, nodds to Poets now weare largisse, and but lost,

Since

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Since for the nodant they obserue no pen-note worth the cost:
For pallace Hermites liue secure obscure in rousfes imbold.
Some few there be much honored (well worthy of so much,)
Once wanting, wealthie, then and now in either fortune such:
But many a bace stoute blood theare is more lordly than be Lords,
Who w heare himself once coucht & bowde nor cap or beck affords:
But shold we sinne (God sheld wee shold in smallest sinnes offend)
What smaller sinne then skoffe such fooles so skornefull to no end?
The Souldiers queue nor pay nor pray, but (if I may be bolde)
Themselves be prayed vpon by some that doe it vncontroulde:
And whilst the same on shore or seaes be ouer set or pine,
Or Cuppes on Cushions full secure we victorie definie:
We cast what may bee done, but keep the helps meane time awaie,
And diet thrifly our friends to giue our foes a pray.
The Citizens, like ponned Pikes, the lessers feede the greate:
The rich for meate seeke stomackes, & the poore for stomackes meate:
And euery wheare no Gospell is more gospelled than this,
To him that hath is giuen, from him that hath not taken is.
Court, Citie, Countrie, Campe, and I, at ods thus even bee, }
I intermeddle not with them, they intercept not mee,
For still I tether thence mine eyes, so heere my heart is free.
Beleue mee, Sir, such is this world, this crosse-bliffe world of ours
That Vertue hardly hides her selfe in poore and desart Bowres:
And such be best that seeme not best: Content exceeds a Crowne:
They may be richer, but more sweete my pennie than their powne.
For wrest they, catk they, build they, sport they, get they worlds to- }
At first or last they die frō al, & passe they wot not whether: (gather,
Then comes their pelfe in plea, themselues not praysed at a feather.
And then / for so the Princes of great Alexander did)
Greddie of his, they striue and let the dead-man stinke vnhid.
Or he that had a Countrie hath, perhaps a Coffen now:
Perhaps lesse Cost, a Sheetē and corise: perhaps, his heires allow
The toombe himselfe aliue had build, els toombles might he lye,

K. 4

A3

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

As, saue for fashion, tearelesse. And it matters not: for why?
 Testators and Executors so giue and so receaue,
 As doubtfull whethers ioy or griefe is more to take or leue:
 For, as do hogges their troughe to hounds, so these giue and get place:
 Death, not the Dier giues bequestes, and therefore but Graue-grace.
 Nor all die testate: if they doe, yet wicles may wills preuent:
 Or what by rigor was misgot, in royat is mispent.
 Then Churles, why are they Churles vnto themselues and others too:
 The good that comneth of their goods is good themselues shall doo.
 But men doe walke in shadoes, and disquiet themselues in vaine
 To gather Riches, ignorant to whom they shall remaine.
 The world thus brooding Vanities, and I obseruing it,
 Here in the world, not of the world, such as you see me sit.

The Earle did well allow his words, and would haue liid his life,
 Durst he haue stayd, for whom pursute in euerie place was rife.
 He reconuenting armes therfore, and taken Prisoner so,
 Died to his Countries friends a friend, and to her foes a foe.

Nor might þ Queen & Kings own Son escape the *Spencers* pride,
 But, fearing, fled to *France*, and there as banished abide:
 Til thence supplanted, safetie at *Henaude* they prouide.
John, brother to the Earle, a Knight of Chualrie the chiefe,
 With little, but a luckie band, was shipte for their relief.
 No sooner had the *Zealand* ships conuaide their men alioare,
 But English Succors daylie did increase their Standardz more.
 Yeat first the *Queen*, Prince *Edward*, and the Nobles humbly craue
 Theirs and their Countries enemies, but no redresse might haue:
 And then Sit *John* of *Henaude* shewde himselfe a warrior braue.
 The King, his wicked Councillors, his big Vpstarts, and all
 Were ouercome: So *Spencers* both from heauen to hell did fal,
 Put to a fowle and shamefull death: with others that misled
 The King in Out-rages more great than earst in *England* bred.

Prolers,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Prolers, Bloodthirstie, Parasites, Make-shifts, & Bawdes did thriue,
 Nor was an ancient English Peere vnbansht or aliue:
 For forraine and dometicke Swords, Plague, Famine, and Exile,
 Did more than tythe, yea tythe the Tythe of men within this Ile.
 Of Baldricks, Hoodes, Tabrides, and Furres, from Knights disgraded
 Attaintures of Nobilitie, and Armes reuersed store, (tore,
 So many Spurres hewen off the heeles, and Swords broke ouer head,
 Were through a King so light and lewd a Councell neuer read.
 The King in prison and depos'd, tyrannised, he dide
 By Trecheries of *Mortimer* that ruld the Roste that tide,
 Whilst *Edward*, in Minoritie, his Fathers throne supplide.

CHAP. XXVIII.



HIS third of that same Name, as yet in No-
 nage for a time,
 Although a King was vnder-kept by some that
 ouer-clime:
Queen mother & proude *Mortimer*, familiar
 more than should,
 Did and vndid more than they might, not lesse
 than as they would:

Till *Edward*, better counselled, hong *Mortimer*, the death
 Of many a Peere, who Earle of *March*, and haughtie for his birth,
 Was Lord of nine skore dubbed Knights, his other traynes except,
 For greater pompe than did his Prince this Lord of *V Wigmore* kept.
 But more he had bene happie though lesse hautie in his Halls,
 More honour in humilitie than safetie in walls:
 Proud Climers proue not monuments, saue onely in their falls.
 The senselesse pride of Fooles therefore, whome reverently we ride,
 Should

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Should lessen, at the least because that earth their earth shall hide.

The Countrie purg'd of Fleeters, and of Flatterers the Court,
The King became a Mars for Armes, a Jupiter for Port :
Th-Olympids, the Pythea, and the prowesse of the Earth,
Did see me even now, and not now, to haue in him their birth :
East, South, and North, gaue ayme farre off, admiring so the West,
As if that Mars discarding them had set our Realme his Rest.
Philip Valois, &c David Bruz, of power and courage more
Than any French or Scottish Kings since or of long before,
Confederate with three other Kings and Princes farre and neare,
Warre all at once on Edward, but did buy their warring deere.
David debelled, left his land, but lastly did returne,
And, whilst our King did war in France, much did he spoyle & burne,
And proud of mightie Troopes of men, of vnresisted prayes,
And Edwards absence, prosperously he on aduantage playes,
Vntill, not sending hence for helpe, the Queene did muster Knights,
And with the Foe, though tripled-wise, victoriouly she fightes :
The Scots for most did perish, and their King was Prisoner taine,
And Scotland wholly for a pray to England did remaine
Meane while was Paris scarcely left, to rescue Philips Goale,
Whom Edward ferrits so from hold to hold as Fox from hoale,
That Melancholie he deceast, and valiant John his sonne
Was crowned King of France : and then the warts afresh begonne.
But after many fieldes, vnto the Foes continuall wracke,
The French King captiuated to the English Monarke, backe
His Victor sayles, the Prince of Wales, Edward surnamed blacke :
The flower of Chiualtie, the feare of France, and scourge of Spaine,
Wheare Peter, dispossess of Crowne, was crownde by him againe.
Fower yeeres the French, eleven yeres was the Scotch K. prisoners heire,
Whose, & the Dolphines ransomes were as great as good their cheere.

P Rince Edw. John of Gaunt, & all their Fathers sonnes might boaste
Of famous Sier, and he of sonnes matchlesse in any Coaste:

Howbeit,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Howbeit, King and Prince at last, misled by counsell ill,
Through Taxes lost a many hearts that bore them earst good will :
Thence finding Fortune contrary to that she was before,
Yeat either dying seaz'd of French and Scottish Conquests store :
Yea Callice late, and Barwick yet of their Exploys is left,
Though Sonne before the Sier and both of liues long since bereft.

When Barwick was besieged, and stood brauely at defence,
Sir Alexander Seiton, theare chife Captaine, had pretence
To linger forth the Siege till Scots should draw the English thence
In rescue of Northumberland, and therefore sent his sonne
A Pledge of treated Truce : and when the guile-got Truce was done,
And Barwick not releueed nor resigned, as it ought,
Two sonnes of Seiton were before the walls besieged brought,
They ready for the Iybbet and their Father for his Graue,
For eyther he must yeeld the Towne or them he might not saue.
In griece he then his Countries cause and Childrens case resolues :
But, partiall vnto either, he on neither Choyce resolues,
To be a loyall Subiect and a louing Father too
Behouued him : but both to bee was not in him to doo.
Nature and honour wrought at once, but Nature ouer-wrought,
And, but his Ladie it preuentis, to yeeld the Towne he thought.
O what pretend you Sir, quoth she, is Barwick woorth no more
Than error of such loue ? I ioy that I such Children bore
Whom cruell Edward honoureth with such a cause of death,
For that especiall cause for which we all receaue our breath,
Euen for their Countries cause they dye, whose liues for it be dewe.
Why see their faces, (constantly she did their faces viewe)
The same, my Seiton, seeme so farre from dreading any woe,
As if they skornde that Barwick should redeeme them from the Foe.
Fulldeere they were to me vnborne, at birth, and borne, and now,
And Mother-like I moane their death and yet their death allow.
Moe Sonnes and such you may beget, your honour if you staine,
Defected honour neuermore is to be got againe.

Preuent

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Precious not then your selfe, your Sonnes, and me so great a blis:
 Adiew, & dye (sweet Sonnes) your soules in heauen shall liue for this.
 With such perswasions did she win her husband from the walls:
 And Edward executes their Sonnes, and to assault he falls
 So long that Barwicke yeelds at length, and still vs master calls.

These were the dayes when English armes had eu'rie where request,
 & Edwards knights throughout the world had prick & prais for best.
 Not Knights alone, but Prelates too, & Queenes: whereof were twain,
 The quondam & in ese Queenes, by Armour honour gain:
 By Warre the Queen that was did cease her husbands tragicke Rayn,
 And by the Queen then being was the Scotch King Prisner tayne.
 It followes then, that as the Pawnce doth circkle with the Sonne,
 So to the vice or vertue of the Prince are people wonne.
 O that our Muse might euermore on such a Subiect ronne:
 But Vulcan forgeth other Tooles, and sharpneth deadlier swords,
 For little els then ciuill warres our following Penne affords.
 French Expeditions badly thrivie, whereof we cease to speake:
 Not forraine, but Domestick warres, grew strong to make vs weake.
 Melpomen here might racke her wits, Sylla & Marius hate,
 Pharsalian Fields were gentle Frayes, regarding this debate.
 The second Richard, sonne vnto the blacke Prince (Edward dead)
 Was crownde an Infant, and from him the Stratagem was bread.
 The bace attempts of Ball, of Straw, of Lyster, rag, and rag,
 Of Villains, Of-skoms, Clownes, & knaues that checkmate durst to
 With Richards self, & to their deaths his chiefest Princes drag. (brag)
 Till YF worths girdle-Armor made the Armes of London more,
 Because his courage chiefly gaue an end to that vprore,
 And what-so-els Occurrants much may interrupt our Vayne,
 Digesting Yorke & Lancaster, acquiring eithers Rayne,
 Our Penne shall not endenizene: Now drops it sacred blood
 Of Men-Gods, English Potentates that in this Faction stood.
 Richard begun that ciuill warre, that till the Seauenth from him

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Did last: though often fields with blood of Citizens did swim.
 Against the Nobles he vphild innoble, and his Peeres
 And Commons went alike to wracke, nor God nor man he feares.
 In fewe, Ambition, Avarice, and Counsell lewd had wrought
 In him a nature worser than into the world he brought:
 Wherby, and thus,himselfe and house at length a down-fal caught.

Twixt Mowbray Duke of Norffolke, and the Duke of Hertford,
 To John of Gaunt, close Conference of better dayes begun. (sonne
 The King (sayd Henry Hertford) more remisse than doth beseeme,
 Leaves France to French, Scotland to Scots, and vs to woes extreeme:
 His Flatterers doe fleece the Crowne and Commons, not a State
 Doth or dares counsell,ancient Coats that on the Crowne should wate
 Giue aime to bastard Armorie: what resteth then but this?
 Pluckedowne those grating Harpies that seduce our King amis,
 If worthles still, set vp a King worthier than he that is.
 The other, saying litile then, immediatly reueales
 The secrete, and before the King his Foe-made frened appeales:
 Whose Gauntlet raysed by the Duke defendant, at the last
 It grew to single Combate, when the King his Warden cast,
 And to the Duke of Norffolke iudg'd for euermore exile,
 And selfe same law Duke Henry had, saue for a lesser while.
 Thus That did This, but This and That their Judge did thus begile:
 And to his Coffers did escheate a world of wealth, a Pray
 Vnto his Parasites, which thri'd by other mens decay.

Meane while (whose aetious life had lawd) did John of Gaunt de-
 So to the banisht Duke his Sonne fwe Cronets did increase. (cease:
 But with his kindly aire the King withheld him all the same:
 Till entring, ayded by his friends, he wonne beyond his clame:
 For Richard was imprison'd, and by Parliament put downe,
 And Henry Duke of Lancaster elected to the Crowne,
 The Lyne Lancastrian trolickie, but the house of Yorke did srowne.
 For to those Hydra-kindred warres that after did ensue
 Those Families gaue name: though first the Diadem was due

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Vnto the house of Clarence, till to Yorke that interest gre we
By mariage, here omitted : for we onely giue a viewe
How Yorke mis-raigning Lancaster did enter, then how This
Was dispossess, That repossest, and how their Union is.

THE SIXT BOOKE OF
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXIX.

Henry (the fourth so named) hild the King deposed
state
In Pomefret Castell, howebeit in honourable
State:
And got an Act, that who so wrought the Prisoner to
restore,
That Richards selfe, to voyd their hope, should dye the first therefore:
Whose birth brought Nature, gentle Lord, returning whence it straid,
Now altered him, erst altring it: and Richard mildly said.
I must not say I am, and would I might not say I was,
Of great the greatest: lesse they grieue from whom doth little passe:
Nor more it grieues to contrarie the same I haue been, then
To haue deservid not to be vnmaliced of men.
Thus humbled and full penitent liues he, lesse mal-content
Than was the Duke of Exeter his brother, whose intent
Was at a lust to haue destroyd King Henrie, but descryed,

Himselfe,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Himselfe, fower such, and many Knights the death of Traytors dyed;
And by these primer Yorke's thus King Richards date grew out:
But whether Brayned, famisht, or exiled rests a doubt:
For often Vprores did ensue for him, as vndeccast,
Howbeit solemnly inter'd, himselfe, or Signe at least.
Twise by confederate Chualtrie the Piercies and their frends
Did fight and fall, for either warre to Henries honor ends.
He never had but warre, and was victorious cuermore,
Aswell at home, as also of his Foes on forraine Shore:
Till lastly Armor ouercame all Enuie, and he liues
Of all beloued, and his death a common sorrow giues.

Hot-spur his Sonne, Henry the fifth, hung at his Fathers eyes,
To watch his Ghoste, and catch his Crowne, and that or ere he dyes.
And where the Father doubted if he got it well or noe,
The Sonne did swear, how so it came, he would it not forgoe.
His bad did blisse the Bad, the Good dispaire all good: But neither
Did aime aright, for sodainly his chaunge deceiued either:
Of good becomming best, that was of ill the baddest, and
The true perfection of a King was not but in this Land.
He lead good fortune in a line, and did but warre and winne:
Fraunce was his Conquest: Scots but brag and he did beat them in:
A friend vnto weldoings, and an Enemie to sinne.
Yeat of the Yorke's never lackt he Princes that rebell:
Nor other than confusion to their still coniuring fell.
In fewe, if any Homer shold of this Achilles sing,
As of that Greeke & Myrmidon the Macedonian King
Once noted would I note both Prince and Poet happiest men,
That for deseruing prayse, and This for well employed pen:
For well this Subiect might increase the Worthies vnto ten.
He, aged thirtie sixe, deceast and left his infant Sonne,
His Kingdome, Conquests, and his Queene, whose Fathers Realme he
To graue protection, Regents, and so roiall for the port, (wonne,
As

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

As that his Orphants Cradle seem'd an *Alexanders Court*.
Queene Katherin, Daughter of the *French*, King *Henryes wife* of late,
The fayrest Ladie in the West, hild with her sonne Estate.
She oft behild, and hild her peace, a braue Esquier of *VVales*,
That tyde her fancie to his forme, till fancied forme preuailes.
All liking was reuersed Loue, saue *Owen Tuder*, all
Save him (that durst not dreame such good) to her was lesse than small.
She formally, by quaint degrees, attracting him to fauor,
Did nourish burnings in her selfe, by noting his behauor.
She pitched *Tewe*, he masched: She vncapaned, To flic
He bids her solitary moods: She askes the remedie:
Disclosed pangues sometimes, quoth he, in Phisicke Phisick is:
Which sometimes to obserue, quoth she, doth Patients patience mis:
Cureles to *Esculapius* and *Apollos* selfe am I:
The latter felt my languor, and, immortall, wist to die:
And yeat, saue one, no one disease lay hidden to his Art:
For you were booteless then to gesse how to vngreeue my smart.
Had *Daphne* to *Apollo* beene *Apollo*, *Tuder* said,
His might haue beene, and so may be your Graces humor staid.
He, other Gods and Goddesses, found more contented Loue
Beloe, in diffring bosomes, than in equall beddes aboue.
I aime at Loue (for thereto your *Enigma* doth incline)
And aime to him a Deity for whome I so deuine.
But gladly doubt I of the Man, for if I doubted not,
I should but massacrer my lacke in enuy of his lot:
Year are vnworthie of the Moone *Endymions* lippes, I wot.
But (for I will disperse the mistes of further Mysteries,
And toogh the Pinnesse of my thoughts to kenning of your Eyes)
If Gentry, Madame, naught conuay so great a good to me,
From auncient King *Cawvalader* I haue my pettigree.
It wealth be sayd my want, I say your Grace doth want no wealth,
And my suppliment shall be loue, imployed to your health.
It hath beene when as heartie Loue did treate and tie the knot,

Though

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Though now, if gold but lacke in graines, the wedding fadgeth not.

The goodly *Queene* in bashfull signes blifht out a dumbe Replie:

Whch he did confur as she meant, and kist her reverently.
Tuder, quoth she, I greater am than would I were for thee,
But can as little maister Loue as Lessers in degree.

My Father was a King, a King my Husband was, my Brother
He is a King, a King my Sonne, and I thy Soueraignes mother;
Yeat Fathers, Husbands, Brothers, Sonnes, & all their Stiles together,
Are lesser valewed than to liue belhoed of my *Tuder*:
Should *England*, *France*, and thou thy selfe gainesay thy selfe for mine,
Thy selfe, *Fracde*, *England*, nor what els should barre me to be thine.
Yea, let them take me wilfull, or mistake me wanton, so
My selfe in loue do please my selfe let all the world say no:

Lct *Pesans* marte their marriages, and thriue at peraduenture:
I loue for loue: no gentle heart should fancy by Indenture.
But tell me, *Owen*, am I not more forward then behooues?
I am, sweet-Heart, but blame me not, the same that speaketh loues.

And long may, liue quoth he, to loue, nor longer liue may I,
Than while I loue your Grace, and when I leaue disgraced dic.
But Ladie, if I doe deserue, I then desire dispatch:

For manie are the iealous Eies that on your beautie watch.
Good hap is like to hit me well, to hit so well is rare,
And rarenesse doth commence my sute, let sute conclude my care.
Should *Cesar* kisse (he kissed her) it were but such a kisse:
And he, and I, here, or elsewhere, in other sport or this,
Doe a& alike: no bettring but as your belouing is.
You may experience, when you please, what difference in the men:
And if King *Henry* pleased more, blame *Owen Tuder* then.
But am I not (yes, Sweete, I am) more lawfie than behooues?
Yeat for my heart forgiue my tongue, This speakest, and That loues.

How he imprison'd did escape, and else what else-wheare reede:
The *Queene* and this braue Gentleman did marry, and their Seede

L

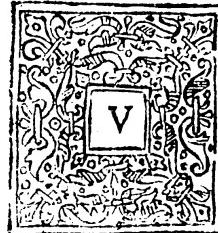
Began

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Began that roiall Race that did, doth, and may still succeede
In-happie Empire of our Thirone, a famous line in deede.

Once, when this Match was at a point, they merrily disposed,
Did descent what from vulgar tonges thereof would be supposed.
They will beleue me amorous, or thee so wiuued as
Vulcan the Smith of *Lemnos* that to *Venus* married was,
The Queene did say. And *Tudor* said: I hope of hanself better,
In *Venus* and in *Vulcans* names more lieth than the letter:
For he was as I would not be, She as you shoule be never,
Either so apt to giue and take as pittie them to sever.
I pray thee, *Omen*, quoth the queene, how met they, canst thou tell?
I can he said, and more then so, then marke the processe well.
When *Vulcan* was a Batcheler, and *Venus* was vowed,
Thuswowde he her, thus wonne he her, thus wowed & won he sped.

CHAP. XXX.



Venus the fairest Goddess, and as amorous as
faire,
Belou'd of *Mars*, and louing *Mars*, made of-
tentimes repaire
To *Vulcans* forge, as to see wrought for *Jupiter*
his Firc
And thunders, *Mars* his Armors, and the Sun-
waines curious tire,
When they, indeede, of merriments in Loue did theare conspire:
And lastly did conlude the Smith a Stale vnto their sport,
Wherem did *Venus* play her part, preuyaling in this sort.
Vulcan (quoth *she*) no God there is, I thinke, but needeth thee:

For

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

For Thunders *Loue*, *Ceres* for Sieths, for Armors *Mars* I see,
Bacchus for prewning Kniues, and *Pan* for Sheep-hookes, *Phœbus* he
For Cart-tiers, *Dis* for shakling chaines, *Neptune* for Ankers, and
No God but lackes thee, sauing I that aske not at thy hand.
My Swans do draw in silken Geeres, my wheeles be shod with downe,
No hardines is in beauties Coach: But thou, by birth no Clowne,
But *Ione* his Son, a God as wee, art made a drudge too much,
Wher, ifthat *Venus* might be heard, thou shouldest not be such.
How apt are all in those same toyles that tende to their behoofe
To let thee beare till backedoth breake? but common is the proofe,
That cunning is not cunning if it standeth not aloofe.

By this had *Vulcan* hammered his heate, and bad to stay
The Bellowes, and he lymping from the Anfeild thus did say.
My busines, *Venus*, is ydæ, now may I tend to play:
What woudst thou? for I member scarce thy argyng by my say.
Wodst that I leaue the forge, and thrt I god it with the Gods?
If so thou meanest, thy meaning and my meaning be at odds.
Sweeter my Bellowes blowing and my hammers beating is
To me, then trimmest fidling on the trickest kit ywis:
Aske whatso-else I haue to giue, thou maunde it for a kis.
As if, quoth *she*, my kisles were so currant vnto all?
No, not at all to *Vulcan*, if his kindnesse be so small.
I askethy proper ease, then earne thy proper ease, and aske
More than a kisse: at least wife doethy selfe from *Mars* vntaske.
He is my Foe, trend thou not him, nor forge him Armes, but let
Him luske at home vnhonored, no good by him we get.
What lets but that we may become suprlatiues? Of vs
All stand in neede, we neede not them. Then gaue shee him a Fus.

And saist me so, quoth *Vulcan*, and vnto the trough he hies,
And skowres his coly fistis and face, and with his apron dries
Them, badly mended, and vnto the Queene of Dalliance sayes
That *Mars* shoule lusk at home for him. Then guilefull *Venus* playes

L 2

Her

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Her part so well, that on her lappe his head the Dotard layes.
And whilst vpon her pressed Thies (no Hauen for such Hulke)
He lolls, and loades her with the weight of his vnwealdy bulke,
And whilst she coyes his sooty Cheeke, or curles his sweaty top,
The Grolhead now and then, as hapt, a thred-bare terme lets drop.
Then laughes he like a horse, as who would say, trow said I well?
But soone his wits were Non plus, for his wooing could but spell.

This fitteth her: for so before twixt Mars and her was ment,
Though not that she socrunningly shoulde Mars of Armes preuet.
But him to stawle in store, not els employde, was her intent.
Her Lubber now was snortinge ripe, and she meane while was glad,
That for to serue her turne else-wheare so good a Staile she had.
What passe I, thinketh Venus, on his forme or fashions rude?
For, letting forme and fashion passe, one fashion is purfude
In getting Children: at the least, who so the Child shall git,
It shall suffice that Vulcan is the same shall father it.
Now Mars in heauen, Anchises and Adonis on the earth
May carue for Babes, for Vulcan shalbe parent at their birth.
Nay, be it that he shoulde espy false carding, what of it?
It shalbe thought but iclousic in him, or want of wit.
Him frownes shall threat, or smiles intreat, and few wil judge, I winne,
If it shall come in question, that to Cockhole him were sinne.
Whilist thus she thinketh in her selfe the Ceclops did awake:
And, to be short, mors doings passe and they a marriage make.
But wonder did the Deities, when bruted was the match,
That he so foule a thick-skinne should so faire a Ladie catch,
They flout him to his face, and helde it almes to arme his head.
Wel, Venus shortly bagged, and ere long was Cupid bread:
And Vulcan (in like heresie of fathering as moe)
Did rack his Art to arme þ Lad with wings, with shafts, with bowe,
Most forceable to loue or hate, as lists him shoothes bestow.
Wher Vulcan and Venus had obtaind her Cupide armed thus,

Then

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Then (for we wish that all besides be fytte to vs)
She, of the Gods and Goddesses before the wanton noted,
Was of the Gods and Goddesses for wantonnesse out-coted,
Not one but waxed amorous, yea euen Diana Doted.
Loues Mother had direction of his arrowes, and she wilde
Him hit the Son-God: for because he, blabbing had behild
Her dalliance with Adonis: so that vexed Phæbus loues (moues.
Faire Daphne, whome nor woes, nor vowes, nor giftes, nor greanesse
Succelles therefore, and inrag'd, he bastards Cupid and
(For stoutly on their honesties doe wylic Harlots stand)
Venus did chaife, and of the Gods their strife came to be skand.
Dispersing then her goodly haire, she bar'd so sweet a face,
As from the sternest Godhood might extort suborned grace.
Fast at her side clung naked Loue, a louely boy in-deede,
And Vulcan, benched with the Gods, his wife did thus proceede:
(When Phæbus had already tould his tale with fence and heede.)

He sayes, quoth she, for chastitie my hauiour was amis:
Whiche proued or disproued, then in you to sentence is.
Ah, listen whence it is, ye Gods, that Venus is abused,
Because that Phæbus making loue to Daphne was refused.
If that were wrong, the wrong must then by Phæbe be excused:
Who, rescuing her Votarisse, did so preuent her brother.
But be it that this Boy of mine, not seeing one from other,
Did hit him, for the Sonnes offence should he maligne the mother?
And shall I tell the Childe's offence? Whi thus forsooth it was:
He fitted him to such a Loue as did for Beautie pas.
But if he say it needes was, because it booted not;
I say, that Beautie beggetteth if by postng it be got.
He wooing like himselfe in post did kisse the post, and shee,
Too good to be his forced Trull, is now become his Trese,
His speeches too, though spoke by one, concernes in credit three.
Mine Husband, and my selfe, and Sonne, Gods, and as good as he.

I. 3

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Now woe am I, we feuerally are, as it were, arayned
Of Cuckolrie, of Spous-breach, and of Bastardy, though fayned,
Yeat too too forcible I feare to be forgot of some,
For slander set on foote, though false, is talkatiuely dome.
Malicious (for thy malice is thy matter all in all)
Is it to harlotize, thinkst thou, a Goddesse wrong too small,
But thou must forge it from the Earth, euen from the Sheep-cote? Nay,
That colour lacketh colour thou thy selfe I troe wilt say.
Ambitious, fayre, and amorous thou terrest me: if so,
Unlikely to disparge my selfe or basely stoope so lowe,
But being such, and knowing thee in very deede the same,
Might, leauing petite loues, haue found thy selfe my readiest game:
For *Phæbus* is a Leacher, els are many tonguccio blame.
Better no bad of mine (nor neede I feare that fault in thee)
Thy bad doth passe by probate, but a *Quere* is for mee.
Perhaps (such as it is) my forme may forge to his pretence:
Since Beautie is a common marke, apt therefore to offence.
Well, be it Beautie doth attract, attracting is belou'd,
Beloued courted, courted wonne, and wonne to action mou'd,
Yeat from such causes such effects what Consequence hath prou'd?
For *Daphne* was, I wot, full faire, and well can *Phæbus* court,
Yeat *Daphne* chasty did withstand, and *Phæbus* mist his sport.
My husband though by trade a Smith, for birth out-brau'd of none,
And louely vnto *Venus*, (though mislikt of many a one)
May for his plainnes alto fit my foes inuestigie drifts:
As who would say, I wedded him to salue vp other shifts.
By *Styx* I vow, although I should exceede my selfe for fare,
Yet *Venus* would be *Vulcans*, and he knowes I truely swate.
He is indeede no Gallant, yeat a God, and meerly free
From impestions, such at least as pay not marriage fee.
And for his plainnes, to be plaine, the rather choose I him:
For such as he liue best, loue best, and keepe their wiues most trim.

When

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

When Roysters either roue at chaunge, be peevish or precise:
Faire women therfore matching thus be not, say I, vnwise:
Judge not by such presumptions then, they add but to his lies.
Thus haue you now a Medley of his malice and my mone,
His vice, my vowe: and lastly rests your sentence to be knowne.
If *Mercurie* should plead my cause, he could but set me cleare:
Good causes neede not curious termes, and equall Judges heare
The Equity, not Eloquence, and so I hope will yee:
And so shall gratefull *Venus* sayle vnder your gracious Lee.

So, putting finger in the Eye, the Deities dissent:
Some hild with *Phæbus*, some with her: Which strife did *Vulcan* stent.
My wife, quoth he, more honest than her Cuser is, I troe,
Shall not ywis be bused by the squandring *Pollo* so:
She loues me, I durst sweare, and saue my selfe she loues no moe:
And why should you or I beleue his yea before her noe?
Troth, sayd the Gods, since *Vulcan* is contented we are pleasid:
And so the variance was by him thus wittely appealid.
Phæbus his Plainte did quash: but so he afer-times did watch,
As that Sir Hornsbie had by proofe he was a louing Patch,
When *Mars* and *Venus* playing false his wier Net did catch.

Now riddle, Madame, if those tongues that make *Sunonomies*
Of them and vs proue Oracles, what should therof arise?
That more, quoth she, which you haue sayd than in the letter lies:
But names infect not, nor receiuie your Riddle Prophesie:
If ought fore-sayd be ominous should any feare tis I.

When so the Queene had sayd, then to this more proceeded he:
Vulcan, *Venus*, *Cupid*, *Sol*, and *Daphne*Were tennis balles to euery tongue of every Deitee.
Tush Tush, quoth *Pan*, gay *Venus* and the gentle youth her sonne
Are blameles blamed: What think you, would *Phæbus* the haue don
Had he in loue bin crost as I? And then he thus begun.

CHAP. XXXI.



He Goteheards of *Hyrkania* hild their Orgies
vnto me, And therer was I, vnsene of them, the Festifall
to see.
Now had they censed, and with glee eate were
the hallowed Kids,
When as they fell to Rowndelaines, and I the
Rownd amids.
Not *Satires*, or the *Naiades*, were halfe so nimble as
This countrey Consort (for each Lad was sorted with a Lasse.)
There was a trickisie Gngle, I wot, albeit clad in gray,
As peart as bird, as straite as boult, as fresh as flower in May,
As faire as Cupids Mother, or through him it is I erre,
Ifso I erre (for why his shaft had fixed me to her)
Shee daunising dyed her lilly Cheeke, whil'st I for loue did die:
And as vnusible I stooode (what bootes it me to lyce)
And drew with breath her sweet-stole breathe, so acting spirittually,
The feast was done and all vndone that I did wish to doe:
My Deity adiornde therefore, in humaine forme I wowe.
And first (because that first they should approach vs Gods) I faine
My selfe a Priest (fot well I wot they sildome woee in vain.)
I made me smug, and with a Tex did intermix a toye,
And tould how fine and faire a life our Clergie-Femes intoy,
And how our leisure fitted Loue. And let it fit (quoth she)
To such as lust for loue: Sir Clarke, you clergeie not me.
Then came I curious in my silkes (But who would thinke that *Pas*
Could play the Courtier?) and did faine my selfe a iolly man.

I talkt of Castles, Mannors, Parkes, and all things more than mine,
Too course (quoth she) am I for you, and you for me too fine.
Then Souldier-like I sued, and did boast of Battels many,
And standing on my Manhood would not be coriu'd of any:
And sometimes proffered kindnesse, such as came not to the push,
But checked for my boystreusnes was balked with a blush.
Then play I maister Merchant, and did plye her by the booke:
I speake of great Accompts, Reccites, nor little care I tooke
For rigging and returne of Ships, (her lippes meane while my Pex.)
Ply Sir (quoth she) your busie trade, you are besides the Tex.
I seeme a countrie Yeoman: Then a Craftsman: both in vayne:
The former was too lumpish, and the latter worse of twayne:
Doc what I could, I could not doe whereby her loue to gayne.
Then thought I, out of doubt as I a God sayne Manhood, so
This is transform'd *Diana* for some practise meant beloc.

A yeare was past, and I past hope through coyish chast denyall,
And yeast I could not but persist in quest of further tryall.
I met God *Priapus* (for he, not *Venus* sonne it is
Abuseth vs, This darteth Loue, That dries to lust amis)
Seest yonder Clowne? quoth *Priapus* (not far-off was a Loute
With neare a handsome rag, himselfe lesse handsome soole to snout,
Lesse wel-form'd, or more il-fac't, & like Clenchpoope looke & lim,
Lesse mannerd, and worle gated than this *Saturns*- Eue-made Slim,
God never made since God made Man, if euer God made him.)
That Lob, quoth he, and yonder Lasse that this way dries her Gotes
Do marke them *Pan*, you may obserue from them vnthought-of notes.

I knew her for my Minion wench of whom I earst did tell.
First blend they heards, and forthwith lips, and after billing fell
To other sport, such sport ywis as would haue likt me well.
Must I, thought I, give ayyme to such a scrub and such a Saint,
That Skowndrell, and this Counterfeit confounded so I faint.
How cheere you *Pan*, quoth *Priapus*, the shameles God of lust,
Thus can I fit such friends as you with such a Trull of trust:

We

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

(We were indeede ere then at odds,) So *Priapus* he left me,
 When he had brought me to this sight that neere of sense bereft me.
 But thus I loathed where I lou'd, and learned not too late
 That coyest are not chasteſt, that the gayest Females mate
 With Loues as ſoone as Lords, that Loue is luck not shiftles fate,
 That cowled, celled, he, or ſhe, whoso, or wheresoever,
 Or Votarie, or Secular, ſcarle one pryaped neuer:
 To *Pans* report did *Mercurie* reply and thus recite,
 Of *Cupide* and of *Priapus* doth *Pan* diſtinguiſh right:
 But let be Lust, a word or two of Loue and of his might.

I Entring Guest-wiſe on a time the frolicke *Thebane* Court,
 Mine eye preſented to mine heart a Nymph of louely Port:
 Her knew I not, nor knew ſhe me, vnkowne therefore vnkifte
 I loyter on the Earth, meane while in Heauen not vnmift.
 My Senses held a Synode, and vnaſted Aſts diſpute,
 And nothing els I did affeſt but to effeſt my ſute.
 For whenceſoever Loue proceſſes, or whatſoere it be,
 Or wholoever loueth, Loue tormenteth in degree.
 Mine Eye conuaide it to mine Heart, mine Heart conrowld mine Eye:
 Yeat Loue retriu'd it ſelfe, I lou'd not knowing whome or why.
 Then did I ſeke, and find (who am no Milklop as ye wot)
 Acquaintance in the Court, the which the niceſt balked not.
 Nor ſmally did my ſhape, my tongue, and tunes (no common geere)
 Preferre their Maſter to a place about their Miſtreſſe neere.
 When ſhe did ſigh then I did ſob, I laught if ſhe did ſmile,
 And by offiſious Forgeries pretended to begile.
 But her, not coy, I found ſo chafe, as ſau'e a kiffe or twaine,
 I nothing got, although in all I vained to her vaine.
 From ill therefore I grew to worse, from worse to worse, for why?
 Through ouer-louing at the length I loued icloudly.

My

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

My Stomacke left me, euerie ſenſe had imperfection then,
 My colour caſt and, ſicke, I forge contrary cauſe to men.
 So many Quarres came ore my heart as newes to eate or eie
 Of others commoning in ſport, or courting ſeriouslie.
 No Corsue to Coriuals, and no death vnto despaire:
 I did not hope, yeat held I on with coſt to nouriſh care.
 Sometime, attyred by the booke, I faſtnd a merrie cheere:
 Sometime I drouped, and did weare disorderly my geere.
 But how-ſoere I came to her, I found her ſtill the ſame,
 Gameſome enough to intertwine, and yet for me no game.
 And though eniuoufly I aym'd at others better ſpeeđe,
 Yeat, too preciſely, did I ſift ſuch doubts were more than neede.
 Then rowſing vp my ſelfe, I with my ſelfe did reaſon thus:
 No folly were in Loue, if ſo no folly were in vs:
 Wheare *Mercurie* is layd aſleepē may others lay a straw:
 The Louer and Beloued are not tyed to one Law:
 Because I am the ſame I am ſhould ſhee not therefore bee
 The ſame ſhe is: mine is too loue, but hers to disagree.
 Then *Mercurie* be to thy ſelfe thy ſelfe, theſe thoughts begile
 With meeter thoughts, thou lingerest in loſſe too long a while.
 Thinke not thy greatneſſe, or thy giſts, or gracious eyes may get her:
 A Foole more foule may ſeem more faire, Loue may think bad the bet-
 If ſhe determine Chafititie, then falls thy ſute to ground: (ter.
 Or if ſome other be preferd, then better loſt than found:
 Likte, or miſliked to thy Loue ſhould reaſon be the bound.
 Or Women loue to be belou'd of chaunge of Clyents, or
 Uncertaine wheare to find them, with the Eagle or the Dorr.
 Albeit Beautie mooues to loue, and Loue doth make thec ſuc,
 Better at firſt be Non-ſute, than at length not to ſubdue.
 Such Reasons ſeeming plauiſible, I fleeting whence I loued,
 By abſence and new Exerciſe old Paſſions were removed.
 So did I loue, and ſo I left, ſo many a ſkorne, and ſkoffe,

Care,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Care, cost, disgrace, and losse of time were and may be cut off:
 And women so lesse stand aloofe, when men can so be wise :
 So lesser sute hath luckier speede, than to be too precise.
 Not women, but our wilfulness, doth worke our owne vnrest :
 Though Beautie, Loue, and they lacke fault, we may abuse the best.

SO helpe me *Jupiter*, (quoth *Mars*) in Loue so may I speede,
 As *Mercurie* and *Pan* doe erre in poyncts of Loue indeede:
 Precisians and plaine Plodders (such is This, and so is That)
 In Loue doe swallow Cammels, whilst they nicely straine a Gnat.
 Why what be W omen & W omen, geld the latter fillabell,
 Then are they nothing more then Wo, their names remaine doth tell.
 Their yea, or no, cuen when they sweare they loue or loue vs not,
 Beleue who list : soone bc they gone, as sodainly are got.
 What neede we creepe the Crosse to giue vnto a begging Saint ?
 Tush tush, a Flye for booke-Loue, none be fortunate that faint.
 Not paper, purse, or kerchiefe Plea lets Fancie sooner loose
 Then at the Shrine to watch the Saint, She is not coy, but close :
 Politians know to cheapen, what to offer, when to skoase.
 The Clowne, no doubt, that potted *Pan* lackt Art to glose and flatter,
 And yeat nor *Pan* nor *Mercurie* went roundlier to the Matter :
 He found right Methode (for there is a Methode, time, and place,
 Which Fooles obseruing do cōmence ere Wisemē haue their grace.)
 Though dastard Hawkes doe sore aloft and dare not seaze vpon,
 Or Buffards-like doe sit aloofe vntill the game be gon,
 Kinde killing Hawkes but wag the wing, and worke to followe anon.
 Once Loue, surreuerence, made my selfe vale Bonnet, So submis
 My ceremoniall wooing was, as common wooing is :
 With ruffull looks, sighes, syweete Pigs-nye, and Fooleries more than
 I courted her, so much more stout by how much more I few: (few
 Till aptly singled, as it hapt, I say not what did hap,
 But Loue that late did load my Head, did load her willing Lap.
 Nor this Lad *Loue* of that same Loue is guiltie any whit,

For

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

For why ? nine Moones did wexe and waine betweene his birth & it.
 Alas poore Boy, before he was, Loue was a common game,
 The first-made Man, the Rib-reft Man in *Eden* shewd the same :
 For when his sudden eyes admir'd the boan-flesht faire Conuert
 Deriu'd from his Side, his tongue, directed by his hart,
 Foorthwith pronounced Woman, but a moment earst vnknoen,
 So deare as flesh of his owne flesh, and bone of his owne boen :
 Quit then, ye Gods, this Lad and let your search of Loue alone :
 Who will in power be felt of all, in person found of none.
 Or rather is not reall, but some Fansie : if not, then
 Fantasticall in W omen, but essentially in Men.
 If Loue be such in W omen (But mistake me not, for whic
 I note them but fantasticall in fault of Destinie)
 Deferre were then to erre : When all is done that doe we may,
 Labor we sorrowing all the night, and sewing all the day,
 The female faultie Custome yeelds lesse merit greatest pay,
 And ventrouys more then vertuous meanes doth beare the bell away.
 Now touching *Venus* (worthie such a Pheere, not such a Foe)
Vulcan, me thinkes, obserueth well flight prooife in yea and noe,
 The Court therefore is well aduis'd to Sentence not to groe.

The Gods, that did ere while but aime at *Vulcans* wiues sonnes Fa-
 Saw *Venus* blush, and held that aime autentical the rather. (ther
 End Gods and Goddeses, quoth *One*, to argue to and fro :
 Like good and bad is either Sex. Nay more, behold, than so,
 I viewd crewhile the Destinies, and thence I thus did know.
Zimois, when *Troy* must perish, shall send downe her Floods a Fleete,
 And world it were our Father ruld when *Create* thought him vnmeet:
 But long time hence, & farre Starres thence, that World shall world an
 Enuyrond with the Ocean waues, then famous in short while (Ile
 Through often Triumphes ouer Foes and Traffike every wheare,
 Howbeit thrice orerunne, and once a Conquest shall be theare.
 *Those Changes notwithstanding they a People shall remaine
 Vnchased thence, and of that Streene shall Fiue at length re-raigne.

Dread

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Dread, terrene Gods, the Fist of those, a terrene Goddesse, She
Euen at the fiftie Trigon shall your chiefe Ascendant be :
Right Phœbe-like (Phœbe may like a Compeere like to her)
Retius her named Name, to time the tryall we refer.

This sayd, he bids adiorne the Court, and willed Mercurie
Thenceforth not to conuent the Gods for such a Foolerie,
As Loue, the idle Bodies worke, and Surfeit of the Eie.
And thus the Queene and Tudor chat: But thought of nothing lesse
Then that from them Iowes noted fwe fated to such successe
Should spring, as sprong, and part springs yet. But cease we to digresse
And shew we how her Sonne did long and lucklesse Raigne posseſſe.

CHAP. XXXII.

Trusts, fifth Henries Sonne, that made the Hen-
ries more by one,
Did in his Infancie posſeſſe his Conquering Fa-
thers Throne,
And happily was rulde a Child, & rulde an hap-
pie man,
Till with his Parrasites his Peeres and hee with
them began

A bloodie quarrell: offering ſo vnto the Yorkeſtis ſpright
For to reclame, in bold attemptis, their diſcontinued right.

Richard Plantagenet the Duke of Yorke, by VVarmicks ayde,
Did get the Gaole, not long enjoy'd, for he in Armes decayde,
Subdued by King Henries Queene, when as by trends and force
He had in Parliament obtaynde in every claute his corſe:
For, mounted hear the Kingly Throne, that Yorkiſh Heros ſayd,
Here ſhould I ſpeakē, and ſhall I hope: and ſo his Claime conuayd

From

ALBIONS ENGLAND:

From Clarence his Progenitor, with reaſons ſuch among,
As, he Protector of the Realme, King Henries heires were wtung
From all Reuerſion: hearts and eares did ſo applaud his tung.
Edward his Sonne then Earle of March (the Duke his Father ſlaine)
Wonne, by the Earle of VVarmicks ayde, in double baſtell Raigne.
King Henry fled to Scotland, and the Queene and Prince their Sonne,
From France ſollicet Succors, which vnto their loſſe they wonne.
Henry was taken, they and their Confederates were ſubdu'd:
Yeat ſtill the Queene escaped, and ſhe armour ſtill purſu'd.
But, VVarmicke pleaſed, all attempts did failte to Edwards Eoes:
Displeased, Edward fayled, and declined Henry roſe:
He crowned Either, and the ſame diſcrowned them againe,
Admyrd of all, belou'd of all: howbeit laſtly ſlaine
By Edward, whilſt he did vphold vñchancie Henries Raigne.

So VVarmicke perifht, Henry ſo refalne from Kings estate
Was reimprison'd, and his Queene did land her aydes too late:
But landing, when of Barnes field ſhe heard the luckles fate,
(Albeit Knights Lancastrians ſtore did flocke in her defence):
She ſtoode a ſecond Niobe, bereft of ſpeech and ſenſe:
And whilſt the Duke of Somerſet an ouer-hardie Knight,
Did brauely marſhall out her force to ouer-matched fight,
Hers and King Henries Sonne, the Prince of VVales a proper Lad,
In conſorting his mother did continue her more ſad.
Ah Sonne, quoth ſhe, through oft mishaps mishaps I can diſgref:
I feare for thee, for thee the hope that to our Houſe doth reſt.
Now all are tryed we can truſt, if now we faile we fall:
Thy death is in the ſame requeſt as is thy Fathers thrall:
And (which I would it were the worſt) the Foe doth thirſt my life,
To end his Triumph in the deaths of Husband, Sonne, and Wife.
Thoughtby great-Grandſier, Grandſier, & thy Father wonne & wrote
The King-ring, which thy Father hild yeares thirtie eight and more,
Though by the cappitall Remote of Lancaster withſtood,
Yeat layle preſcription and diſcents, now lacke they bu: our blood:

Then

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Then learnie against thou proue a man (ah hardly hope I so)
 The Line Lancastrian naturally doth labour of that Foe.
 The Queene, concluding thus in teares, did then to Armor goe.
 Fierce was the Field, and either part did valiantly offend:
 But, Edward ouercomming, when the Battell was at end,
 The Queene was carried Captiue thence, And Edwards men did bring
 Her Sonne the Prince (sole sonne and heire vnto the captiue King)
 Before the Victor, whose demaunds receiuing answers stout,
 Hethrusts the manly Boy from him, whom Gloucester about
 The King (Churle that he was) did stab. (So tragicke was the spight
 Betwixt those Linages that oft each others so requite.)
 His death was more than death vnto his Parents : but not long
 His Father moned vndispatcht alike for death and wrong
 By foresaid Duke of Gloucester, of whom succeeds our song.

Thus won the Yorkestes ancient Raigne: sixe bloodie Fields did seate
 Edward the Fourth in Englands Throne, possesse a wh^t in queate.
 He wonne his Subiects loue, and loue was debt to his desarts,
 But, as most ours, so lastly his vn-bodied Soule departs.
 He left his Kingdome to his Sonne, his Sonne to be protected
 By Richard Duke of Gloucester, Who, pietie reiceted,
 Grew treble-wise tyrannicall, malicious to the blood
 Of his deceased brothers Queene, And what so Yorkest stood
 Betwixt the Scepter and himselfe, alius, he pricked dead,
 A Foe to all Lancastrians, as the same by nature bread.
 This common Deaths-man of those Kinnes, and every Nobles fall,
 Whom he but gest Coriwall or naught crost him near so small,
 This stoope-Frog, Aops Storke, alike tyrannous vnto all,
 To giltie, giltesse, friend, or foe was not secure one day,
 But Either dyes as eithers death might fit him any way.
 Yea, euен whilst his Brother rulde, when all Lancastrians, and
 His Brothers twaine, his Nephewes twaine, & Neeces three did stand
 Betwixt himselfe and home, euен then by blood he hunted Raine:

For

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

For when his owne and ruthles hands King Henries heire had slayne,
 Then Henries selfe, Henrie the sixt a girtles King in bands,
 He stabd : his brother Clarence dide through him, by other hands.
 But, now Protector, as doe Wolues the Lambes protected he,
 And fared as if fearing that one wickedder might be.
 Queene mother and her kindred hild the Orphant King a while,
 Her Kinne hee murdred, and from her he got the King by gile,
 Whom (though uncrowned tituled fist Edward) left his mother,
 He made be murdred, with the Duke of Yorke the yonger brother.

When neither Yorke st his Allies, and of Lancastrians none
 Were left to let it, who should let but he might leape the Throne?
 He wore indeede the wrested Palme: But yeat, to better bad,
 By murder of his wife he sought new marriage to be had
 With that Elizabeth that was the Eldest daughter to
 Edward the fourth: But all in vaine the King his Neece did wowe,
 For Henrie Earle of Richmonds friends such doings did vndoe.
 Which Henry and Elizabeth by secrete Agents were
 Contracted, he of Lancaster, and she of Yorke the heire:
 Of which letigious Famelies heer mapped be the Lines,
 Euentill the Heire of these two Heires both Stockes in one combines.

CHAP. XXXIII.



Enrie (as if by myracle preseru'd by Forraines long
 From hence-ment Treasons) did arriued to right his Na-
 tives wrong:
 And chiefly to Lord Stanlie, and some other Succors as
 Did wish and worke for better dayes, the Riwall welcome was.
 Now Richard heard that Richmond was assited and a shire,

M

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And like yokenneld Cerberus the crooked Tyrant swore,
And all complexions aſt at once confusedly in him;
He studieth, striketh, threates, intreats, and looketh mildly grim,
Mistrustfully he trusteth, and he dreadingly did date,
And tortie paſſions in a trice in him conſort and ſquare.
But when, by his conuerted force, his foes increased more,
He haltned Battell, finding his Coriuall apt therefore.

When Richmond orderly in all had battelled his ayde,
Inringed by his Complices, their chearefull Leader ſayde:
Now is the time and place (ſweete Frends) and we the Persons be
That muſt giue England breath, or els vnbreath for her muſt we.
No Tyrannie is fabled, and no Tyrant was in deede
Worſe thā our Foe, whose workes wil aſt my words if wel he ſpede:
For ill to ills Superlatiue are eaſely iuift,
But intertaine amendment as the Gergesites did Christ.
Be valiant then, he biddeth ſo that would not be out-bid
For courage, yeat ſhall honor him, though bace, that beſter did.
I am right here Lancastrian, he in Yorke destroyed right
Vſurpeth: But, through Either ours, for neither Claine I fight,
But for our Countries long-lackt weale, for Englands peace I warre:
Wherein he ſpeed vs vnto whom I all Euent refarre.

Meane while had furious Richard ſet his Armies in array,
And then, with looks even like himſelfe, this or the like did ſay:
Why, Lads, ſhall yonder Welshman with his Straggers ouer-maſt?
Difdaine ye not ſuch Riualles, and deferre yee their diſpatch?
Shall Tudor from Plantagenet the Crowne by craking ſnatch?
Know Richards very thoughts (he toucht the Diademē he wore)
Be mettall of this mettall: Then beleeue I loue it more
Than that for other law than Life to ſuperſead my Clame,
And leſſer muſt not be his Plea that counter-pleads the ſame.

The weapons ouer-tooke his words, & blowes they brauely change,
When, like a Lion thirſting bloud, did moody Richard range,

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And made large ſlaughters where he went, till Richmond he eſpied,
Whom ſingling, after doubtfull Swords, the valorous Tyrant died.

Thus ended Englands warre and woe, vſurping Richard dead,
When Henry and Elizabeth vnitng titles wed:
Of which two Heires thvndoubted Heire of either Line did cum,
The Epilogue vnto these wounds, digefted in this ſum.

Fourth Henry first Lancastrian King put ſecond Richard downe:
Fourth Edward of the Houle of Yorke reſcazd ſixt Henries Crowne:
Lad-Princes twaine were ſtabd in Field, of either Linage one:
Fourc Kings did periſh: Sundry times now-Kings anon were none:
Sixe, three of either faction, helde ſuccellively the Throne:
But from the ſecond Richard to ſeuenth Henry we pretend
Eight Kings this Faction to begin, continue, and to end.
The Princes, Earles, Barons, and Knights this quarrell did deuour
Exceede the tale of Gentry beſt and baceſt at this houre:
So plagieth ciuill Warre, & ſo from Robe to Ragge dooth ſcourage.
Then luckiſt of the Planets weare Predominants, ſay we,
When by this Bedmatch either Heire that Bloud-mart did agree:
When Seuenth begot the Eight, and Eight the First and Laſt for like
Our now Pandora: nor till her our humbled ſailes we ſtrike.
For ſhould we at her Grandsier reare our Colome, yet too poore,
We could not write (as Hercules on his) Beyond no more:
For he lackt ſearch, our Muſe hath Kend an Oceanis in ſtore,
Euen matter that importeth worth coparing all before.

M 2

THE

THE SEVENTH BOOKE OF
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Ow let vs poste-alone to Mars and Mercury
repaier,
At least so farforth as wee maye without controwlment daer.
Richard the third, Henry the Seauenth (last subiects of our pen)
Was slaine, was crownde, with hate, with loue,
as worste, as best of men:
So not with Yorke and Lancaster doth-wonted envie raigne,
Nor can Eneas Off-springs now of Orphansie complaine.
But that Cadwalladers Fore-doomes in Tuders should effect,
Was vnxpected, saue that God doth destinies direct.
Els Owen Tudor had not wiu'd Fist Henties noble Queene:
Nor had they of their bodies Earles Penbrooke and Richmon seene:
Nor Margret, Somersets sole heire, to Richmon had beeene weade:
Nor they the heire of Lancaster, Henry the Seuenth, had bread:
Nor he of Yorke Inheritrix, Elizabeth, had sped:
Nor they vnitied either house all other titles dead.
Yeat, care this vniou, Either so ariued to their righr,
As Pſches on an errant sent to Hell by Venus spight.
Worſe Ferrymen than Charon, Floods contagious more than Styx;

Worſe

ALBIOS ENGLAND.

Worse Porters than fowle Cerberus were pleaf'd, past, stood betwix.
How therefore Either dangerously their Labyrinth did passe
Shall not be ouerpased: Thus their feuerall fortune was.

Henries the fourth, the fifte, and sixt successiuely did raigne,
Vntill fourth Edwards sword to him did lawfull Empier gaine:
Lancastrians droupe, the Yorkes had their long expected day:
Sixt Henry and the Prince his sonne, by stabbes were made away:
The foresaid Margaret, sole heire of Somerset, earlf wife
Of Tudor, Earle of Richmond, had by him a Sonne in life,
To whom, from her, the Crowne-right of Lancastria did accrewe:
He from his English foes himselfe by secrete stealth withdrew
To little Brutaine, wheare he found the Duke a frendfull trewe.
This Henry Earle of Richmond, now poore Lancasters Remaine,
Was by fourth Edward practis'd home by many a subtell traine:
Whome once the gentle Duke (beguilde with promises vntment)
Delivered to the Englisb-men, with whome he homewards went.
Forsaken Ladd (for yet he was a Ladd) what did remaine
But certaine death, so to assurc his foes vncertainte raine:
Whiche to establish many a Prince of his Allies weare slaine.
But him care brought a boorde, the Duke (aduised beiter, stayd,
And him (as if by chaunce escapt) to Sanctuarie conuaid.
The Lambe so rescued from the Wolfe, that priuiledged place
Assured him till Edwards death, and then he hoped grace.
But he that was Protector of his murthered Nephewes than
Vsurped England, and became a Monſture not a man:
Richard the third (omitting all his tyrannies beside)
To be possessed of the Earle by many a message tride.
Great wealth was sent, greater assum'de, but nothing might preuaile:
The gracious Duke abhord to set his guiltles frend to sayle:
But furnished with money, men, and armor shipt him thence
To winne his right: yeat churlish Seas did lett such kind pretence.
Full hardly Richmonds threatned Ship escapt our armed Shoore,
For Richard of the Riuall got intelligence before.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Return'de, the Duke did sicken and *Landeſſe* did bearc the sway:
 And he for Masseſ great was bribeſ Earle *Henry* to betray, (away.)
 Yeat thiough wiſe Bishop *Murtons* meaneſ by stealth he ſcapte
 In trauell then from Brutaine to his Grome himſelſe was Grome,
 By interchaunged rayment, till to *Angers* they weare come.
 The French King, pittyng hiſ diſtrefle, pretended asked aide:
 And ſecrete platformes for hiſ weale hiſ English friends had laide.
Henry in France, at home hiſ Friends beſter them, and the Foe
 Meane time with hope, with fraud, with feare imploide hiſ witts also.
 Now of the Earles conſpiracy the totall drift was thiſ:
Elizabeth the daughter of fourth *Edward* vow'd he hiſ,
 And ſhe was vow'd to him, if God with viſtory him bliſſe:
 Our wounded Englands healing balme, for thus thereoſ enſew'de:
 The factious Families vnite, the Tyrant was ſubdew'de,
 And thence the ſurname *Tuder* doth *Plantagenet* include.

A Shadly as her husband did *Elizabeth* eſcape:

For why? like Stratageme for both did bloody *Richard* ſhape:
 Whilſte that her Father liued, now a King, and now exilde,
 Her Croſſes then did happen from ſuch viſtors as weare milde:
 But now the ſame that muſthered her Brothers to be King,
 That did with fraud begin and then with bloud conclude ech thing,
 That flattered friends to ſerue hiſ turne, and then deſtroyde the ſame,
 That was her Vnkle, yeat did hate her Mothers very name,
 That thought he liued not because hiſ Neeceſ weare vndeade,
 Theiſ now (and blame her not) in her a world of terror bread.
 But of vnpriuiledged bloud yet had he ſtore to ſpill,
 Yet lancluaries weare not forc'te, yet but expecting ill.
 Theate oſte the Queene her Mother, ſhee, and Siſters would reſpoſte
 Theiſ happy and vihappie daies, the fewer of firſt ſorte.

Happy was I (the olde Queene ſaid) when as a Maide vndeade,
 Nor Hu·bands weale nor Childrens woe miſtempered my head.
 Yeat I, beloved, loued and ſo left that free estate,

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And thought me happyer than before, for louely was my Mate,
John Gray (a ſweet Elſquier for hiſ prowyſe dubbed Knight)
 Was, as behoued, all my ioy: who, ſlaine in factious fight,
 Your Father, Daughters, late my Lord and Husband now in earth,
 From me had many a ſecrete curse, as moyue of hiſ death:
Lancastrian was my husband, and that faction had the wourſte,
 So, to relecue my Widdowhood, I kneeld to whom I curſte.
Edward (for *Henry* was depoef'de, and *Edward* leaz'd the Crowne)
 (I wot not for what forme of mine) did raife me kneeled downe,
 And gaue me chearefull wordes, and tooke me curteouſly aside,
 And playd the ciuell Wanton, and me amorouslly he eide:
 His plea was loue, my ſute was Land: I plie him, he plies me:
 Too baece to be his Queene, too good hiſ Concubine to be
 I did conclude: and on that point a while we diſagree.
 But when I was hiſ Queene (ſweete King) not for I was hiſ Queene,
 But for hiſelfe, and for the loue that paſſed vs betweene,
 I held me happiest vnder heauen: yea, when hiſ aduerſe Line
 Discrowned him, I had inough that I was hiſ, he mine.
 Then, after fortunes often change, he died, and I ſuriue
 A life exceeding death for grieſe and greeſes ſupeſlatiue.
 My heart, ah Sonnes, my heart (deare Hearts) was dead eare yee diſ die:
 Too yong weare yee to cenſure of your vncles tyranny.
 Then wept ſhee, and her daughters wept: their onely talke alwaies
 Was paſſed ioyes, or preſent woes: nor hope they better daies,
 But in Earle *Richmonds* good ſuccesse, that now a power diſraife.

Too ſoone had *Richard* notice that Earle *Henry* would ariue,
 By precontract hiſ eldeſt Neece *Elizabeth* to wiue:
 And well he knew in *Torks* deſcenſt ſhe was immediate heire,
 And *Henry* like in *Lancaster*: a Match for him to feare,
 Which to preuent he flattered hiſ Neeceſ from their mother:
 Who, fearefull Ladies, did expect like deaths as had their brother,
 And as they feare diſ he affeſt, which for the troubles then
 Was vneffeſted: now behou'd to winne him loue of men.

M 4

Yeat

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Yeat castis he how he might conuay to him his Neece's right,
 Soone compassing his Wifes dispatch, whose life stood in his light.
 Then pleyes he his amazed Neece to his incestuous bead
 Of her abhor'd, Shee in concite by faith fore-plighted spred.
 This mariage motion gawles her more than any former grieve:
 Her selte, Friends, Realme, Conspiracie, & all it toucht in breefe,
 And therefore death, late feared, now she fantaseth in cheete.
 Meane while did *Henry* land, incampe, fight, and subdewe his Foe,
 And, marrying her, long ciuill warres in *England* ended so.

CHAP. XXXV.

 Eauenth *Henries* forraine busenes had successfull honor: heere
 Three schold *Dedaliu Icarists* (whose mounting cost them deere)
 Did interrupt the peace. The first a Priestis bace
 Puple: he
 By his Complottors was pretensi'e Duke *Gloucester* sonne to bee.

A many of our native Peeres, some forraine Princes too,
 Submissiuly behight him aide in all that they might doo.
 The Lad was lofty, for himselfe he harrollized well,
 At full he could his lessons, and a formale lie would tell.
 For him was fought a bloody field, the Victory the Kinges.
Lambert the forged *Yorkest*, and the Priest (that fram'd his wings)
 Weare taken: For minority the *Icarus* was quit:
 The *Dedalus* for cleargie rites was but intowr'd for it. (*Queene*
 Thus scapte the Priest. The mother *Queene* to her that now was
 Found harder sentence for a crime more veniale, as I weene.)

Shee

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Shee that did forward *Henry* with her friends, her purse, her wit,
 That had conspir'd, concil'd, concur'd, for him the Crowne to git,
 And had him now her sonne in law, vnchauncy *Queene*, fore-went
 Her whole reunewes, and her age as if in durance spent:
 Because against her heart, good Soule (for booles to withstand)
 See yeelded all her daughters to the late Vsurpers hand,
 Wherby the Vnion might haue quaid, and for it might she must
 Indure such law, strict law to her of mallice not vniust.

Than good old *Queene Elizabeth* our next young *Phaeton*
 Had gentlier Judgement: He till then frō Realm to Realm had gone,
 And now in *Ireland* (hoping no such honor) was at *Corke*
 Saluted by some Rebels theare for *Richard Duke of Yorke*,
 Fourth Edwards second son. Those Stiles to him were strange, but thay
 Did scose them on the bace-borne *Muffe*, and him as King obay.
 The *Yorkesh* Faction (though they knew the error) let not slip
 Occasion, that they now might haue *Lancastrians* on the hip:
Margret fourth Edwards sisters heart for ioy hereof did skip.
 Shee had him soone to *Burgone*, and informes him euerything
 That might concerne *Yorke*'s pettigree, or apted for a King:
 Maliciously repining still at *Lancasters* successe,
 And often would thus or thus-like her heart with tongue expresse.

God hath forgot our house of *Yorke*: nay *Yorke* it selfe forgot:
 To my late Brother Richards soule cleave cuermore this blot:
 He made away our friends to make a way vnto our Foe,
 To *Lancaster*, proud *Lancaster*: I, thence these teares doe flow.
 Had he stock't vp that hated stocke, had he rac't out that Race,
Python had ceast, and he had bene *Apollo* in that cace.
 That *Henry* was *Lancastrian*, and that *Henry* was aliue,
 And where he liu'd, & that he should not liue if we would thrive,
 He knew ywis: yeat knew he not his death how to contrive.
 The Duke of *Brutaine* is no God, then how the diuell y'ste
 That both my brothers, laboring him, for whome they labord myste:
 Their

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Their *Sinons* weare too simple, and their bribes but petite geere:
 Whē had they bought him with their souls they had not bought him
 The heire of *Lancaster*(sic how it loathes to sound that name) (decre.
 Enioyes the Crowne:nay worse, enioyes to wife a *Yorkeſh Dame*:
 Worſer, the name *Plantagenet* is buryed in the ſame :
 And, worſt of all, their Title ſuch as law bids vs diſclaime.
 Who would haue lookeſt ſuch change to chaunce? oh howe I ſeed like
 As *Aſas* daughter *Aſons* house with tragedies to fill? (will
 Who can endure to ſee their friends decline, their Foes ascend?
 I ſee it, and for ſeeing ſo doe wiſh my life had end.

When that her darling had his looer ſhe left him to his wings :
 Who fled not to worſe company or at leſſe game than Kings.
 He lighteth in the *French Kings* Court, wheare (honord as the ſame
 From whom he falſely would contriue a Crowne by forged name)
 He had Supplies, and *Engliſh* ayds, and *Irish* troupes alſo,
 With which he lands in England : where King *Henry* met the Foe.
 On either part the Battell was right bloodie, but at length
 The King ſubdues, and *Perken* fled the land, diſpoyleſt of Strength.
 Then, as the *French*, the *Scotch* King did repute of him: whereby
 He wyd a Lady paſſing fayre and of the Kings Allie,
 The Earle of *Huntlies* daughter of the ſcotch-blood-royall bread:
 Shee both before and after that her low-pris'd Mate was dead,
 When well ſhe knew his parentage, and felt his ebb'd state, {
 In onely ſorrow did abound, in loue no whit abate :
 Howbeit in the *Engliſh* Court prefer'd to high estate.

Theare (for ſhe was of comely parts and vncoupeſed face)
 Shee, often brauely courted, yeelds no Couttier labor'd grace.
 To one among'it the rest that moft admierd her aunſwers chafe
 She ſayd: beſides the ſame and that I ſo might liue disgrac'te,
 A Preſident of wrong and woe did make me long ſince vow
 Chafly to liue the Loue of him whom Fates ſhould me allow.
 I knew (quoth ſhe) a Knight (a Knight he was in each reſpecte)
 I knew a Ladie (fayre ſhe was but foully to be cheſt)

The

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

They loued long (if that to loue and leauue may loue be ſayd)
 Till laſtly ſhe conceyued loue wheare loue ſhould be denayd.
 Then he, whōe Sowles-Soule godiz'd her, perciuing her vntruth,
 Became vnlke himſelfe, and mou'd, ſauie her, each one to ruth.
 At laſt he runs diſtraught about, and what his moods conceited
 He did: confuſedly he wept, askt, anſwerd, and intreated :
 Ah many a tyme (for though his words lackt methode, yet they mo-
 He had theſe ſpeeches, arguments how earnestly he loued. (ued)

CHAP. XXXVI.



Y Mistrelle is a Paragon, the fayrefte fayre a-
 lie:
Atrides and *Eacides* for faire leſſe faire did
 ſtrive.
 Her colour fresh as Damaske Rose, her breath as
 Violet,
 Her bodie white as Iuorie, as ſmooth as poliſh
 Ict,
 As soft as Downe, & were the down Ione might come down & kiffe
 A Loue, ſo fresh, ſo sweet, ſo white, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſoft as this.
 The Cleonan Lions ſpyles for her I would redrefſe.
 I would the Lernan Hydras heads with ſword and fire ſuppreſſe.
 My force the Erymantheon Bore ſhould brauely ouermatch.
 The ſwift-foote golden horned Stag I, running, would oretach.
 My bow the Birds of *Stymphalus* from waſtfull prayes ſhould chace.
 Of her proud Baldricke would I ſpoyle the Amazon at Thrace.
 Augeas waſhed Stables ſhould my ſeauenth Labour end.
 I with the Bull of *Calidon*, viſtorious, would contend.
 On horſe-deuoured Diomedē like honeur ſhould be wonne.

The

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The *Spanij Robber Ceron* shoud by me to death be done.
 In spight of Spight in *Hespera* I golden fruit would pull.
 Three-headed *Cerberus* in chaynes shoud make the Iury full,
 beast, Snake, boare, Stag, Birds, Bealt, Planks, Bull, Theese, Frute, Dog, *Diomedes*,
 Chokt, scar'd, pauncht, caught, pearft, priz'd, washt, thrawne, flaine, puld, chaned, horse feed.
 Were labours leſſe than I would aſt, might I of her be ſpead.
 Dull mal-contented *Saturne* tulde the houre when I was borne.
 Had *Jupiter* then ſtarr'd, I had not liued now, forlorne:
 Or *Mars* had ſteel'd my milkie heart with manlier moods than theſe:
 Or *Mercurie* had apted me to plead for Louers fees:
 Or *Sol* iuuiſed ſenſe to ſearch what better me behou'd:
 Or *Venus* made me louely, ſo for loue to be belou'd:
 Or *Luna* (Contrary to Loue) had bettered the beſt:
 Ah, could ſeauen Planets and twelue Signes conſtell one ſuch vngreſt:
 Then lou'd that Sier of Gods when he had vow'd his childrens death:
 That Sonne of his made wanton ſcapes with Laffes on the earth.
Dyrus, aske *Vulcan* and his Arte if thou diſt loue or noe.
 And *Hermes* that he *Herſe* lou'd will not diſclaime I troe.
 Nor weart thou *Phabuſ* chaste although thou worſt a willow withē.
 Thou *Citherea* hadſt a leaſh of Loues beſides the Smith.
Endimion gaynſt *Diana* could vouch farther than the eye.
 Thus lou'd ye all, ye churtliſh Starres, yeat let ye Louers dye.
 This ſayd he, and for this he ſayd, I for the ruth of this
 Did vow, that whoſo once were mine I would be onely his.
 Why? theſe his words did ſauor wit, not one diſtraught (quoth he.)
 Nay heare the reſt of his vngreſt, it followeth thus (quoth ſhe).
 Oft would he kiſſe a ſenſeles Tree and ſay, ſweet Miftreſſe mine,
 I was, I am, and will be ſtill the ſame and euer thine.
 Beleue me, or if ſo you doubt, Anatomize my braine,
 And ore my ſenſes ſee your ſelue the ſourcenſe to raigne.
 Beleue me, or if ſo you doubt, rip out my heart, and ſee
 Your ſelue in it, in it you are and euermore will be.
 Beleue me, or if ſo you doubt, comand I forthwith dye,

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And ſee your ſelue the onely heauen whereto my ſoule doth flye.
 If ſuch I ſeeme and be not ſuch, let nougħt beſide me well.
 If ſuch I ſeeme and be not ſuch, I wiſh no heauen but hell.
 If ſuch I ſeeme and be not ſuch, your Fauours let me mis.
 With that he bleſſed himſelfe and ſayd, ah, what a wiſh was this?
 Then ſteps he to ſome other Tree, and, as vnto a frend,
 Bewayles himſelfe, with long diſcourſe of loue to little end.
 And (as it were a myſterie) thus many a time would tell
 Of one *Erickmon*, as miſt ſeeme, with him acquainted well.
 Who would (quoth he) haue thought that he had doted on a Laffe?
 Who rather would haue thought the Girle ſo gilefull as ſhe was?
 Once braud he it and often found with ſilken Wenchēs grace:
 Yeat (and I wonder) faults he not, though hauing time and place.
 He neuer hild but gracious thoughts of women, yeat I winne
 The fayrefte She he ever ſaw might quit his thoughts of ſinne.
 When of the Court and Citie both he could ſufficient ſay,
 From eitheris busie Vanities he getteth him away:
 Amongſt the woods his happiest dayes by-come or to be paſt
 He found, had not *Gynetta* face intrapped him at laſt.
 Nor Court nor Citie had the ſcene, yeat eitheris prayſe ſhe had:
 So much more worth by howe much leſſe ſhe was vnnicely clad.
 At ſixteeene yeaſes ſuch was ſhe as at Twentie, and at boeth
 Well worth the louing, for her loore, her face, and comely grooth.
 Thence, waxing amorous, he chekkt his eyes that chekkt him ſo,
 Which checks as oft were countercheckt by Loue his mightier Foe.
 He loath'd to liue, that liid to loue, and lou'd to loſſe, for why?
 He ſcorn'd that wontleſſe paſſion, or an amorous Foole to dye.
 Full often therefore would he balke her ſight that pleas'd him moſt,
 And, if perceau'd to be in loue, false freedome would he boaſt.
 But all for nougħt, not abſence or ſweete exerciſe of wit,
 Or ought beſides miſt put aside Loues ouer-maſtring fit.
 Thus pyned ere he pleadeth loue, yeat pleaſing her ſo well
 As none had fitter time and place his hearts vngreſt to tell,

At

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

At length he flatly sayes he loues, when (wordstoo sweet for trew)
 Her answere was she liked him, and so attrement grew.
 Then vncontrollid kisses and embracings / often mixt
 With less than loue too grosse, though more than should be such be-
 W^cre currant: And if euer man did fish before the net, (twixt)
 If euer man might credit her did by her credit set;
 If euer man for heartie loue deserued honest meede,
Erickmon might beleue himselfe to be belou'd indeede:
 More arguments of earnest loue gaue neuer Mayde than she,
 Lesse causeto falsifie that loue gaue neuer Man than he.
 Howbeit, on aduantage play'd *Gynetta* all this while,
 And by exterrnall smoothnes did obscure internall guile.
 There was a Swayne, a wylie wagge, that with his apish toyse,
 His Pedlarie, and pype-notes, such as pleaseth girtles and boyes,
 So chang'd (I would haue sayd bewitcht, but that she often chang'd)
Gynetta, that her former loue was sodaynly estrang'd.
Erickmon hardly brok't such bace coryuing of the Swayne,
 And of her loue and wits did wish redicement all in vayne.
 Was neuer Gire so ouergon that had so good a wit,
 So well reported of ere then, and well deseruing it,
 That was *Gynetta*: gyltie then both of her owne reprooфе
 And of her Louers grieve, that late and sighte therat aloofe.
 And, were it not that she was young, and that *Erickmon* knew
 She rather seem'd than sird in indeede; he might haue err'd in view.
 With weeping heart he her remainds to be with him at-one:
 And many restlesse daies and nights consumeth he in moane,
 To thinke vpon her madnes, which her selfe beleueed none.
 Her too much wronged Relict might (as wel he might) be greeu'd,
 Perhaps offended, but God knowes no whit the more releeu'd.
 So wilfull she, so wylie and officious was her Squier,
 That, craft intrapping craft, they both did enter bootes fier:
 She bore a mind more haughtie than to humble her so much,
 And he a bacer minde than that he hop't his fortune such:

Yeat

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Yeat either lik't at randon, not resoluing any end,
 Vnlesse, perhaps, she dallied him as erst her former frend.
 Meane while (for Apes be euer Apes) somwhat did he not well
 That mou'd a discord, and through it their loues deuorse befell.
Erickmon languisht all this while not re-beloued long,
 For shee that tayl'd to doe him right did seofe on him the wrong,
 Who, girtles, pleadeth gyltie / for what was it he would not
 To reconcile her fauour, lost might seeme ere it was got? }
 So loue, againe a foote, gaue both re-intertaintement hot.
 Not any, lou'd they nere so much, seem'd more to loue than they,
 Nor any, lou'd she any whit, in loue made shorter stay
 Than shee: for he doe what he could, did often times offend:
 For why? euen impudently she grew toyous in the end,
 That was so modest comly erst as none might her amend,
 A Supersedesas for her loue was every new-come frend:
 And being now in much request, and waxing proud of fauour,
 By artificiall pryd she chang'd her naturall behauour:
 Her face was Maskt, her locks were curl'd, her bodie pent with buske,
 And (which was needles, she more sweet) her rayment scented Muske:
 By all she did might seeme to be vnlike her selfe shewment:
 Yeat (worst of all) to *sancum-Sinne* too aptly is she bent:
Erickmon when that followed her vnpitied, not vpearst,
 Reform'd his wits, his sute and hope of her, nor now as erst,
 And scornd her mind that scornd his loue to her so firmly geason,
 For why? shee offred double wrong to wrong and scorne a reason.
 Thus whilste he hopt he hild her least: so altereth the case
 With such as she: Ah such it is to build on such a face.
 This sayd he, and for this he sayd, I for the truthe of this
 Did vowe that who so once were mine I would be onely his.
 Why? this concern'd not him, nor shewd a mā distraught, (quoth he)
 Nay heare the rest of his vnrest, it followeth thus (quoth shee.)
 Then (shedding teares) he to the Tree so spoken to wold say,
 Was not *Gynetta* false that did *Erickmon* so betray?

But

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

But hath my Mistresse cause to change? what cause, thinke you, should
I fram'd me hers, she fayn'd her mane, my loue is euer loue. (moues
May þ faire face proue one foule botch, those shining eies proue bleard.
That sweete breath stench, like proofe to all that faire or sweete appeard
In her that wrongs her true-loue: let her loathed euer lust,
Begge may she, and vnpittied pine, rot, perish on the dust,
And, dead, be damned, that vnto her true-loue is vniust.
Yee men say all Amen, or if amend your selues ye must,
Carle not (this Mad-man sayd) but swearre that women be vntrew,
Their loue is but a Mummetrie, or as an Aprils dew,
Got with a toy, gon with a toy: gifts, flatterie, gawdes, or wine
Vvill make her checke & flie to game lesse faire, perhaps, than thine,
More amorous than men, and men conuay their loue lesse fine.
If such they are (as such they are) and will be, whilst they be,
Why am I then so true of loue? because not borne a she.
Vvit lackst thou then (fond Foole). I sigh to say true ayime you giue.
Vvhere grew that lacke (fond Foole?) I sigh to say wheare now I liue,
Vvhence grew that lacke (fond Foole?) I sigh to say frō ioyes remouid,
Vwhen grew that lacke (fond Foole?) I sigh to say when first I louid.
And doest thou loue? ah, too too well I wot I loue indeede.
Vwhy doest thou loue? with lucke too ill I loue for louers meede.
Vv home dosst thou loue? ah, too too well I wot a louely She.
Vwhat time in loue? with lucke too ill in loue too long for me.
Vvit lackst thou then that wilfully doest erre and nourish it.
Vvit doe I lacke, not wilfully, then blame not will but wit.
How shall I doe? my Heart is lost, and I am left in woe:
Met any man a poore tame Heart? the Heart, good Folke, I owe:
Strucken, maimed, all of gore, and drooping doth it goe.
A Lasse once fauour'd, or at least did seeme to fauour it,
And fosterd vp my frolickke Heart with many a pleasing bit:
She lodg'd him neere her Power, whence he loued not to gad,
But waxed cranke, for why? no Heart a sweeter Layer had.
But whether that some other Deere estranged her or not,

Or

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Or that of course her game is Change, my Heart lackt brouse I wot:
Despysd, displeasde, and quite disgrac'ft, my Heart even to this day
Dislodged, wandring, woe begon, I wot not wheare doth stray.
But see, ah see, I see how *Loue* casts off *Desire* his Hound,
A fell fleet Dogge that hunts my Heart by parsee each-wheare found.
Sweet *Cynthea* rate the eger Curre, and so thy foe preuent;
For loc a farre my chased Heart imbotte and almost spent.
Thankes, gentle Goddesse: now the Lad pursues a bootles chace:
My Heart recouers Couert wheare the Hound cannot hold pace.
Now tappas closely, silly Heart, vntrowse not and so liue:
The Huntsmans-self is blinde, the Hound at Losse doth ouer-giue.
But list, alas, *Loues* Beagles be vncoupled, *Beautie* praites
And drijues my Heart from out the thicks, and at Recet awaites
Vaine-hope, and either now falls in, and now my Heart must dye,
Now haue they him at Bay, and now in vayne he fights to fleye.
Auaunt *Desire*, ha Curre, auaunt: the Bore so rase thy hyde.
Vnto the fall of my poore Heart see see how *Loue* doth ryde.
Hearke how he blowes his death: ah see, he now the Say doth take
Of my poore Heart, that neuer more for *Loue* shall pastime make.
Thus liu'd he till he left his life, and for the ruth of this
I vow'd, that who so once were mine I would be only his.

Yeat (sayd her Sutor) he, not she, was punisht, as may seeme.
Yes yes, quoth she, a Conscience prickt is deeply plagu'd I deeme.
Then *Scot land* warr'd on *England*; and in that same watre did end
The Knight that had coryued: so the Ladie lost each frend.
Oft saw I her in teares, and oft I heard her to complayne
For faith erst lost, for losse now found, deuiding sighs in twayne.
There be that say (if truely sayd) vnbodied Soules haue walkt,
And of the Ghosts of these two Knights the like abroad was talkt:
Her eares had this and shee the heart that dated not her eyes,
For thether whence the brute did grow she (fearles faultie) hies:
Her Followers stood aloofe when she, alone approching, sayd,
Bclouded both, what meanes this fight? (they seem'd as if they frayd)

N

Ah,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Ah, pardon me, sweet First-belou'd, my guile I graunt was great,
So is my grieve: My latter Loue refraine, let me intreate.
But whilst she spoke of deadly wounds they both did seeme to fall,
And after vanisht, leauing her perplext in feare not small:
Who thenceforth fared as the Knight that did for her distraught,
Stil haunted of the Ghosts, & haunts þ place where they had faught,
Vntill of her desparyring life her selfe the Period wraught:
Thus liu'd she till she left her life, and for the ruth of this
I vow'd, that who so once were mine I would be onely his.

Tush, this was but a Phantasie, quoth he, of subtil Feends,
Deluding her simplicitie in figure of her frends:
I heare not that they said or did aught raching her vnruth,
But foolish was her feare, the like I censure of your ruth.
And shall I tell what they did tell, and say what they did doe?
I will, for so, perhaps, you will surcease (quoth she) to wewe.
The Ghost resembling him to whom she had disloyall bin
Said: I, and This, and thou be thus and shalbe doom'd for sin:
For dotage in my loue, for his deceifull lust, we twaine
Of fresh-sore wounds do hourely faint, hurt, heale, heale, hurt againe:
Nor can I vitter halte we see, and feare, and suffer still
Of endles Torments: onely thou art Auctresse of such ill.
Who lone belou'd beleue no life but wheare their loue doth lie,
To fault is then their murdrous fact that first defect doth give.
He had not faulted or I falne hadst thou held faith to mee:
Ah little feele we in regard of Plagues prepar'd for thee.
Thus sayd he, and for thus he sayd I for the ruth of this
Did vow, that who so once were mine I would be onely his.
Well, Madame, quoth the Gentleman, be this so, or a shifft,
I see to frustrate my demaund is honestly your drift:
Then so, or not so, or what so you shall inferre of this.
It matters not, *Perkin* is yours and be you onely his.
For, sooth to say, weare all saitie false, it were indeed a hell
To haue a Loues Coryuall, and as none could brooke it well,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

So none should aske, and none should yeeld to alter loue begun,
Therefore, sweet Ladie, I conclude such il is well vndun:
Mine amorous sute hath here an end: And would youmght preuaile
With *Perken* too, that proudly striues to beare too high a sayle:
So may you, if perhaps you haue for him so apt a tayle
As this you tould to me for mee, although more hardly trew
As this which I shall tell, that doth include a morall view
Of matter worth the note for him, the rather tould by you:
Then heare it: for our leisure and the order of my Q.

CHAP. XXXVII.



Vppote (for so must be suppos'd) that Birdes
and Beasts did speake:
The Cuckooe sometimes lou'd the Owle, and
so with her did breake.
Then flew the Owle by day, so did the Cuckooe
all the yeare,
So did the Swallow and the Batte: but howe it
happned heare.
The Cuckooe by the Swallow (then the Swallow was his Page)
Did send the Owle a sucking Mouse, a tydie for the age:
The Bat (the Bat then seru'd the Owle) preferd the Bringer and
The Present to her Mistres sight, that in her Tod did stand.
My maister to your Owleship, quoth the Swallow, sends by me
This Modicum, desiring you to take the same in gree.
The Owle, that neuer till that day had tastid flesh of Mouse,
Had quickly lopte a Limbe or two, and feasteth in her house
The Swallow with a curse of her then disgorged wheat:
Wher, talking of the daintie flesh and elswhat, as they eate,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The Bat (then waiting at the boorde) fetcht sighes a two or three: 2
 The Owle did aske the cause. And doe you aske the cause, quoth she,
 Why thus I sigh when thus in sight my kindred murthred be?
 My selfe was sometimes such, and such am still, saue now I fly:
 With that she freshly wept: and thus proceeded by and by.

A fresh, quoth she, now comes to minde mine Auncestors ill hap,
 Whō pride made praiers to Kestrels, Kites, Cats, W^eeasels, Baē, & trap:
 My Grandsier (for wheare Nature failes in strength she adds in wit)
 Was full of Science: But, insooth, he misapplied it.
 The W^eeasell, Prince of Vermen (though besidē a vertuous Beast)
 By shrewdnes of my Grandsiers wit his Holes with hoards increasē,
 And seem'd to conn him thankes, whō none besides had cause to thank:
 For Princes Fauors often make the fauored too cranke.
 Not only Mice, but Lobsters, Cats, and noble Vermen paide
 In comming *Coram Nobis* for some crime against them laide.
 But, God, it is a world to see, when purposes be sped,
 How Princes, hauing fatted Such, ate with their fatnes fed:
 The W^eeasell seru'd my Grandsier so and every Vermen laught
 To see himselfe in Snares that had in Snares so many caught.
 Now also liue some wylie Beasts, and fatly do they feede
 Mongst Beasts of chace & birds of game, with lesse then needfull heed.
 My Graundsieread, my Father was in fauour nerthelesse:
 Nor did his Father more than he for high Promotion presse.
 And (though I say it) long time he deserued fauors well,
 For quayling Foe men, and at home such Vermen as rebell:
 And for the same the W^eeasell did him mightily preferre:
 But Honors made him haughtie, and his haughtines to erre.
 I will be plaine, he waxt too proud, and plotted higher drifts
 Than fitted him or safed well, for who hauie thriu'd by shiffts?
 Nor will I say (because his sonne) he wrong'd the W^eeasell, but
 The W^eeasell died, and that that did succeede to shiffts he put:
 For which his Fathers Fortune did overtake him at the last:
 Such fackelnesse in earthly pcampe, which, flowing cbs as fast.

This.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

This double warning might haue iekē vnto my wit, but I
 Did follow Kinde: Nay, more, I did importune *Dis* to fly,
 And he did giue me these blacke wings, resembling him that gaue the
 A proper Gift, and hardly got, to shame me now I haue them.
 But know yee *Dis*? some *Plato* him or *Limos* God doe call:
 Or, aptlier said, in Hell of diuels the Chiefe and Principall :
 And somwhat now of him and how I changed say I shall.

I hapned on a Cranny, whilst my Mouse-daiies lasted, which
 I entring, wandred crooked Nookes and pathes as darke as pitch:
 Theare, hauing lost my selfe, I sought the open aire in vaine,
 Both wanting foode, & light, and life well neare through trauels paine.
 The Moole by chaunce did crosse my way, and (as ye know) her smell
 Supplies her want of sight and serues her purpose full as well:
 I heard a traicting sounē and, skar'd, my haire did stand vpright,
 Nor could I see, or fly, but feare and blesse me from a Spright:
 She had me, hild me, questions of my being theare the cause,
 And in meane while peruseth me with fauorable clawes.
 I was about to pleade for life, when she preuentis me thus:
 Ha, Cosen Mouse, what Fortune giues this meeting heere to vs?
 Feare not my Sonne (I call thee Sonne because I loue thee much)
 Doe hold thy selfe as merry heere as in a Pantlers hutch:
 What know'st not me? or see'st thou not? with that she leadeth me
 Into an higher roome, wheare her to be mine Eame I see.
 I did my dutie, and my heart was lightned when mine eie
 Encountered a friend whereas I made account to die.
 Before me sets Shee Viands, and my stomacke seru'd me well:
 And, hauing fed, my Grandsiers and my Fathers ends I tell,
 (For She enquires for them, ere I acquaint her what befell.)
 The reverent Moole, then sighing, said: ah, let no Vermine thinkē
 That Fortune euer fauors, or that friends will never shrinkē:
 I did fore-smell their lostlie flight would cost them once a fall,
 And therefore, Cosen, see thou be forewarned therewithall.
 Heere feest thou me (I tell thee, though I prize not Gentry now,

N.3

This.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Thine Eame and of the elder house) that long agoe did vow
 My selfe a Recluse from the world, and, celled vnder ground,
 Least that the gould, the precious stones and pleasures here be found
 Might happen to corrupt my minde, for blindnes did I pray,
 And so contemplatiuely heere I with contentment stay.
 Admitte the W^easell gr^eateth thee, the more he doth the more
 The other Vermen will maligne and enuy thee therefore:
 Himselte, perhaps, will listen to thy ruine for thy store:
 Or thou thy selfe, to mount thy selfe, maiest runne thy selfe a shone.
 That Vermen that hath reason, and his owne Defects espies,
 Doth seeme to haue a soule, at least doth thriue by such surmies,
 For what is it but reason that humaine from brutish tries?
 But man, or beast, neither hath troth that this for true denies,
 He hath enough that hath wherewith pure Nature to suffies:
 In ouerplus an ouercharge for soule and body lies,
 For Souldiors, Lawyers, Carrions, Theeues, or Casualties a Prize,
 His combet-minde that liues with it and leaues it when he dies,
 From whome to catch it scarce his heire staies closing of his eyes:
 O wretched wealth, which who so wants no Fortune him enuies.
 Here maiest thou feast thee with a Mad: & here no Pickethanke pries:
 Into thy life, nor words well spoke to ill vnmeant applies:
 No Flatterer to vndermind: no tongue no care for lies:
 No gleaning from the Orphant: no opprested widowes cries:
 No bribes to giue, no hands to take: no quarrelling for flies:
 No wronges to right: no lawes to breake, because no law that ties,
 But what wee lust we doe, nor doe nor lust badd enterprize:
 And finde less want in Nature, than wits-want in Arts disguize.
 Nor any heere in force, in friends, fraud, wealth, or wit affies:
 O doe thou not so rich, so safe, and iust a life despies:
 Theare lacketh not of noble Births to star the courtly skies.
 Theare be enowe Politians, thou maiest for thy Soule be wise:
 Then leauue thou matters of estate to States, I thee advise:
 And rather sit thou safely still, than for a fall to rise.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Not for shee was my Elder or mine Eame, but for the place
 I hild my peace, that would haue sayd her Moolships minde was bace.
 But she perceiues me to dissent, and saith, Cosen Mouse,
 Doe as you like, you shall not finde a prison of my house:
 Stay while you will, goe when you will, come & returne at pleasure,
 And euer welcome: Virtue is an vncompelled Treasure. (theare
 This past, & thence passe we through deepe darke waies, sau^e here &
 The vaines of gould and pretious stones made light in darke appear:
 Vaste Vaults as large as Iles we passe, great Riuers theare did flow,
 Huge wormes & Mōsters there I saw, which none on earth do know.
 On goe we, till I saw a glimbs and she heard noise of flame,
 Then said shee praiers, bidding me to blesse me from the same.
 I, musing, train'd her meaning: She her meaning thus did tell.
 That flaming Region, euer such (quoth she) is Plutes Hell:
 All gould, all mettals, wealth, and pompe that nourish Mortals pride
 Are hence and his, and hether they doe theare Mis-guiders gide:
 He them inchaunteth, and the same inchaunt the folke on Earth,
 Vntill their dying dotage theare finds heere a living death.
 Still nertheles I wisht to see the hellish Monarch Dis,
 When he (more ready to be found then for our profite is)
 Ore-heard vs, and vnhid himselfe, and shinde in tich array,
 And seem'd a glorious Angell, and full gently thus did say. (much,
 That slandrous blind bace-minded Moole, friend Mouse, deceiues thee
 And prates of me, of Hell, and Earth more than is so or such:
 Beleeue him not, but rather do beleeue thine eyes, and see
 If any earthly pleasure is yntripl'd heere with mee.
 Then shewde he sights (which since I found illusions to betray)
 Of greater worth than Earth affords, or I haue Art to say:
 Nay, more, he bids me aske what so I would, and I should haue it:
 Then did I pause, bethinking what was rarest I might craue it.
 My Holes were stor'd with corne & croomes, on Earth I walke at will,
 And in her Bowels now had seene indifferently my fill,
 Upon it, nor within it, not sufficing to my pride,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

I asked winges, scarce asked when they grew on either side.
 Short leane I tooke, & mounting left the Hell-God and the Moole,
 And soared to the open Aire through many a sory hoole.
 It was at Twilight, and the Birds were gone to roust, but I
 /Inchaunted with the noueltie of flight) vnwearead flye;
 And had the Sunne been vp, I ween (such pride bewitcht my wit
 To Egel-sie my selfe) I had assayd to soare to it:
 Not seeing that my limber wings were Leather-like vnplum'de,
 But at the Dawning also I of wing-worke still presum'de.
 The Swallow (and I weene it was this Sallowes father), he
 Was earliest vp, with him I met, and headmired me.
 I hild him wing, and wistly he suruaies me round about,
 And lastly, knowing who I was, did give me many a flout,
 And fled to tell the other birds, what vncouth Fowle was bred,
 Who flockt to see me, till with gibes and girds I wisht mee ded.
 Then, shifting out of sight, I hung till Twilight in a hoole,
 Transformde, derided, hunger-spent, and minding still the Moole
 In vaine I wisht redument of my shape, and (which was worse)
 My hap was harder than to owne in that distresse a Crust.
 Then fled I to my wonted Holes of hoored food to get,
 Too narrow by mine added wings that did mine entry let.
 Now Misf fled me, not to the Moole I would returne for shame,
 To Dis I durst not, mongst the Birds I was a laughing game.
 Then curst I mine aspiring minde, then knew I Dis a Diuell,
 The Diuell the Prince of Pride, and Pride the roote of euery euill.
 Hell, Earth, Aire, Heauen, and what not? then conspiring mine vnrest,
 What might remaine but death for me that lived so vnblesiſt?
 But as I, fainting, flew that night your Ladiship, Dame Owle,
 Did call me to your Todd, and glad to see a new night-fowle,
 Did take me to your seruice, thence your Chamberlaine to be:
 Ha Jupiter reward it you that so releued mee.
 It is a sweete continuall feast to liue content I see:
 No daunger but in high estate, none enuy meane degree.

Then

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Then all this processe (quoth the Owle) doth tend, belike, to this,
 That I should eate no Mouse-flesh : Nay, Sir Bat, so sweete it is
 That thou, so neere of Kinne to them, shalt also serue my lust:
 And therewithall in ruthles clawes the haplesse Bat she trust.

H]EERE meant the Courtior to haue left, whom *Perkins* Lady prayes
 To tell what end such wowing had: And thus hereof he sayes.
 The Swallow saw that cruell pranke and flies aloofe and sayde,
 Vngratefull Glutton, what offence hath that thy Seruant made?
 Choke mayſt thou with the murther. So he left her, and vnto
 The Cuckooe telleth what the Owle vnto the Bat did doe.
 Varlet (he waxed cholerick) and what of that, quoth he?
 Was not the Bat her bond-Slaue, such as thou art now to me?
 What telſt me then of other newes then what her anſwere is:
 Vnto mine amorous Message, sayes my Lady nay or yis?
 The Swallow told him that through ſuch occurrent of the Bat
 He, interrupted, came away vnaunſwered in that.
 A mischiefe, quoth he, both on that and thee ill fauoured Elfe:
 And in a ſtammering chafe he fled to wowe the Owle himſelfe.
 The Swallow Mans him thether, whom the deu'liſh Owle did hate,
 And all because he had reproud her tyrannie of late.
 The Cuckooe, offering to haue bilde, ſhe coyely turnde her face,
 Tis more, quoth ſhe, than needeth that we kiffe, as stands the cace:
 Rid hence yonn ſame your knauish Page, you ſent him with a Mouse
 To ſpie my ſecretes, or belike to braue me in my house.
 Gods pretious, would you knew I beare a mind leſſe bace then that
 I can diſgēſt your Drudge with me ſo ſaucely ſhould chat:
 Iacke Napes, forſooth, did chafe because I eate my Slaue the Bat.
 O what a world is this that we can nothing priuate haue
 Vncensur'd of our Seruants, though the ſimpleſt Gill or Knaue?
 Well, rid him of your ſeruice: Nay, it ſkilſ not iſ of life,
 At leaſt iſ ſo you meane that we ſhall loue as man and wife,
 For ſuch Colecarriers in an house are euer hatching ſtrit.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The Cuckooe, hearing this complaint, flew on his trusty Page,
And vndiscreately gaue him strokes that kild him in that rage.
Yeat, eare he left his life, he thus vnto his Maister sayd:
Thus many honest Seruants in their Masters hastie brayd
Are Dog-like handled, either yeat like deare in Iones iult eyes:
Of Harlots and of hastines beware, sayd he, and dyes.

When now her gluttony and spight had thus dispatched twaine,
The Cuckooe, plying amorouslly her fauour to obtaine,
Euen then, and looking very bigge, in came the Buszard, who
Did sweare that he would kill and slay, I mary would he doe,
If any Swad besides himselfe faire Madam Owle did wowe.
The Cuckooe, seeing him so bog, waxt also wondrous wroth:
But thus the Owle did stint the strife. Shee cals them husbands both:
Now fie (quoth she) if so you could betwixt your selues agree,
Yee both should haue your bellies full, and it no hurt to me.
The Buszard faintly did consent, the Cuckooe sayd Amen:
And so was Hen inough for Cocke, not Cocke inough for Hen,
For she deceyues them both, and had besides them other game:
The Genile Buszard dying soone for sorrow of the same.
The Cuckooe wisely saw it and did say but little to it,
As nooting she was set on it and knowing she would doe it.
But what the Swallow warned him of Harlots proued trew,
For, as was gesled, also him by trecherie she flew.

The Goddesse *Pallas*, to giue end vnto these tragicke deedes,
Descended, and (the dead reui'd) to Sentence thus proceedes.
The Bat, because begild of *Dis*, See pittieh partly and
Permits him Twy-light flight: to giue thereby to understand
That to aspire is lawfull, if betwixt a Meane it stand.
The Swallow, for that he was trew and slaine for saying well,
Shee doomb'd a ioyfull Sommers Bird, in Wwinter time to dwell
Euen with *Mineruas* secrete store, as learned Clarkes doe tell.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The Buszard, for he doted more and dared lesse than reason,
Through blind bace Loue induring wrong reuengeable in seaso,
She eie-blur'd, and adiudged Praies the dastard'ſt and least geason.
Vnto the Cuckooe, ouerkinde to brooke Coriualls, she
Adiudg'd a Spring-times changeles note, and whilst his yong ones be
By others hatcht, to name and shame himselfe in every Tree.
But liue, quoth she, vnto the Owle ashamed of the light,
Be wondred at of Birds by day, fly, filch, and howle all night,
Haue lazie wings, be euer leane, in sullen corners rucke,
When thou art scene be thought a signe to folke of euill lucke:
Not shall thine odious forme, vile Witch, be longer on my Shield:
Whence racing forth her Figure, so the Goddesse left the field.

IV^{ft} Guerdons for Ambition, for poore Soules opprest for well,
For dastard Dotards, W^Wittolrie, and Harlots nice you tell,
Said *Perkens* Wife. But thus now of her husbands pride befell.
At last when sundry Armes had end, *Henry* vi^{ctorious} still,
And *Perkens* passage was fore-stald, he yeelds of his owne will
Himselfe from Churches Priuiledge to *Henries* Mercy, who
Did onely limitte his abode, and lesse he could not doe:
But when he sought escapes he then had petite punishment,
And after, for some new attempts, to Tower was he sent:
Whence practising escape, t'was sayd, he won to his intent
Young *Edward* Earle of W^Warwicke, that indeed was *Clarence* son,
And euer had been Prisner theare eare *Henries* raigne begon,
And now by law, too strickt me seemes, for this to death was don.
Perken was hang'd, and hang may such: but that the Earle should die
Some thought hard law, saue that it stood with present pollicie.
Sit *W^William Stanley* dide for this (ott King-law is doe thus)
Deseruing better of the King: but what is that to vs?

The last of our three *Phaetons* was tutel'd of a Fryer:
Who, being fitted now by Art and nature to aspier,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

(The foresaid name of *Warricke* fain'd) seduced folke thereby:
 As I my selfe in *Essex* heard and saw a Traitor dye
 That fain'd himselfe slyt *Edward*, and to grace-out such his lyce,
 Lookes, bodie, words, and gesture seem'd heroycall, to view
 He had like age, like markes, and all that might inforce it trew:
 Wherby to him assyting minds of simple Folke he drew.
 Our Cowle-mans foresyd Act or so preuailed that the Fryer
 In Pulpets durst affirme him King, and Aydes for him requiert:
 But lastly both were taken: both did fault in one same ill,
 Yeat rope-law had the Youth, the Frier liu'd Clergie-knaued still.

VV Hen Armour ended Auarice began (for then begins
 The slye *Mercuryleſt*, and more by wyles then valour wins.)
 Beneuolences, Taxes and sore Fines for penall lawes,
 To Henry hoord's from Henry hearts of many a Subiect drawes,
Empson & Dudley (fur'd Esquiers more harmfull, being gown'd,
 To Englands friends than Englands foes, through Auarice profound)
 In such exacting chiefly Act, applauised of the King,
 To whom their ciuill Thefts, nor Thrifts, exceeding wealth did bring.
 Yeat whē the gracious King found out their racking Rich & Poore,
 He then did pardon much, and much did purpose to restore:
 But, dying, those two *Harpies* lost their hated heads therefore.
 So hardly fauoured of Kings themselues in bownes containe,
 That they, securely stout, at length doe perish through disdaine.
 So hardly too some Princes are from priuate Lucar wonne,
 As, though their bags ore-flow, they think no harme abroad vndone.
Henry (acquite his latter dayes of Auarice fore named)
 Deceast for Prowesse, Policie, and Iustice highly famed.

THE

THE EIGHT BOOKE OF
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXXIV.

IGHT Henry (heire indubitate of Yorke and Lancaster)
 Succeeded, and with Kingly rites his Father did interr.
 His mind, his words, his lookes, his gaet, his ly-
 naments, and Stature,
 Weare such for Maicstie as shew'd a King com-
 posd by Nature.

All Subiects now of ciuill strife, all counter-minds for Raigne,
 All enuious of his Empier now weare rid, weare pleaf'd, or slaine.
 Rich weare his sundrie Tryumphs: but his cost had foyzen than.
 When *Terwin* and strong *Turnay* in resisting *France* he wan:
 When *Maximilian* Emperour did vnder *Henry* fight:
 When *Englifh* Ships did often put the *French* Sea-powre to flight:
 And that the *French* King was inforſt to craue and buy his peace,
 Who, wiuing lonely *Mary*, so the warres for then did cease.

This sister to our King, and then the *French* Kings goodly Queene,
 Was welcomm'd with Tryumphs such as erſt in *France* vnléeue.
 Iustes, Barriers, Tylts, & Turneyes were proclaimed each wheare for
 Wherefore to *Paris* at the time flockt Cauchiers ful tall, (All:
 With Princes braue, and Ladies faire of eury Realme about,
 And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And hence, with moe, *Charles Brandon*, in fine Chiualrie most stout;
 Whose bodie fitted to his mind, whose mind was plesant, and
 Whose plesance yeelded not to *Mars*, this *Mars* in *France* did lād:
 With whō incouūterd valiit knyghts, but none might him withstand.
 The *English-French* Queene standing thickeare, admir'd for beautie rare,
 Behid the Tryumphs, in the which high Feates performed ware.
 But *Brandon* (yet no Duke) he was the Knight aboue the rest
 That in her eye (nor did she erre) acquited him the best.
 For whether that he trots, or turnes, or bounds, his barded Steede,
 Did runne at Tylt, at Randon, or did cast a Speare with heede,
 Or fight at Barriers, he in all did most her fancies feede.
 Weake on a Couch her King lay theare, whō though she loued well,
 Yeat like the *Brandon*, and the same lou'd her ere this befell:
 For chasty had they fancied long before she came to *France*,
 Or that from meane estate to Duke *Henry* did him aduaunce.
 The dayes of Triumph weare expir'd, and *Engl. & Peeres* with praise
 Come home, and *Leves* King of *France* deceast within few daies.
Charles Brandon, Duke of *Suffolle* then, with honour furnisht hence,
 Was sent to *France* for to returne the widow Queene from thence,
 Who had been wed scarce thrice three weekes vnto a sickly King,
 To her, a fayre young Queene, therefore small time might solace bring.
 Yet lesse did timethā braue Duke *Charles* affwage fair *Maries* grieve:
 He chats, she cheers, he courts, she coytes, he wowes, she yeelds in briefe.
 No windes thought she) afflist those Sayles that seeke no certain Shore,
 Nor find they constant liues that but they liue respect no more.
 Let each ones life ayne some one end: as, if it be to marrie,
 Then see, heare, loue, and soone conclude, it betters not to tarrie.
 To cast too many doubis (thought she) weare oft to erre no lesse
 Than to be rash: And thus, no doubt, the gentle Queene did gesse,
 That seeing This or That at first or last had likelyhood,
 A man so much a manly Man weare dastardly withstand.
 Then Kisses reuel'd on their Lips to eitheris equall good,
 And, least King *Henry* should differ, they secretly did wead,

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And then sollicet his good will, and of their wishes spead.
 The perjur'd valiit *Scotch*-King *James*, slayn at braue *Flodons* Slaugh-
 Had also left in widowhood *Englands* fayre elder Daughter. (ter,
 She also weds a *Scottish* Earle, vnlicenc't of her Brother: (mother.
 And was to her Sons Daughters Sonne, now sixt *James*, great-Grand-

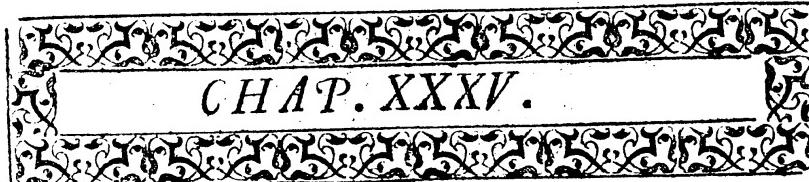
A Scruple, after twentie yeares, did enter *Henries* mind,
 For wedding of *Queene Katherin*, a Ladie fayre and kind,
Spynnes Daughter, then the Emperours Aunt, and for her vertuous life
 Well worthie *Henry*: But for she had beene his Brothers wife,
 And also of their coiture surmisse directed Lawes,
 He seem'd in conscience toucht, and sought to rid him of the Cause.
 Then was the matter of Deuorse through Christendome disputed,
 The Match of all adiudged voyd, and so the Queene non-suted.
 She, after teares to him from whom she was to be deuorste,
 Did humbly say: and am I not, my Lord, to be remorsle? (and
 That twentie yecres haue bene your Wife, & borne your Children,
 Haue lou'd and liu'd obediently, and vnsuspected stand.
 I am (ah too too sweetly err'd) I was, poore Soule, the same
 Whom once you did preferre, nor now of me you neede to shame.
 The blossomes of my beautie was your Bootie, nor my fauour
 Now alters so to alter so from me your late behauour.
 But Conscience is the colour of this quarell: well I wot
 I also haue a conscience that in this acculseth not:
 But as the same, perhaps, might say that me succedes say I,
 That for the pleasure of a Prince goe many things awry.

Whiche her Fore-doomes seem'd to effect in her that her succeeded,
 In *Queene Anne Ballyn*: who, for she in *Lutherisme* proceeded,
 Was hated of the *Papists*, and enui'd because preferr'd, (err'd)
 And through the Kings too light beleefe (for Kinges haue sometimes
 She lost her head, and might haue sayd (some thought)ere she did dye,
 That for the pleasure of the Prince goe many things awry.
 So dyde the gracious Mother of our now most gloticus Queene,

Whole

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Whose zeale in reverent Fox his works autenticall is seene.
The Kings foure other Queenes (for why? he dide a *Sexamus*)
Shall passe, though Jane did beare a Sonne to him, a King to vs,
Edward the Sixt: and of the same we shall deliuere thus.



VCH as was Loue in Figure of *Ascanius*, whē
the same
In kisses slie did sheade himselfe into the *Tyrian*
Dame,
Or such as was sweete *Hyacint*, *Apollos* louely
Boy,
Or *Iupiter*s *Ganymedes*, rapt vp to heauen from
Troy,

Or rather like young *Salomon*, in sentencing betwixt
Two mothers claiming one same Child, was young *Edward* the Sixt:
Now *Rome* fell sicke in *England*, but how long she lay in traunce
We list not write, alonly death to her did neuuer chaunce:
For old *Rome* never lackt that durst their liues for her bestoe,
Nor new *Rome* that to Hell for her dare soules and bodies goe.
Then true Religion might be sayd with vs in Primatiue,
The Preachers and the people both then practiuely did thriue:
Our decent Church-Rites, still in print, not practise C worthie those
Whose reverent heads collected them frō whence true wisedō groes.
Not mangled then of Nouesses and curious Doults, which now
Would haue they know not what, & would reform they know not
Omitting or admitting as their owne Conceits allow) (how,
Did

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Did then put forth her Braunches, and weare fruitfull in the bood:
And, weare our Church-Lords now for zeale as Church-lawes now
Soone might like vniōn be, now by indifference withstood: (for good,
For giue to vulgar Heads the head and looke for all confused,
At once they publish and repeale, al els, saue Order, ysed:
And as *Kyts* Campe ill-form'd good forme at their reforming Tree,
Sonnes oft by aime consorting voice their Fathers hang'd should be,
So wheare the Multitude preuaile they censure ere they see.
But (might I be so bould to speake to them should speake to mee)
A good example would doe good in Church-men, seeing thay
In saying troth are lesse beleeu'd, not doing as the say. (works,
I know our Churchmen know that Faith is dead where lack good
Yeat know I not what pollicte in Almes vnpreeched lurks.
Some teach (& wel) that these concurre, but few doe vrge the Theame
Of charitie: affeard, perhaps, our Mote should vrge their Beame.
But feare not, Fathers, preach at full Loue, good workes, & Remorse,
More will your bad Examples let than shall your words inforce,
To preach by halffes is to be worse than those tongue-holly Iauells,
That cite good words, but shift off workes and Discipline by Cauells.
Oft hanc ye handled pitchily (not preached without neede)
What good to giue, what hurt to take, frō those that Soules do seede:
But so obscurely hath beene blancht of good workes elsewhere done,
As many, boasting only Faith, Faithis frutes selfe-aptly shonne:
When such a faith is but the faith of that faith-frutiles Deuill
That cited Scripture vnto Christ, applying good to euill.
Tell whether that the *Leuite* or *Samaritane* did better:
Tell wherein *Dies* liu'd and dide to *Lazarus* a Debter.
Vnknot sententious *Salomon* his Parable which is,
Full Cloudes will rayne upon the Earth: How thus is meant by this,
Rich me by Cloudes, poore men by Earth (els Clerks expound atnis)
Tell, how some Cloudes but misell Rayne: that is, if so they giue
A peny Almes or twaine a yeare they thinke they much releue.
Som Clouds flash down their Shewres: that is, som set vp two or three,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And bezger so themselues and theirs: say such are foolish free.
 Some Clouds hayle downe their Raine, beate flat, hurt, & helpe not y
 That is, vpbraid whō they receue, & hold the scruiile bound. (ground:
 Some Cloudes giue Snow, that lightes and lies a moyture moysties: so
 Doe those that say, alas, God helpe, and nothing els bestoe.
 Some Cloudes doe shewre into the Seas: say such do giue to such
 VVhom Almes make idle, or belike to recompence as much.
 Som Clouds with lightning, thunder, & lowd winds drip down their
 That is, giue sildorn almes, & those proclaim'd & scene, ere tayne, raine:
 Some Clouds retayne but forme of clouds, with figure black as Coale:
 That is, looke bigge, Examine long, but *Scriptum est* their doale.
 Some gracious Clouds shed temprate Shewres on thristie earth indeed:
 That is, the Orphant, VVidow, Thrall, succour, prote&t and feed.
 Say also whatsoere wee giue, to who soere it bee,
 Though giuen in sight of men, if not because that men should see,
 But with Deuotion, as a worke from Faith that cannot seuer,
 God for such cheerfull Almes wilbe our bounteous Almner euer.
 Say, make not as it were a Quest of quere ere Yee giue,
 But giue yee Almes as men be poore, not as poore men to liue.
 Prouided common Beggers nor disordered Loffels, who
 Men know provided for, or can but labour none will doe,
 Than whom doe say (for so is sooth) no Creatures worse desatur,
 Take you no Oratours for them, but that they hang or starue.
 And thus for this. Our Overture to it reduceth mee.
 The Vncles of this Orphant King, so long as they agree,
 Vphold Religion, King, themselues, and Realme in happie stater:
 Which then began to ruinate when they begun debate.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XL.



Ome say their falling out was through two
 haughtie womens strife,
 The Admiralls Queene Bigama & Lord Pro-
 tectors wife:
 These (for what glorie enimies not one woman
 in an other?)

Began a brawle that ended in the blood of either
 Brother.

Tis thought the Earle of VVermick threw close fewell to this fire,
 And nourisht it to cut off them, that so he might aspire:
 For when the one had lost his head, he forthwith tooke in hand
 To forge the Lord Protector false vnto the King and Land:
 Who, though he tryed by his Peeres of treason was acquited,
 Yeat also of a Statute new he being then indiglited,
 Was hardly found a Felon, and too stricktly sentenc'd so:
 For meaest fault is high offence vrg'd of a mighty Foe:
 The King thus lost his Vncles both, to his no little woe.

Now VVermick was become a Duke, feared of high and lowe,
 Full little thinking that himselfe the next to Blocke should goe:
 The two Prince-loyall Semers erst made let vnto his lust,
 But now remayned none whose faith or force he did mistrust.
 The Orphant King fell sicke (but here suspend what some suspect)
 The new Duke of Northumberland meane while did all dite&t.
 It was contriud King Edward from his Sisters gaue the Crowne,
 Their Fathers Former Act and Will by wrested law put downe:
 The Sisters Daughters Daughter of Eight Henry, Ladie Lane,
 Was publisht heire apparent, and that right from Mary tane,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And from *Elizabeth*, though both collatrally precced her:
 And when by ful Confederacie the Crowne-right was decreed her,
 And *Gylford Dudly* fourth-borne Sonne vnto *Northumberland*
 Had married her, and nothing seem'd the Plot forme to withstand,
 King *Edward*(entred scaunteene yeares of age, & seauen of Raigne)
 Departed to that endles rest his vertuous life did gaine.
 The Councel then conuent. But who wil think, perhaps; that one
 Should alter All, to alter true Discents vnto a Throne?
Jane, Suffolks Daughter, Gylfords wife(One worthie such estate
 For righteous and religious life, who neretheleſſe should wate
 Her Intrest after others Two, The younger of which twaine
 Did match, yea Mate her vertues) was proclaimed Queene to raigne,
 And in the tower of *London* hild Estate and princely Traine.
 Meane while fled *Mary*, doubting leſſe her Scepters losſe than life:
 But ſeldome fayles a rightfull cauſe that comes to open ſtrife:
 The Commons knew our either Law prefer'd a Sisters Right
 Before a Cofens, and for it did many fadge to fight.

Northumberland with Armes purſu'd the Ladie *Mary*, and
 Obſeru'd direCTIONS from the Peeres: who when they vnderſtand
 Of *Maries* Strength of flocking Friends, on ſudden came to pas
 That they proclaimed *Mary* Queene, and *Jane* her Prifner was:
 And well was he, that late did ſeeme a Foe, might firſt ſalute
 The Queene, and all vnto the Duke did their Amis impute.
 For, ſoothly, more the Peeres did feare than fauour alway,
 Who, though he ſeem'd as forward now in *Maries* cauſe as thay,
 Yeat was he taken and in-towr'd, and lost his head for this:
 A W arrior braue. But than his Sier, himſelfe, one Sonne of his,
 Like rare Politians ſeldome lin'de: who in three ſeuerall Raignes
 Successiuely did ſhew them ſuch, though loſſe did proue their gains.

The Duke thus dead, *Suffolke, Lord Gray, Lord Gylford, Lady Jane,*
 Were executed. But we blanch the rest excepting twaine,

That

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

That is, Lord *Gylford* and his wife, yong and leſſe worthy blame,
 Because the Dukes their Fathers, all the Councell, all of name,
 Yea and King *Edwards* Patents ſeald for them, not they, did frame
 What ſo was done in this, yeat they muſt periſh for the ſame.
 Who higher then this Couple late? and who more wretched now?
 Of more then much remayned nougat, nor law did life allow.
 Vnhappie Youths, not for they die, but for the muthal greefe
 Of him for her, of her for him, which tortur'd them in cheſe.
 Come was the day, the tragicke day, wherein they both ſhould die,
 When Either, paſſing to their end, ech other did eſpie,
 Shee in her lodging, waiting death prepared her that day,
 And he in being lead thereto her Lodging in his way.
 Aſſending and diſſending Signes then fly and fall apace,
 And each bemones the other more than mindes their priuate cace.
 Their Eies, that looked Loue ere while, now looke their laſt adew,
 And ſtaine their faces, faultles ere this diſmall enter-vew:
 Their Eares, earſt liſtning ioies, are deate, vnlē to ſighes profound:
 Their tonges, earſt talking ioies, thole looks & ſighes did now coſound:
 What parts ſore of them had felt or tasted ioyes ere this,
 Weare ſenceles now of any ioy, ſauie hope of heauenly bliſ.
 Whilſt Either thus for Earthly Pompe no longer time did looke,
 He paſſeth to the fatall Blocke, ſhe praying on her booke:
 Whence (hauing made a godly end) he was return'd, whilſt Shee
 Prepar'd for like, and of her Lord the ſenceles Tronke did ſee:
 A ſight more deathful than her death that ſhould conſort him ſtraiſte,
 And for the which her feareles eies did euery moment waite.
 She vnabashed, mounting now the Skaffold, theare attends
 The fatall Stroke, and vnto God her better parte commends:
 And as ſhe liu'd a vertuous life ſo vertuously ſhe ends.



Mitting Knights, three Dukes, three Lords, also
a Queene ele^t
Then perisht thus, and somewhat some of *Edwards* death suspect.
All which fell out a Stratagem, in God his secret
Dome,
That should induce a Tragedie to *England*
meant by *Rome*:

For when these mighty Protestants, through Ones Ambition, fell,
Queene Mary seem'd to shut vp Heauen, and set wide open Hell.
Whence swarmed papish Tyrants, that false doctrine did erect,
Whilist that seduced *Mary* did Gods threatened cause neglect.
Blameless she was not, for a Crowne that could her Foes ore-goe:
Nor all too blame, for mightie States do and haue erred so;
To Whome the Scriptures weare obscur'd by Chrits *Italian* Foe.
Her courage was not common, yet abused ouer much
By Papists cheefly, She her selfe too naturally such.
Heere hence she is reprooued of a moste tyrannous Raigne,
And of a thrifles Mariage with the trustles King of *Spaine*.

But when rich *Brabant* supreme Faire, the Bakers daughter, staide
The King in dalliance, and the *Queene* had newes that false he plaide.
Tis thought his tarriance greev'd, & told that one should counsel this
Haue patience, Madam, so it was and wil be as it is:
Fourth *Edward* did the like, yet lou'd his *Queene* no whit the lesse:
Nor did the like vnpatient her, that knew him to transgresse
As guiltie of a Leash of Loues, *Shores* wife and other twaine:
She knew as Streams, if stopt, surrownd so Kings wil shew they raign:

As

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

As did our second *Henry*, whome his *Queene* oft crost in vaine.
Whiche, and one other Story, if it please you that I tell,
I shall. Yea doe (quoth she:) Then thus (quoth he) it once befell.

No knownen of *Rosamund*, his eie had stod her in his heart:
Faire Maide, quoth he, beleue me faire and all so faire thou art
That, weare I *Henry Englaids* King, thou shouldest be *Englaids* Queene:
But so must sayle, for *Elenour* already is betweene.
He bod me buy thy loue, if so it might be bought with Golde,
If not, he bod me sweate he loues: in fayth he loues, be bolde:
He bod me aske, if so he came, what should his welcome be,
And if, perhaps, he lated weare if he should lodge with thee:
Protesting secreasie thereofto all, vulesse to me,
With promise to performe at full each promise as I make it:
I promise Loue, Wealth, Secresie, then promise thou to take it.

Content you Sir (quoth *Rosamund*) you aime your markes amis:
I am not for his Highnes, nor for me his Highnes is.
And shoulde he know (I shame he shoulde) of this your Brokage bace,
He would acquaint you what it weare your Soueraigne to disgrace.
Whoso you be, be still the same, or better if you may,
Think not Lord *Cliffords* daughter will vn-maiden her for pay,
But know, if *Henryes* selfe were heere, himselfe shoulde haue a nay.
Then know (quoth he) which being knownen, well maist thou know I
I am the King, and for I am the rather let it moue thee. (loue thee,
In sooth, sweet Wench, thou saiest nay thou knowest not whereto:
For, weare my wish at work, lesse good wy wish than work would do.
What, fearest thou shame? no shame to be beloued of a King:
Or dread'st thou sinne? The Pope for pay absolueth euery thing?
Or doubt'st thou iealous *Elenour*? I will remoue that doubt:
At *woodstock* shall she finde thy bower, but neuer finde thee out:
Theare shalt thou passe a pleasant life, commanding me and mine:
Then lone, beloued *Rosamund*, a King subiects him thine.
He kist, She blusht, and long it was ere loue from her he wrong,

For,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

For, whilst vp played in her heart, it paused on her young.
Not *Sibils* Cauē at *Cuma*, nor the *Labyrinth* in *Creat*
Was like the Bower of *Rosamund*, for intricate and great.
The Pellicane theare neasts his Bird and sporteth oft with her,
Conducted by a Clew of thread, els could he not but err.
Besides her Maydes, a Knight of trust attended on her theare,
Who suffred for her Beautie, long concealing it for feare:
At length at full and formally he courted her for grace,
But all in vain, nought booted him to haue both time and place:
Henry, quoth she, begonne and he shall end my thoughts vncraft:
Nor peach't she him, nor he, dismift, did hold himselfe disgrac'ſt.

The Kings three Sonnes had notice of their Fathers Leiman now,
So had the *Queene*, and they of such coriuall disallowe.
Came I from *France* *Queen* Dowager, quoth she, to pay so deere
For bringing him so great a wealth as to be Cuckquean'd heere?
Am I so old a woman, he so young a wanton growen,
As that I may not please, that pleas'd, and still might with his owen?
What is the Drab, or tempting Diuell? or wherefore doteth he?
The French King once, himselfe euen now, for faire preferred me.
And hath he toyled vp his Game? and settels he to loue her?
Nor Heauen nor hell shall crosse my course but that I will remoue her.
Like *Phrogne*, seeking *Philomel*, she seeketh for and found
The Bower that lodg'd her Husbands Loue, built partly vnder ground:
She entred, but so intricate ware Turnings to and fro,
That welneere she had lost her selfe, but could not finde her Foe:
Yeat out she got, and backe she goes with her Attendants, who
Admire their furious Mistresse, and mislike what she would doe.
With her Confederates oft she went, preuented of her will,
Howbeit lastly did preuaile: For hap did hit so ill,
That whilst the Knight did issue out, suspe&ting no assaunt,
He was assailed, & from his giding Clewe they caught.
So wonne they vnto *Rosamund*: Whom when the *Queen* did view,
Most brauely clad in rich Attire (her selfe more rich of hew)

The

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The beautie and the brauenes of the Person and the place
Amazed her and hers, who stooode at gaze a certaine space.
No maruell, quoth the *Queene*, that oft the Court did mis the King,
Soone such an *Hebe* hither such a *Jupiter* might bring:
Now, trust me, weare ſhe not a VV hoore, or anies Whoore but his,
She ſhould be pardon'd: But in faith I muſt not pardon this.
A *Queane* coriuall with a *Queene*? Nay kept at Racket & Manger?
A Husband to his honest bed through her become a Stranger?
Abide who liſt, aby'e ſhe ſhall, howſo I buy the daunger.

Faire *Rosamund* ſurprized thus, eare thus ſhe diſſuſt,
Fell on her humble Knees, and diſher fearefull hands erect:
She bluſh't out beauty, whilſt the tears diſhawſh her pleaſing face,
And begged Pardon, meriting no leſſe of common gracie.
So farforth as it lay in me I diſ, quoth ſhe, withstand,
But what may not ſo great a King by meaſes or force command?
And daerſt thou Minion, quoth the *Queene*, thus article to me?
That then wert *Non-plus* when the King commenced Lust to thee:
Nay, beſt he take thee to the Court, Be thou his *Queene*, doe call
Me to attendance, if his Lust may ſtand for law in all:
I know it, Strumpet, ſo harps he, and thou doeft hope the ſame:
But loe I liue, and liue I will, at leaſt to marre that game.
With that ſhe dasht her on the Lippes, ſo dyed double red:
Hard was the heart that gaue the blow, soft were thoſe lips that bled.
Then forc'ſt ſhe her to ſwallow downe (prepar'd for that intent)
A poiſned Potion: which diſpatcht, frō whence they came they went.

The wronged Wench, the Quinteſſence of Beautie, and the ſame
(Saue that intiſed of a King) ſtoode free from all defame,
Did forthwith ſicken, ſo that helpe for her miſt none be found,
When to the Knight that garded her, then greeued of a wound,
She ſayd: Weare it that *Henry* knew his *Rosamund* weare thus,
No waightie busnes might withhold but he would viſit vs:
Full well I lou'd and loue him ſtill, that ſhould not loue him ſo,
And for I ſhould not worthely I labour of this woe.

Ah

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Ah Beauty, that betraies thy selfe to euery amorous Eie,
To trap thy proud Possessors what is it but Wantons triē?
Whare-through it seldome haps the Faire from meant deceits to flie:
At least the niceſt Faire aliuē ſhall vaniſh once as I.

Vaine Beauty ſtoupe to Vertue, for this latter is for euer,
Whareas that former alreth with euery Ayre and Feuer.
I pray the Queene of Pardon, whom I pardon from my hart:
Farewell my preſent Friends: But thou, sweet King, wheare ſo thou art,
Ten thouſand times farewel to thee: My God, whome I offendē,
Vouchſafe me Mercy: Saying which, her life ſhe ſweetly ended.

Thus did faire Rose (no longer Rose, nor faire, in ſent, or ſight)
Whome penſive Henry did inter, and ſoone her wrong did right,
The Queene impriſon'd and his Sonnes, rebelling, put to flight:
Thus wrought they ſorrowes to theſelues in wreacking of their ſpight,
Nor lou'd the King thenceforth the Queene, or left to erre anew.

Now reſts our other promis'd Tale, a coomon Tale (if true)
Like leſſe had harmed Elenour, and more may proſite you:
Be bitter and it betters not, be patient and ſubdue:
King Phillip is not gone but to returne, which when he ſhall,
Your Maiefie muſt not exclaime if ſo you would recall:
Impatience chaungeth ſmoke to flame, but Iclouſic is Hell:
Some wiues, by Patience, haue reduc't ill husbands to liue well,
As did this Lady of an Earle, of whome I now shall tell.

CHAP. XLII.

A N Earle (quoth he) had wedded, lou'd, was lou'd, and liued long
Full true to his fayre Counteffe, yeat at laſt he did her wrong:
Once hunted he, vntill the Chace, long fasting, and the heate
Did house him in a peakiſh Graunge within a Forrest great:

Whare,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Whare, Knowne, & welcom d (as the place & persons might afforde)
Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds, & milke were ſet him on the Borde:
A Cuſhion made of Lists, a Stoole halfe backed with a houpe
Weare brought him, & he ſitteth downe beſides a ſorry Coupe. (Perry,
The poore old Couple wiſt their bread were wheat, their whig were
Their bacō beefe, their milk & curds weare creame to make him mery.
Meane while (in Rusſet neatly clad, with linnen white as Swanne,
Her ſelfe more white, ſaue rosie wheare the ruddy colour ranne,
Whome naked Nature, not the Ayders of Arte, made to excell)
The Good mans Daughter sterres to ſee that all were ſeat and well:
The Earle did marke her, and admire ſuch Beautie theare to dwell.
Yeat falſ he to their homely Fare, and hild him at a feaſt:
But as his hunger flaked ſo an amorous heat increaſt.

When this Repaſt was paſt, and thanks, and welcome too, he ſayd
Unto his Oſte and Oſteſſe, in the hearing of the Mayde:
Ye know (quoth he) that I am Lord of this and many Townes,
I alſo know that you be poore, and I can ſpare you pownes,
So will I, ſo yee will conſent that yonder Laffe and I
May bargaine for her loue, at laſt doe giue me leauue to triē:
Who needs to know it? Nay who dares into my doings prie?
First they miſlike, yeat at the length for lucar were miſlead,
And then the gameſome Earle did wowe the Damsel for his bead.
He tooke her in his armeſ, as yet ſo coyish to be kiſt
As Mayds that know themſelues belou'd and yeeldingly reſiſt:
In few, his offers weare ſo large ſhe laſtly did conſent,
With whome he lodged all that night, and early home he went.
He tooke occaſion often times in ſuſh a ſorte to hunt,
Whome when his Lady often miſt, contrary to his wont,
And laſtly was informed of his amorous haunt elſewheare,
It greeu'd her not a little, though ſhe ſeem'd it well to beare.
And thus ſhe reaſons with her ſelfe: Some fault perhaps in me,
Some what is done that ſo he doth: Alas, what may it be?
How may I winne him to my ſelfe? He is a Man, and men

Hauc

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Hauie imperfектions: It behooues we pardon Nature then.
 To checke him weare to make him checke, although hee now were
 A man controuled of his Wife to her makes lesser haste. (cha'ste:
 If duetic then or daliance may preuyale to alter him,
 I will be duetifull, and make my selfe for daliance trim.
 So was she, and so louingly did entertaine her Lord,
 As fayrer or more faultles none could be for Bed or Bord.
 Yeat still he loues his Leiman, and did still pursue that Game,
 Suspecting nothing lesse then that his Lady knew the same:
 Wherefore, to make him know she knew, she this devise did frame.
 When long she had been wrong'd, & sought the foresyd meanes in
 She rideth to the simple Graunge but with a slender Traine: (vaine,
 She lighteth, entreth, greets them well, and then did looke about her:
 The guiltie houshold, knowing her, did with theselues without her,
 Yeat, for she looked merily, the lesse they did misdoubther.
 Whē she had scene the beautiuous Wench (thē blushing fairnes fairer)
 Such Beautie made the Countesse hold them both excus'd the rather.
 Who wold not bite at such a Bait? (thought she) & who (though loth)
 So poore a Wench, but gold might tempt? sweet errors lead thē both:
 Scarce one of twentie that hath brag'd of proffer'd Gold denied
 Or of such yeelding Beautie baulkt but (tenne to one) hath lied.
 Thus thought she: And she thus declares her cause of comming thereth:
 My Lord, oft hunting in these Partes, through travell, night, or wether,
 Hath often lodged in your House, I thanke you for the same,
 For why? it doth him iolly ease to lie so neere his Game:
 But for you haue not Furniture, beseeming such a Guest,
 I bring his owne, and come my selfe to see his lodging drest. (braue,
 With that two Sumpters were discharg'd, in which were Hangings
 Silke Couerings, Curtens, Carpets, Plate, & all such turn should haue:
 When all was hanfomly dispos'd, She prayes them to haue caer
 That nothing hap in their default that might his health impaer.
 And, Damsell, quoth she, (for it seemes this houshold is but three,
 And for thy Parents Age that this shall chiefly rest on thee)

Doe

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Doe me that good, else would to God he hither come no more.
 So tooke she horse, and ere she went bestowed gould good store.
 Full little thought the Countie that his Countesse had done so,
 Who, now return'd from farre affaires, did to his sweet-Heart go.
 No sooner set he foote within the late deformed Cote,
 But that the formall change of things his woondring Eies did Note:
 But when he knew those goods to be his proper goods (though late,
 Scarce taking leaue) he home returnes the Matter to debate.
 The Countesse was a bed, and he with her his lodging tooke:
 Sir, welcome home (quoth she) this Night for you I did not looke.
 Then did he question her of such his Stiffe bestowed so.
 Forsooth (quoth she) because I did your Loue and Lodging knoe,
 Your Loue to be a proper Wench, your Lodging nothing lesse,
 I hild it for your health the house more decently to dresse.
 Well wot I, notwithstanding her, your Lordship loueth me,
 And greater hope to hold you such by queat then brawles I see:
 Then for my duetic, your delight, and to retaine your fauour,
 All done I did, and patiently expect your better Hauour.
 Her Patience, Witte, & Aunswe're wrought his gentle teares to fall,
 When (kissing her a score of times) Amend, sweete wife, I shall
 He said, and did it: And your Grace may Phillip so recall.
 But he (whoso he was) that thus had dubled Tales to cease
 Queene Maries grieve, for Phillips guile, as well had hild his peace:
 Her no perfwading might dissuade from pen siuences of hart,
 Vntill that his Unkindnes in her Deaths-Scene acts it part.
 But howsoere or whatsoere her cause of death might seeme,
 Her death did many a good mans life from Tyrannie redeeme:
 For, as in Passion, so was she in Papistrie extreame:
 And were not the abodement bad at her to end our Theame,
 Our Cattell vnto stronger draughts we should and would vntame,
 But to the Head-land shall our Plough, vnles we breake our Beame.
 Yeat ere we eare to it (for it shall be our Holly-day)
 Of somewhat sayd and somewhat scapt rests thus much by the way.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIII.



BEFORE we toucht (& little els) what Cour-
ses hapt at home,
But now, in few, at forren Acts of Natiue Kings
we come:
Of Brittissh and of English Kings, more famous
than the rest,
This sparing Catalogue ensewes: whose deedes
we thus digest.

* *Aeneas* Off-spring famous Brute did set from Greekisb thrall
Sixe thousand Phrygian Knights: by him did *Guyan Guffer* fall:
He conquering this Ile, his Name vnto his Conquest gaue:
And of his Cornish Cambries men couragious yet we haue.
Yorke Builder Ebranke that subdu'de the Cimbrians and the Gawles,
And built the best of Scottisb Townes, next in our Nomber falls.
* When Brennus and Belynes had Eight spacious Kingdomes wonne,
Had slaine two Consulls, sacked Rome, and matchles Armes had done,
And built ten Cities, best that be in Italie this day,
Those Kinglie Brothers, as must all, their debt to Nature pay.
* Gurginus slew the Dacian King: wonne Tribute: and the same
Gave Spanish Exiles Ireland, whence our Scottisb Nation came.
* Cassibelane did twice beate backe from Brittissh Seas and Shore
The worthie Cæsar, that but then was victor evermore:
And thirdly had preuailed but for Luds revolte Sonne,
When as braue Rennius hand to hand of Cæsar honor wonne.
* Guydar and Aruragus wonne of Claudius Cæsar spoyle:
The former in a second Field did stout Vaspasian foyle.
* When as the wandring Scots and Pichts King Marius had subdude,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

He gaue the Liuers dwellings, leſſe than where they ſince intrude.
* Constantius, wedding Coys heyre, was Monarke of the West,
Who, with this Ilands Scepter, of Romes Empire was poſſeſſt.
* Great Constantine, that worthily a Worthie might be ſaid,
The Brittiſh Romaine Emperour, throughout the world obayd,
He made his Siege Bizantium, that retaines his name ere ſince,
And made (but ſo ynwitting marde) the Priet of Rome a Prince.
* Maximian as Emperiall and as valerous as any,
With Brittiſh armour did ſubdue both Kings and Kingdomes many.
* What ſpeake we of great Arthur, of his Chivalrie or Court?
Preccelling all, ſole President of vertue prow's and port,
A King of many Kings, his Knights in all Exploits were ſeenie,
He was indeede a Worthie, and the Worthieſt of the Neene.
* Fiue Crownes King Malgo prized. * And in Battells fiſtie fiue
Againſt the Miferants valiantly did King Alured thriue:
Rollo (whofe Seede ſhould conquer vs) he hence did brauely beate:
That, mauger Fraunce, in Normandie his Scythian Troopes did ſcaye.
* He that re-monarchiz'd our Ile King atkeſtone did ſlay
Sixe Kings, twelue Dukes, and countleſſe tale of Heathen in one day:
The one of Nyne, his Knight Sir Guy, we touch but by the way:
Omitting other Kings and Knights, too long in few to ſay,
Of Brittissh race a many, and of Saxon Princes ſome,
Whofe blood by Normaine Mixture now is tripartite become:
Or (For, perhaps, from ſuch Conſort the Brutes caſſeerd will be) }
Three blended blouds of Nations three hath giuen vs Natures threc, }
The Saxon proweſſe, Dan ſh pompe, and Normaine Pollicee:
And of the Romanes and the Pichts we are no portion ſmall:
Four of which Nations Scythia bred, we thriuing in them all.

* King William, Englands Conquerour, from Rollo ſixt, with pray
Of twice fiue hundred Townes in Fraunce vn-fo-met ſayld away.
* Henry the ſecond, vpon whom the Scottiſh King tendant was,
(Whiſh Scotts their often ouerthrowes we henceforth ouerpaffe,

Who

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Who to our Kings, Lords Parramounts, not warres but vprores bring)
 Spoylde Fraunce, wonne Ireland, and deceast of Iuda chosen King.
 *Next Lyon-harted Richard he wonne Cypris, Siria, and
 Jerusalēm, debelling quite the Sowldan from his Land:
 He skalde the strong Egyptian Oste, and king'd his Sisters sonne,
 And plagued Fraunce and Austrich for the wrongs they had him don.
 *First Edward made the Turks, Sauoies, the French, & Flemings trēble.
 *The third so nam'd to them and moe did Mars himselfe resemble:
 Whose Knights, in 2. Richards dayes, so tickeld France, and Spaine,
 And parts Lugdinian, that no King but Richard seem'd to rainē:
 Ten thousand were his housholde: Scotch digestes we here disdayne.
 *The fourth and *fifth of Henries were as astious as the rest:
 Especially the latter was the formost with the best.
 *Not yeat Fourth Edwards honor from his Ancestors digest.
 On these doo vulgar Eares and Eyes so brimlie waite and gaze,
 As they distaske our priuate Penne notorious Laudes to blaze.
 Our Catalogue omitteth some for Artes and Iustice good,
 Some natur'de well, aduis'd ill, some worthie Lethe flood:
 Not one fore-cited but deserues at least an Homers Muse,
 Although with Agamemmons Vaile Apelles shifte Iuse:
 But colours to that Painter, Att ynto that Poet none
 So good, to paint and prayse at ful our following Crowns, sauē one,
 Since Tiders Seede, Henry the Seauenth, attiued Englands Throne.

NOt superstitiously I speake, but H.the letter still
 Might be obserued ominous to Englands good or ill,
 First, Hercules, Hesione, and Hellen were the cause
 Of warre to Troy, Eneas Seede becomming so Out lawes.
 Humber the Hunn with forren Armes did fist the Brutes inuaide.
 Hellen to Romes Emperiall Throne the Britisb Crowne conuaide.
 Hengest and Horsus first did plant the Saxons in this Ile.
 Hungar and Hubba first brought Danes that swayed heere long while.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

At Harold had the Saxon ende: at Hardiknought, the Dane.
 Henries the first and second did restore the English Raine.
 Fourth Henrie first to Lancaster did Englands Crowne obtaine.
 Henry litigious Lancaster and Yorke vnites in peace.
 Henrie the Eight did happelie Romes Irreligion cease:
 The Father of our Mother Nurse, our common Ioyes increase,
 Which double H. and H. heere our homely Poemes Lee,
 He saue that salueth all our sinnes: And, God, voutsafe thou me
 A prosperaus Course in sayling through the Ocean deepe and large
 Of her now-Highnes Scepter, for I heere assument that Charge,

P To



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD, SIR GEORGE CAREY
Knight, Baron of Hunsdon, &c.

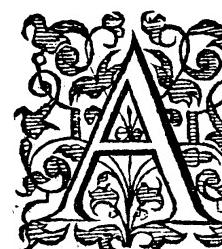
THough late I wright, too soone I wot, I heere Occasion take,
(May this to none, wish I, but me Retreate to Sorowe make)
Both to remember Him we meant our Penn-Lee to re-use,
As to trans-patronize from him to you mine orphant Muse.
Not one aline that shall not die, thrise happie then the same
That, as your Noble Father, shal suruine them selues in Fame.
Both Epitaphes and Elegies his Ghoste hath many an one:
Alas, what can I say not sayde, or more than moend him mone?
Not matter more than much, nor more for truth than matter skante,
Or lesse of Glorie than of both, would to his Poet want:
But, were a Non-plus of his Praise, all were but this in grose,
His Good to his owne Soule is Good, his Death to vs is Losse.
What should I adde his auncient Creasts, and noble Petegree?
Such as that Henrie (Primer of you Hunsdon Barons) bee
Your Lordshippe, to your Countrie, Prince, and such in high Degree:
And such as you, when you are not, succeed the Careys blood
In still-Descents: and than this wish how may I wish more good?
My Syrinx sounded first to you, and may care long anewe:
Byon Meccenas also to this Poete doth enswre.
His had it been, had he yet been, that had the rest, which now
Yeelds bumble yours, if it for yours your Lordshippe shall alowe.

Most humble your Honors,

William Warner.

THE NINTH BOOKE OF
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XLIII.



Vert your eyes and eares, all yee, that enuie her
the fame
Of more renownmed Regiment than our fluent
Thoughts can name.
Yee that conceite such Poemes as more learned
not conceaue,
Reade not the rest, but sylently euuen at this line
doe leauie.

Ridled Poesies, and those significantly flowe,
Differ in eares as doe in mouths the Apricock and Slowe.
Phisitians bylles not Patients but Aopthecaries know:
Some moderne Poets with themselves be hardly inward so:
Not intellectiuely to write is learnedly they troe:
Whereby they hit Capacities, as blind-man hits the Croe.
Nor Those, nor These, feare thou, my Muse, but mildly sing the prayes
Of these our present times, lesse grosse than those of elder daies.
Our world hath made it course that as the Moone doth wax & waine
From gold to siluer, then to iron, and now to golde againe.
Of whose faire-cured Leaprofisic from former twaine to golde,
(For in a Quintessence was all care Gods worlds-curse of olde)
The vndeluding Alcumist is that Elizabeth
Whom English, yea and Aliens, hold a Goddesse on the Earth:
Elizabeth by Peace, by warre, for Maiestie for Milde,
Inriched, feared, honor'd, Lou'd, at wel-meant Toyes hath smilde,
Let then *Mnemosines* controule, as well they may, our Muse,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

We shall such grace wheare we transgresse for Supersedias vse.
Phæbus, thine humbled *Phaeton* this second boone doth aske,
 That thou wouldst giue, and ioynly guide, to, & with me, thy Taskē.
 Infuse *Apollo* too into thy selfe, thy selfe in me:
 Yeat then our mightie Subiect threats will much omission be.
 But what implore I Fictions? that I well employe my penne,
 Eternall God, say thou (which thou all-only canste) Amen.

When *Jupiter* and *Arcas* yong (the Sier, and Sonne) had closde
Saturnus in *Italian* Hell, not to be baylde suppos'de,
 Then *Proserpin*, blacke *Dis* his wife, inlargd the Wrangler thence,
 To vex her Sister, crosse her Siers and Brothers sownd pretence.
 Then she, euen she whom *Cynthia* some, and some doc *Pallas* call,
 (Yt skils not whether, Either's lawdes doe aptly her besal)
 By *Saturne*, *Dis*, and *Proserpin*, giltles molested longe,
 Vato the God y'clip't, I-Am, thus motioneth her wronge.
 O mightiest Mightie, that of nought createest all that is,
 And gauste to Man (thy noblest Worke) him selfe, and all for his,
 And saue Obedience, didst impose on him no other Fine,
 And, disobaying, didst redeeme his Losle with dearest Thyne,
 Which selfe same Thyne, and still same-Oures, I also intercesse,
 For thee professing being wrong'd, to haue at length redresse.
 Scarce this was sayd when thus enfewd, the Three weare rapted hence:
Saturne and *Dis* confinde their Hells: *Proserpin* her offence,
 Growen through Mis-Guides, Veniall perhaps, we censure in suspence,
 And faire, lou'd, feard, *Elizabeth* heere Goddiz'd euer sence.

For me to wreste from *Hercules* his Club as easie weare,
 As in the Ocean of her fame, with choyseſt layles, to beare
 That fraight, y with the *India* wealth may more then much cōpare.
 Yeat how th' *Italian* Feends did freat and hetherto inuaye
 Against thy glory, gracious Saincte, weare ouer long to saye.
 But he that of a Prisnor thee so great a Prince did frame,
 Thy louing, and beloued God, to thee is still the same.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

King Phillips-selfe (so doting on his Pope-created Crewe,
 That, he it suffring, his owne Son and heire those Locusts slew,
 Because they feared he would proue vnto the Gospell trewe,) }
 Euen *Philip*, now that raketh hell for rascal brybed Skomes
 To ridde thee hence (indignities that badly him becomes)
 Once had thee, then not haunting power to doe thee any harme.
 It is the worke of God (let *Rome* vncurſſe, let *Spaine* vn-arme)
 That thou art Queene, to plant his word, when we could hope it least,
 When Ours, & all the Kings had cast their Crownes before the beast,
 When greedely the Preists of *Baal* did for thy ruine gape,
 Thou didſt, vnharmde, the Lyons denne and firie Ouen escape.
 Euen the when Tryumphs were in hand, bells ronge, & bonfires made,
 Because Queene *Mary* of a sonne deliuered was said,
 Euen then, I say, God mortifide that womb, to bring to passe,
 That vnto thee, his Queene elect, no Issue letting was:
 That soone Religion and our Realine might welcome wished peace:
 Maiest thou, the Cause thereof, furuiue long after my decease.
 But if it be his will, to whom are all Euent fore-knowne,
 That Papistrie shall in our Land againe erect her Throne,
 Let *Spaniards*, or what Tyrants els, be Masters heere, so thay
 Take also with our Land our Liues, and tid vs out the way.
 For not they only die, but die in lingring Torments, who
 Fault to their Inquisition, or their Damned Ryties must doe:
 Then better Bodies perish than shold soules miscartie too:
 Of neither which hath *Rome* or *Spaine* remorse, but thrifting Sway,
 Regard not whome, by whom, or how, they treacherously betray:
 How oft haue they, the rest ore-paſt, lubborn'd our Queenes decay,
 By wars, wiles, witchcrafts, daggers, dags, Pope, poysone, & what not?
 To her haue they attempted death, for lieue the Traytors lot:
 Vouchſate, O God, thole lones of thine be neuermore forgot.
 Was neuer any thyued yet that threatened her amis:
 For of anoynted Princes God ſole Judge and Rector is.
 And if Examples might preuaile, then Traytors might perceauie,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

They perissh in their purpose, or but Spyders webbes doe wextie:
And heere occasion aperte that we catalogue awhile,
And unto English Dukes, from first to last, addresse our Style:
Though numbers greater, & as great of power, did prude begyle,
Yeat in this one degree obserue what headding and exile:
Yf then such Mighties lete Gods frowne, shal Meaners hope his smile?

CHAP. XLV.

Edward, surnam'd the blacke Prince, and third
Edwards eldest sonne,
Third Thomas Duke of Norffolke, This did
ende, and That begonne,
From Normaine Williams Conqueste heere of
Dukes the Title hie:
Of fortie feuen, but twentie two a naturall death
did die.
Edward þ Duke of Yorke, that lead fifti Henries Vaward Knightly,
Then slaine at Agencourt with fame, we ouerpasse him lightly:
Nor Humfrey Duke of Gloucester heere catalogue we rightly:
Nor Williams Duke of Suffolke, who, exilde, on seas was met,
And, hated, headed: howbeit sixt Henries Fauoret:
Nor Edmund Duke of Somerset, that Henries loued Peere:
Nor Humfrey Duke of Buckingham, to that same King as deere:
Nor sweet yong Richard, Duke of Yorke, of Glosters kyn too neere:
We also two Plantagenets, both Dukes of Clarence cleere, (heere:
Of which was Thomas slaine in France, George drownd in Malmise,
For though these Eight temembred Dukes deceast not in their beads,
Yeat none of these had traytous hearts that forfeited their heads:
Howbeit, otherwise, of these weare some that erred so,

That

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

That, stomack't for such Errors, did their ends vntimely groe.
Nor was the Duke of Ireland, Vere, in second Richards time,
A Traytor, but a Parasite, which proude no lesse a crime:
He as ambitious, as he was envious, and enued,
Was banisht by the Nobles, and in banishment he died.
Membre of Norffolke (right or wrong) by foresaid Richard was
Exiled, and in Italie did hence to nature pas.

When second Richard was deposde, and Henrie wore the Crowne,
Two Hollands, to restore the one and put the other downe,
Conspiring, weare detected, and at Cercester they both,
Of Excester, and Surrei Dukes, found death in Vulgar wroth.
Richard Plantagenet, the Duke of Yorke, fourth Edwards father,
Sought to depose sixt Henrie, and was heard therin the rather,
For that to him by law Descents the Scepter did acrew:
But they compound, howbeit warres were reard, and him they slew.
John Holland, Duke of Excester, fourth Edwards sentence sleade,
And was long after in the sea suspicuously found dead.
Then Henry, Duke of Somerset, rebelling lost his heade.
Of Edmund, Duke of Somerset, the like is also reade.
So Henrie, Duke of Buckingham, third Richards friend-foe speade.
And that tyrannous Richard, Duke of Gloucester, his Raigne
Vlurped was suppressed, he for blood payd blood againe.
John, Duke of Norffolk, fought, and fell at Bosworth field. His sonne
Duke Thomas, in Eight Henries daies, did heading hardly shonne,
Adiudg'd perpetuall Durance, in Queene Maries raigne vn-donne.
Wolsey, that slye, officious, and too Lordly Cardinall, wrought
(Who could & would effect his wil) that to the blocke was brought,
Eight Henrie raigning, Edward Duke of Buckingham, whose end
That Prelate ioyde, the people moend, because his foe, their friend.
Seimer, the Duke of Somerset, enued more than reason,
By one that came the next to Blocke, though mightie at that season,
Sixt Edward in Minoritie, dide, quit although of treason.
No sooner Marie got the crowne, more liklie to be gon,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

But *John*, Duke of *Northumberland*, beheaded was anone,
Who wrought to set the *Diedeme* *Jane Duddies* heade vpon.
Her Father *Henrie Gray*, the Duke of *Suffolke*, was also
A friend vnto that Faction, & the *Spanishe Wowers*oe:
But by that act he lost his heade, as did too many moe.

In blessed *Queene Elizabeth* her happie Raigne of peace,
The Tragedies, and Tytles too, of *English* Dukes did cease,
Whiche *Thomas*, Duke of *Norffolke*, laste Tragedian, did increase.

All theis weare mightie in their times: yet being Male-contents,
Both they, and hundreds powerfull Peetes, for like found like Euents:
Howbeit of the common wealth none worter did defarue,
Than such as flattered Princes faults, who faulting, all did swarue.
Whiche, in their Pollicie, the States of Hell did then fore-see,
When as they ioyned others, Aydes, vnto the *Furies* three,
Narcissus Shadowe, and the Voice of *Echo*: than which twaine,
How fabulous so-ere it seeme, nought hath or more doth baine:
Wherefore to such as know them not we either thus explaine.

CHAP. XLVI.



Heare *Cadmus*, old Ageners sonne, did reſte
and plant his Raigne,
Narcissus (of his Of spring) thare for beautie
fame did gaine.
His Mother was *Lyriope*, faire *Thetis* fairer
Daughter,
Whome cheefest as the choileſt woude, and
braue *Cepheus* caught her.

Bæotia was the fertile Realme, *Parnassus* Plaine the place
Wher this admited Youth was borne, this Lass- Lad forme and face.

No

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

No Nymph so faire but wisht him hers, howbeit all in wayne:
His selfe-love wrought his selfe-lolle, & his beauty prouid his baine,
Who, proud of Natures plentie, hild all others in disdaine:
Till God, who had created Man the fairest Creature,
(Howbeit but a shadow of his proper Feature,
More differing far than Sun-shine frō the Suns selfe-subſtance pure)

Narcissus ouer-scornfull pride not longer would indure,
But frō his forme, that pleas'd him most, his plague did thus procure.
Asthis same fond ſelſe-pleaſing Youth stood at a Fountaynes brym,
And proudly ſees his shadow there, admiting euery lym,
Echo, an amiable Nymph, long amorous of hym,
But louing, vnbelaoud, now, at leaſt to please her Eye,
Conuaies her ſelſe, vnfene, into a Thicket ioyning by,
And thear, as much ore-gone with loue, as he ore-gone with pride,
She hears, and fees, and would haue pleaſ'd three Senses more beſide,
And nothing more than euery part, thus stealth-ſeene, liked her,
And nothing leſſe, than hidden with vnhiden to conſerre,
For well it had contented then in more then ſight to erre,

Although not meaneley did his ſcorne againſt it her ſtomacke ſterre.
Meane while the Lad (ſuch power hath pride mens ſenſes to ſubdue)
Doats on his Shadow, now ſuppoſ'd to be a Subſtance true:
And laſtly wowes ſo formally in words and gestures ſweete,
That *Echo* found his error: and, he ſaying, Let vs meeete,
Let's meeete, quoth *Echo*, mockingly: whiche, hearing, he with ſpeed,
(Beleuing that his shadow was a Nymph, and ſpake in deed,) Did leape into the Fountaine, wher that Gallant, drowning thus,
Hath left example how like pride may cauſe like plague to vs.

How ſmooth-tongu'd *Eche*, that for him in al, faue voice, did pine,
To quit his ſcorne, baind other Fooles, alike vain-glorious fine,
By ſoothing them, is *Næſſes* tale, no purpose here of mine:
But how *Narcissus* shadow and this *Echos* voyce, though they
Haue long bene dead, haueſt now the World, is it we meane to ſay.

Pluto,

ALBIONS ENGLANDA

Pluto, Minos, Radamant, and all th' infernall States,
Did pytch a Session, to correct Remisnes in debates :
Deuising Orders that ou Earth might more Disorders be.
Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megara, these same three
Weare shrewdly checkt, because it was obiectet, though vntreuly,
That they weare ydle, Hell lackt Guests, and men on Earth waxt ruly.
The hellish Potentates therefore a new Commission framed,
Narcissus ghost, and Echoes voyce, therein of Quorum named.
These twayne, and those three Furies thus; Copartenees, leue Hell,
And diuerly throughout the Earth to Soule-infecting fell.
Leue we those others, labouring their Mischiefes farre and neere,
Whilst Echo and Narcissus are more badly busie heere.
Crab'd Saturne, & too-boystrous Mars, direct those Formers matter,
Soft Venus, and smooth Mercurie, giue Methode to these latter:
Those Furies roughly doe effect their tragicke Taskes, these Twoe
So flycly worke, that sweetly men their proper sorrowes wowe.
Heer-hence our gold-imbaed Worlde in view and valew fayld,
For Echo and Narcissus much in many things preuayld.
Hence is it some of high estate themselves doe ouer-like, (strike.)
Whilst deadlier wound them Echoing tongues than shoud a foe them
Hence, whence dishonorde, some of them beleue of men belyed
Their glozing Groomes, as Tyrants so by them they wrong enued.
Hence oftentimes Authoritie lookes biglier than a Bull,
With Suters poore too sternely quicke, in helping them too dull.
Hence both in preaching, harboring, and humilitie, it is
Some Prelates sooth, be soothed, lead, and they be lead amis.
Hence Lawe, sometimes, as forme of waxe, through new refined wit
Of Judge or Pleador, altereth sans certaintie in it.
Hence Martialists in Discipline and ordering their war,
Lesse happily, the auncient vsse, conceitedly, doe bar.
Hence is it that the Lawyers more after their fluent Tayle,
Than what is right, or whom they wrong, or how they speed, or fayle.
That Lawyer though who more by Art than right doth ouerthroe,
Conscents

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Consents to sinne, deceives the Judge, wrongs Right, is Justice foe.
Hence flattered Gentrie proudly doth degenerat at last:
And some would be beleued such, that of no Gentrie taste.
Hence Cittizens with Courtiers so doe vayne-it for the tyme,
That with their paper Ladders they cuen stately Castels clyme:
Then proudly pricke the mounted Sers, the Harrolds, all to blame,
Will they, nyll they, vrging fees to gentillize their name. (same.)
Hence countie Loues land-lireth their Lords, & Courtiers prize the
Hence worldlings so much studie wealth that they forget the vse,
And drudges-like, pressc out the Grapes, not drinking of the iuse.
Hence arrant Preachers, humming out a common-place or two,
With bad, ill, naught, Pope, pots, play, mhek, keeping a fowle adoe,
Cogging, and cog'd-with, of a sorte of lazie knaies and queanes,
That they be Doltes, and preachto Doltes, will heare it by no meanees.
With those do these (who could they steale the Goose would stick the
The Brownist & the Barrowist, goe hand in hand together. (Fether.)
Hence is the fashion-Founder of new lockes, lookes, bas-le-maine,
And John Devisor in Attire, one Foole in persons twaine.
Hence, more than with our selues our selues, doe Flatterers preuale:
They make vs proude of Virtues, knowinge vs in vs to fayle:
But lesse Man-slaughter hurts, than when Men-soothers say al-hayle.
Though Echo and Narcissus haunte, and hurt, each Sex and State,
(Our States Superlatie except, still one for right and rate)
Year cheefely they with women-kinde preuailed haue of late:
And thus of this two Gossips olde, together met, debate.

CHAP. XLVII.



HE Younger of these widowes (for they both had thysse been so) Trots to the Elders Cottage, hers but little distance fro :
Thear, cowring ore two sticks a-crosse, burnt at a smoakie Stocke, They chat how Yōung-men them in youth, & they did young-men mocke:
And how since three-score yētēs a-goe (they aged fourē-score now) Men, wōmen, & the world, wear chaing'd in all, they know not how. When we were Maids (qd. th'one of them) was no such new-found Yeat seru'd I Gentels, seeing store of daintie Girles beside. (pride: Then wore they Shooes of easē, now of an inch-broad, corked hye: Blacke karsie stockings, worsted now, yea silke of youthfullst dye: Garters of Lystes, but now of silke, some edged deepe with gold: With costlier toyes, for courser turns, than vi'd, perhaps of old. Fring'd and ymbroiderd Petticoats now begge. But heard you nam'd, Till now of late Binks, Perrewigs, Maskes, flumes of Fethers fram'd, Sappotiers, Pooters, Fardingales above the Loynes to waite, That be she near so bombe-thin, yet she crosse-like seem's fourē-squaire: Some Wives, grayheaded, shame not locks of youthfull borrowed Some, tyring Arte, attyer their heads with onely Tressles baire: (haire: Some (grossler pride than whiche, thinke I, no passed Age might shame) By Arte, Vfising Nature, heads of antick't hayre doe frame: Once staching lack't the Tearme, because was lacking once the toy: And lack't we all those Toyes & Tearmes, it were no grieve but ioy. But lawfull weare it some be such, should all alike be coy?

Now

Now dwels ech Drossell in her Glas: when I was yong, I wot, On Holly-dayes (for sildome els such ydell times we got) A Tubb or Paile of water cleere stood vs in steede of Glas: And yeat (which still I beare in mind) for it I schooled was, Euen by an holy Fryer, that espyde me tooing so, Who, softly stealing at my backe, cryde suddenly, Ho, Ho. I, starting, turn'd and saw the Fryer, who, though no dyuell he ware, Yeat, for he was a Fryer, I did for soule or body feare, That is, least this weare pride (whereof I sharply now should heare,) Or that the cockish Cowle-man (none but we alone thare) His ghostly calling layde apart, might carnally appeare: But, meant he well, or mis'd he yll, my Mother comming in, Mends all amys, and soberly the Fryer did thus begin. Yong Damsols, and somtimes (quoth he) old Dotards vnawair, Doe thus offend, whilst thus they seeme vpon themselues to staer: But what they see is not themselues: And then a Tale did tell, How *Eccō* and *Narcissus* weare auuthorised from Hell, That egging, & This acting pride, in Worldings hearts to dwell: And either oft in Mirrors and in Waters beautious seeme, To curious Gazers inn, who those to be themselues do deeeme. Flye glas and water-tooting, Girle, *Narcissus* fall extreeme: Feare flattie too: for Men to Maides be *Eccōs* to subdewe, The Fryer sayd: and all too soone I found his sayings trewe. Yeat then he seemed to haue told a Tale but of a Tubbe, Which three score Wynters-aged Sores euē now, do freshly rubbe. My Parents they weare wealthy, and my selfe in wanton youth, Was fayre enough, but proude enough, so Foole-enough in truth. I might haue had good Husbands, which my desteny withstood: Of three now dead (ah, grieve is drye, Gossyp, this Ayle is good) In faith not one of them was so: for by this drinke I sweare, (Requarrelling the Cup, whose Lippes and it vnperted weare, When th'other Beldamme, great with chat (for talkatiue be Cups) The formers Prate, not worth the while, thus fondly interrupps.

When

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

WHen I (quoth she) the Countrie left to be a *London* Las,
 I was not fayrer than my selfe beleueed faire I was.
 Good God, how formall, prankt, and peart, became I in a trice,
 As if vnto the Place it weare a Nature to be Nice.
 Scarce entred I the Teenes, but that to W^eed my will was hot:
 Yet that be married, and intend to marrie, well I wot,
 The Priest no sooner sayde, but I vpon my typ-toes stand,
 As if that Lesson had concernd my selfe, euen out of hand.
 The same proportion with my heart my groeth nor age did hold:
 Dayes seeming yeares, when I, Vnwead, was sixteene wintets olde.
 And growing was the greene Disease, which men in Maides doe cure,
 When came a Louer, I, (for sooth) becomming full demure.
 For earst I had obseru'd this Arte, Delay giues men Desier:
 Yeat lothe to hurt my haste, and least the Hansell should retyer,
 I was not ouer coye, nor he to warme him at my Fier.
 I'le blab (for why? for it and more that I in youth did doe,
 Long since I passed ghostly shristes, penance, and pardons too)
 Such match we made, that Maide, nor Wife, nor Widowe, left he me,
 But with my Maiden-head he crost the Seas, and farewell he:
 For from my fault could not, as chan'st, the Sommer prole a fee:
 My belly did not blab, so I was still a Mayde, and free.
 It comfort should in losse to thinke we had not once to lose,
 And what we haue as euer to be hild should none suppose:
 But not in me this sentence hild: more eagerly than earst
 I on the brydell byte, as loath to fast that late did feaste.
 Swift gallops tier both man and horse, soone-hot, is soone-cold loue,
 No Man, I meane, Loue-hot as mine, loues as the Turtell Doue.
 And, in good soothe, a Sot is she, that cog'd-with cannot cogge:
 As readily my Loue did gad, as did my Louer iogge.
 Tush, in those times weare no such toyes as Gagate stones to trie,
 By toyfing them in Potions, if a Maide had trode awrie.
 But this was rather currant, yea each holy Fathers lore,
 That therefore Nature sweetneth Loue, that it the world might store.

Which

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Which made me thinke it then a sinne (so tender hearted I)
 Beloued, not to Loue againe, indangring men to die:
 (For so they swore they would, nor then beleu'd I men would lye: }
 Whom now I know Camelions, whil'st to pray on vs they plyc.) }
 Yeat better times were those than these for our auayle, for why?
 Euen for good-fellowship at least then went they roundly to it,
 Now care they loue (if euer loue) sententiously they doe it.
 Who loues not for the Person but the Portion loues no whit, }
 But he that loues for onely Loue, doth reason quite forgit, }
 Say men, and article the Match, leſſe by trew Loue than W^eit. }
 Vngratefull Men, what would yee more than Loue for Loue? than we
 Be close, neat, bountious, bucksome, and our bodies Masters yee?
 Too curious, pettish, ielous, too imperious, too vNSTABLE, }
 Are Men, say W^eomē: but to beat such Fooles with their own bable, }
 As when that I was yong, our Sex is now, troe I, as able. }
 Old doting Foole, one foote in gracie, what prattell I of youth?
 Contrition, not Shrift-pennance cure, if preach our Vicar truth.
 Heere, after little pause, they prate confusedly, I wot:
 Whose talke had often ended, had the Period been the Pot.
 They tould how forward Maidens weare: how proude if in request:
 How brybed, praysed, promisd fayre, men baddest out the best.
 They talked of a Widowes teares, her haste againe to weade,
 He gone forgot, his Orphant wrong'd, she spoyld, an Vnthrift speade,
 They pratteld too of *London* Youthes, how late their headie gaer
 Might haue inuited to a Sacke, wheare they prepol'd no shaer.
 They talk't of times when Beastes could speake, of Foxes, and of Apes:
 Much needles prattel, what through Drinke, and Dotage, them escapes:
 Yeat *Echos* and *Narcissus* Voyce and Shadowe (now as then,
 Working against humilitie, of wantes the worst in men)
 Caus'd them as thus to vſe their prate, and me of this my penne,
 And to these glorious Follies too thos Furies say Amen.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVIII.

HE Monarch of that Continent that doth, in one contayne
 Fiue auncient Scepters (for he woulde the world
 weare wholy Spayne)
 As Castile, Aragon, Nauarr, Granado, Por-
 tugaile
 Be newly nam'd, yea India wheare Castilian
 Powres preuaile:
 These, States in Affricke, Lombardie, Peru, Abores, and
 Both Cicells, Austra, Barbarie, Naples, with Netherland,
 And many other Prouinces, by such ambition gott,
 As giueth his Impresa life to vereifie the Mot,
 Him not sufficing (for it saith, the VVorld sufficeth not)
 Euen he, I say, affecting Raygne in England, Almaine, Fraunce,
 And all Europa, lately did an holy League aduaunce.
 The Pope, Him-selfe, Sanoy, and Guise, therein Confederates chefe:
 Rome wroght by Bulls, Sanoy by Sword, Spayne yeilded Guise releefe,
 Guise did religious Treason act: but all did fayle, in briefe.
 Genoa is vsfacked, Fraunce yeilds Rome small profit, Spayne
 By coste hath loste, England, through God, tryumphant doth remayne,
 Nauar hath meanes to haue Nauar: and, when shall God so please,
 The rightfull heire of Portugale his Empyre shall re-seaze.
 Ye Christian Princes, pittie him, in punishing his Fo,
 That now afflicteth him, and would on you tyrannize so.
 If one selfe-same Religion (if Religion Romistes haue)
 If Natures Line, or Native Lawes, the Pope that so did craue,
 It to haue had possest the Crowne, with Portugales applause,

Might

Might haue preuailed, these and more had helpt Antonius cause.
 But brybed Traytors, fraude, and force, hanc made the Spaniardish,
 That Castile, from a Cronet leapt, thinks many Crownes not much.
 The great Nauarrois, Sampson, stauld the first Castilian King:
 But badly Castile quits his loue whence did that honor spring:
 And from his Line by trecherie the Diademe doth wting.
 So, by what right or wrong so-eare, Spayne cloureth Crownes toge-
 ther aimeth, euen from Portugale, as is supposed, hether: (ther
 Not wanting English, willing to be holpled in that Teither.
 But Traytors, Fooles, & Fugitiues, Whom prouendor doth pricke,
 Ensew your proper sorow, leane vpon that rotten sticke,
 Your kindnes shall not mis, at least, this kindly Spanish Tricke.

When Spaniards and their Partizens eare while should vs inuaide,
 In plotting of that Stratageme in Councell much was said:
 Some of our Queene to be destroyde, of murthering vs some spake,
 Some this, some that, but all of all an altered VVorld to make:
 Least English Papistes, then shut vp in Elie and els-wheare,
 Meane time by vs might lose their liues, some One, by chace did feare,
 Which scruple was remoued soone by one, that well did know,
 Not for religion, but a Realme, did Spayne that cost bestow.
 Our drift (quoth he) a Conquest is, the Profit meant to Spaine,
 Not that the English Papists should be Sharers of the gaine.
 So hope they, but (so helpe me God) our pollicie wear small
 That they should florish, nay, should liue, could we procure their fall.
 Theare be they great alreadie, wheare we only great must be,
 Whom, should they equall, woe to vs when we shall disagree:
 Now that therefore which we cannot with honestie contrive,
 Our Foes shall finish, if of them they leaue not one aliue.
 Thus said he, not gaine-saide: for hang who shall so they may thriue.
 This Maxime hath hild, and good, wheare they haue ouerthrone
 By trecherous Agents, of the same they haue not trusted one:
 Adde, than the Spaniard, prouder and more cruell People none.

Q

Euen

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Euen Cortes,that with cost and Payne, rich India did subdew,
And gaue to Spayne his Conquest,found false Meede for Seruice trew.
So they that wonne them Portugyle, and Naples spead, in few:
And too imperiously doe they, oppresse their Conquests new:
Yeat boast nor perpetuitie, but (Spayne) this Patterne vew.

Caldea priz'd Assiria, and Assiria priz'd the same,
The Medes and Persians both, and them the Macedons orecame,
The Romaines the, that Empier next had France, the Germanes now,
Which onely Title hardly doe the Spaniards them alowe,
Spayne hath Navarre, that once had Spayne, wheare once crown'd wee
And once did Spanish-Irish-Scots vs to subiecton bring, (their King,
We Scots, French, Irish: too and fro thus often Scepters fye:
Yea to Posterities old names of Lands and Peoples dye.

Sicambries, Gavles, Picts, Vandels, Gothes, & Aſtrogothes, known late
In Europ by those names, haue chang'd those names, & Europs State,
And with the Spaniards, part of those, may alter in like rate.
Each Birde shall then remaunde her Plumes, and naked leaue your Iaye,
At least when Phillip shall decease: and why not eare that daye?
For power and proufe lacke Turnus Peere, yet when his Fates with-
Iuturna, no not Junos-felte, could doe him any good. (stooode,
But Godhoode none in Indian Golde, & pope-buld hopes shall mis,
Nor Macedonian Phillips Sonne Castilian Phillip is:
But one who, whilſt he warres for ours, hath lost euē part of his.
Not onely Spayne thinke destinate in Pompe not to impaier,
Our liued long, that breathes, enuied, not eis but odious Ayer:
And (which is monstrously too trew) Religion is pretext, (vext,
W here through the Spanyard and the Pope all Christendome haue
W itnes their Powers, by Land and Seas, that threatned vs er' while:
Or it a word: and note how God did patronize our Ile.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. IL.

He Spaniards long time Care & Coste, invincible surnam'd,
Was now a flote, whilst Parma to frō Flanders hither aim'd,
Like Fleete, of eightscore Ships & od, the Ocean neuer bore,
So huge, so strong, and so compleate, in euery Strength and Store.
Carikes, Gallions, Argosies, and Galliaſſes, such
That seem'd so many Castels, and their tops the cloudes to tuch.
These on the Lizardes shewe themselves, & threaten Englands fall:
But theare with Fiftie Shippes of ours that Fleete was fought withall.
Howbeit of a greater sorte our Nauie did consist,
But parte kept Dyt in the Porte, that might of health haue miste,
Had Spayns Armada of our wants in Plimmouths Hauen wiste.
The rest had eye on Parma, that from Flanders armour thretes:
Meane while Lord Charles our Admiral, and Drake, did worthy Feats:
Whose feareles fiftie Moole-hils bod their trypeld Mountaines bace,
And euē at first (so pleas'd it God) purswde as if in chace:
By this (for ouer-idle seemd to English hearts the Shore)
Our Gallants did imbarke each-wheare, and made our Forces more.
But in such warlike Order then their Shippes at Anker laye,
That we, vnes we them disperse, on bootles labor staye:
Not lacked Pollicie that to that purpose made vs waye.
Ours fyred diuers Shippes, that downe the Currant sent, so skaerd,
That Cables cut, and Ankers lost, the Spaniards badly faerd.
Dispersed thus, we spare not shot, and part of them we sinke,
And part we boord, the rest did fye, not fast enough they thinke.
Well guided little Axes so force tallest Oakes to fall,
So numorous Heards of stately Hearts, fye Beagles few and smal.
Nine dayes together chaſte we them, not astious, saue in flight

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

About Eightthousands perished by famine, sea, and fight.
For Treasure, Shippes, and Carrages, lost Honor, Prisners tayne,
The Spaniards, hardly escaping hence, scapt not rebukes in Spaine.
Well might thus much (as much it did) cheere England, but much
Concurrancie from one to all to stop that common Sore. (more)
Euen Chatoliques (that erred name doth please the Papists) waer?
As forward in this Quarrell as the formost Armes to bear:
Recusants and Suspects of noote. Of others was caer.
And had not our God-guided Fight on Seas preuailed, yet
The Spaniards, land wherefo they could, had with our Armies met.
Our common Courage wisht no lesse, so lightly feard we Foes,
Such hope in God, such hate of them, such hearts to barter blos.
Heere flaml'd the Cyclops Forges, Mars his Armorie was heere,
Himselfe he sheds in vs, and with our Cause our selues we cheere.
But (which had scarrefide our wounds, if wounded, with the Balme
Of her sweete Presence, so applaus'd as in Sea-stormes a Calme)
Her royll-selfe, Elizabell our Soueraigne lawfull Queene,
In magnanimious Maiestie amidst her Troupes was leene.
Which made vs weepe for ioy: nor was her kindnes lesse to vs.
Thinke nothing letting then that might the common Cause discus,
Whare Prince and People haue in Loue a Sympathie as thus.

Howbeit Force, nor Policie, but Gods sole Prouidence,
Did cleare fore-bosted Conquest and behighted Thralldome hence.
He in Sanherib his nose did put his hooke, and brought
Him backe againe the way he came, without performing ought:
He fought for vs, Alonely we did shout and Trumpets sound,
When as the Walles of Ierico fell flat vnto the ground.
Yealeast (for earst did neuert haere like strong Supplies befall,
Like loyall hearts in euerie one, like warlike mindes in all,
Lesse spaer of Purses, more Fore-sight, and valiant Guides to act,
As shewde our hardie littell Fleet that battell never slackt)
Leaste these, I say, might haue been sayd the cause that we subdew'de,
Euen God, to Glorifie himselfe, our gayned Cause purseg'de,

With

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Without our losse of Man, or Mast, or Foe once touching Short,
Saue such as wrackt, weare Prisnors, or but landing, liu'd not more:
And as in publique Praiers we did his defence implore,
So being Victors, publicquely, we yeelded thanks therefore.
Her Highnes selfe (good cause she had) in viewe of euerie Eic,
On humbled Knees did giue him thanks that gaue her Victorie.
Remaineth, what she wonne, what Spaine & Rome did lose in fame:
Remaineth, Popes vfe Potentates but to retrive their Game.

CHAP. L.

F not with minds preiudicate, but holding in sus-
pence

A while the Papacie, that takes and gives so
much Offence,
With singel hearts, and Eics, and Eares, al christi-
an Princes would

Peruse the sacred Scriptures (as in verie deede
they should)

Then might they iustly censure, how in Lowlines, or Pryde,
In Chatitic, or Crueltie, how straitte to God, or wide,
In Doctrine, and in Discipline, Rome hath, and now doth guide,
With still Prouisoes from the Laie the Scriptures light to hide,
Least should (as would, and cleerely doth) their Cousing be espide
Wherby, euen ipso facto, is their Cause against them tride:

The sinne of Pride made Lucifer against God him selfe rebell,
And through that sinne he so seduc't that Adam also fell.
Then plaid he Rex ore all the Earth, except a faithfull Fewe:
Till Christ, incarnate, on the Crosse Synns Kingdome did subdewe.
Then Christ, was powrefull in the world, for Faith had practice righ:

Q. 3

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And what could more our Ghostly Foe then Faith & Practice spigne,
His auncient Stratageme therefore to plant he casts anew,
And by the pride of only Workes from Faith a many drew. (time)
Then were such Honors heapt on Popes, (Worlds) Abiects ere that
That Lucifer him selfe than they presum'd not more to clyme.
Their golden Legend, though not it autentike be in aught,
To vs doth teach a Storie that to them might now be taught.

Theare was a Man of stature bigge, and bigge withall in minde,
For serue he would, yet One thā whō he greater none might finde.
He, hearing that the Emperor was in the world most great,
Came to his Court, was intetaynd, and, seruing him at meate,
It chasc't the Diuell was nād, wherat the Emperor him blest:
VVhen as, vntill he knew the cause, the Pagane would not rest.
But when he heard his Lord to feare the Diuell his ghostly Foe,
He left his Seruice, and to seeke and serue the Diuell did goe:
Of heauen, or hell, God, or the Diuell, he earst nor heard nor carde,
Alone he sought to serue the same that would by none be darde.
He met (Who soone is mett) the Diuell, was intetayn'd, they walke,
Till, comming to a Crosse, the Diuell did fearefully it balke.
The Seruant, musing, questioned his Master of his teare:
One Christ, quoth he, with dread, I mind when doth a crosse appeare.
Then serue thy selfe, the Gyant said, that Christ to serue I'le secke.
For him he askt an Hermit, who aduisde him to be meeke, found,
By which, by Faith, and works of Almes, would sought for Christ be
And how & where, to practice these he gaue Directions sound.
Then he, that skornd his Seruice late to greatest Potentates,
Euen at a common Ferry now to carrie all awaites.
Thus doing long, as with a Child he ouer once did waide,
Vnder his Loode midway he faints, from sinking hardly stayde.
Admiring how, and asking who, was answered of the Childe,
As on his Shoulders Christ he bore, by being humblie milde,
So through Humilitie his Soule to Christ was reconcilde,

And,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And, of his Carrage, Christo-fer should thenceforth be his name:
Then lett this popish Scripture, Popes, at least you Conuerts frame:
Of which Conuerting, Christo-fers yee thenceforth shalbe said:
If not, apply and perish in your Luciferring Traid.
Ye know, I know, that but in Christ may no Redemption be:
So your greate friend, our Garancr, on his death-bed could agree:
But to the Vulgars open not, gainst Rome, that gap, quoth he.
So miserable is your state who, seeing, will not see,
That Christofer, eare Christo-fer, was Atheist lesse than yee.

Well answered once a King of ours the Pope, that bid him free
Two Prelates, terming them his Sonnes: The King seem'd to agree,
But sent their compleat Armor: looke are these thy Sonnes, quoth he,
False Hesket too not falsely spake, reporting lately this,
That such as Papists would seduce, and of seducing mis,
Are marked dead: For he to whom he so did say, feare I,
Earle Ferdinando Starley, so dissenting, so did die,
As other Peeres, heere, and clif-where, haue found the like no lye.
Nor preached he the Pope amis, that did to him appyle
This Tex, to witt: This is the Heire, come on and let him die,
Th' Inheritance let vs inioye: Nought seeke they els, for why?
Those bad be good that giue, those good be bad that Gifte deny,
From Annanias literall fault they Consciences would tye:
These death-eide Basilisques therefore in euerie Seise doe flie.
Be of Religion iumpe with them, in all their Toyes affie,
A Peter-Penny, if withhild, knocks all the rest awrye.
Hell, Heauen, Bulls, Pardons, Pope, and to be Pope, doth mony buy.
Yea, too blasphemous, they incroch vpon the Deitic,
Though of these Lucifers haue been that perish through a Flie.
Each sone against God, how vile so-eare, will Popes with Pardons fit:
Crosse but the Pope, pardon thou him, he will not pardon it.
For Faith his common Plea is sword and fire against his foes:
But who, but fooles, beleue that Faith exacted is by blos.
Than those thrie Mighty Emperors, Fift Charles, with Ferdinand,

Q 4

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And *Maximilian*, with the Pope did none more partiall stand:
Yeat suffred they the Consciences of Protestants in peace,
But *Philip*, nor the Pope will now their *Inquisition* cease:
Though Either suffre *Leres*, and *Stewes*, because of Gaines increase.



CHAP. LI.



His *Spanish Inquisition* is a Trappe, so sylyc
sett, As into it Wise, Godly, Rich, by Blanchers
bace as fett. Direct or indirectly then to answeare all is
one: From those *Inquisitors* escape but verie fewe
or none.

Euen so by racking out the ioynts, or chopping off the heads,
Procustes fitted all his Guests vnto his iron beade.
Ave Maria, Credo, and the *Pater noster* say,
In Latin, els they pannce thee, and take thy goods away.
Nay, these though said, bothe say and doe as they, yeat all for nought,
They will exact by Torture what thou thinkest, and hast thought,
Of Masse, the Pope, & Popish points, til in the Lapse thou fall:
Then, Mercie God, amongst those men no mercie is at all:
A bloodier Law vsde bloodierly was never heard or shall.
Tormenting men vntill they gesse by whom they are acus'de,
Which gesse, it against themselues for Euidence is vs'de:
As who would say, so be it must, because it so is mus'de.
Phillip, abusively seduc't, and *Worlde-deceiving Pope*,
Peruse all Lawes, enen *Paganisme*, past vnder heauens coope,
And rightly pondring thos with this, the speake your thoughts indeed,

Was

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Was not your *Draco Sathan* that himselfe could thus exceede?
Here adde for badde we might your League, if That of This had need.
O happy and thrise happy Realme of ours, and other Lands,
Whare touching death by Clergie doomes, the Pollicie withslads.

Then freated *Paule*, Pope *Paule the Third*, when *Peter* came in Plea:
No Maruell, *Luther* preached gold, and glorie from his Sea.
But, see an helpe: *Ignatius* then conceited had his Sect,
And crav'd Confirmation of the Pope, which *Paule* did then reicte.
But when he heard that Orders vowe might cheefly him auayle,
Them *Iesuistis* he incorporates: nor they his Pope ship fayle:
But for his onely Doctrine are Apostles, and as trew,
As to the Diuell the deadly-Sinnes to Popes this Order new.
Yeat these be those are vnder-hand deceiu'd whilst they deceave:
Witnes the Gallowes, wheare for most they end those webbes they
For vnadvised are, me thinks, our *Iesuistis* in this, (weave.
In Cell-life since so strict, and here they hanging seldom mis,
That, for Applause at least (although eu'en so weare basely badde)
They change not Treachers vnto them to whom from vs they gadde.
But better course than either weare secure at home to staye,
And theare with loyall hearts attend what Subiects should obaye,
Whare no tyrannizing is ore the Conscience, though it straye.
And Men of ciuill Carriage, though in bodies not employde,
Win good Report, they shifstles shame that with their Home distroyde.

Young English Fooles, for cause too trew, we pittie you in deede:
First for ye are our Countrymen, then for that ye proceede
Gainst Scripture, Lawe, and Nature, and Fooles palpable, in that
Ye note not how your Follies make our English Foxes fat:
Allen at Rome, Others els-wheare, that live hand-ouer-heade,
By tasking you to broach those Faultes for which themselues be feade.
Whilst these lie burrowed, safe frō skath, mongst you adoptiue Cubs,
They doe obserue the pregnante witte, whom Discontentment rubs,
Of Atheist, factious, desprate, or vaine-glorious, him they schoolc,
And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And then transport to *England*, theare to play the dangerous Foole :
 Seducingly insisting on performance of their vow,
 That doth Rebellion, Regicide, and breach of Othes allow.
 Though *David* knew his Soueraigne *Saul* disfauored of God,
 And might haue kild, and then bin crownd, such bin his soule for-bod.
 Which of the Patriarks, Prophets, or Gods People, whilst they satu'd
 Euen *Ethriks*, traytrously vnto their owne Affections caru'd.
 But thus do ye, nay worser, for your Darnell giddeth so,
 As Gods Annoyted and Belou'd ye censure for his Foe :
 But woorst of all, by murtring her to merite Heauen yetroe.

Put case the diuylis Act were done, to scape yea lacks your Charter,
 And dead with Tormëts, not the pain, but cause, doth make the Marter.
 Say that the Pope lacks Malice, Say your selues doe loue the State,
 Too grossly yeat your Doctrin faults in things of greatest wate.
 Whiche your Absurdities do out Diuines confute, I wot:
 Ye say his Popeship cannot erre, We proue ye erre in, Not.
 Not in the Sacrament that Christ is reallly we hold.
 Your Transubstantiation we iustly haue controld.
 Yours for the Liuing and Deceast Propitiatorie Masses,
 And Purgatorie, shold we graunt, ye might conclude vs Asses.
 Your Worshipping of Images, and Inuncating Saints,
 And Supererogation, vs with your Defects acquaints.
 Besides the Supper of our Lord, and Baptisme, we reie &
 Moe Sacraments: Howbeit ye Fiue other doe erect :
 As Confirmation, Penance, with Priest-Order, Marrage too,
 And extreme Vnction. Ouer more too much applause ye doe
 Works Meritorious. Of the Cup the Laye ye do bereave:
 And of translated Scriptures, so, vnspied, to decaue.
 Dirges, Vowes, Indulgences, Confession in the eate,
 Dislodging Subiects from the Faith they shold their Princes beare,
 Dispensing with the Scriptures, for Revenge, to please, or gaine,
 Your Pardons, Pilgrimages, and your halowed Paltries vaine,
 Pope, and what-so is Papistrie, well may we call profaine:

Ambitious

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Ambitious *Rome*, that for thy Pompe not sparest Soules to baine.
 Once weare thou truly Catholique, corrupted foully now,
 Not ouited quite the Church, A Sparke in her we thee allow :
 And wish thou weare, as then thou weare, when as the Fathers good,
 As touching Anti-christ, and whence, in both mis-vnderstood.
 No Martiell, euen to *Daniels*-selfe in Mysterie it was :
 And dye did those good Fathers ere that Scripture came to pas.
 But now, who so can Anti-christ but etymologize,
 And knowes the Pope and *Rome*, the Place and Man of sinne descries.
 Sheep-clothed Woules, Christs *Pro-contra*, the Popes haue bin & be:
 No place but *Rome* for Anti-christ, none but the Pope is he.

CHAP. LII.

But humaine Purenes none is such, but it to erre
 is knowne:
 Thinke not we labour here your Faults, and o-
 uer-leape our Owne.
 For in the best of men the Flesh and Spirit com-
 bat still:
 One thing the Spirit, and the Flesh the contrarie
 doth will.
 We Vertue praise, but practise Vice : possessed we ale we fye,
 And tract off woe. At Heauen we ayme, but with a worldly Eye.
 Our selues we loue, yeat than our selues we haue no croser Foe.
 For peace we warre, a peruerse warre that doth our selues ore-throe.
 At once we burne, and are key-cold. We seeme to stand that fall:
 To heale that hurt. We brag of bad. We dye ere death doth call.
 We triumph while we are subdude. We blisse our proper baine.
 We gladly doe subiect our selues vnto each giddie Vaine.

Our

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Our gadding Thoughts conceite the Cloudes, our selues meane while
 Our Nay is Yea, our Yea is Nay: we will, and then will not. (for got,
 Our Soules like this, our Flesh lusts that. As *Proteus* changeth, so
 Doe our Affections: and our Thoughts be shifting too and fro.
 Euen *Hydra*-like we flesh our Faults: our Mindes doe wauer still.
 Our selfe-Conceits be winged: and we flie from good to ill.
 Our Peace with Discorde breedes our woe: the Contrarie our Ease.
 We neuer doe but plague our selues, whilste that our selues we please.
 We would be we, as if not we. Vs Plentie maketh poore.
 We, partiall, blame, inable, and disable vs eremore.
 All these, and wilfull Saines besides, to vs with you and all
 Too common we confess. But of our Doctrine speake we shall.
 Propitious beto vs, O God, that Faith haue practise too:
 Which we omit as Publicanes, as Pharsies ye doc.
 Our Doctrine though is Gospell, yours Traditions but of Men:
 Enongh of Yours: Examine Ours by Touch of Scripture then,

Vpon the onely Scriptures doth our Church Foundation lay:
 Let Patriarchs, Prophets, Gospell, and th'Apostles for vs say:
 For Soule and Body we affirme, are all sufficient thay:
 Yeat ye adde Canons, part corrupt, some Bookes ye quite denaye.
 We by the Hebrew, and the Greeke, their primer Pennes, expounde
 Each Scripture, by the eldest Clarks, whē doubtful Textes be found:
 Not by the Latin onely, as ye would that all weare bounde.
 So farforth yeat the Fathers and the Councells we approue,
 As doe their Expositions tende to sincere Faith and Loue.
 Els fully Scriptures, in themselues, explaine themselues, say we:
 If searched with that humble Spirit by which they written be:
 Through which is ofte from literall speech a spirituall sense set free,
 Vpon which sense the Catholique Church did, doth, and must agree.
 Nor doth our Church admit, at least allow, of those in her,
 That teach not Faith sincerely, winne to Heauen, from Hell deter,
 That with new Glozes taiote the Text, or such as be vntreade

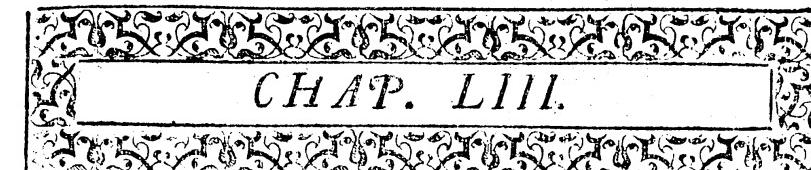
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

In that sweete Promise of the Seede shoulde broose the Serpents head:
 The Alpha, and Omega, of all Scriptures, and whereby
 Of grace, through faith in Christ, our Soules reviue, and Sin doth die:
 Our Church affects, how so effects, such pure Theologie,
 And Guides, and to our Naturall Prince, graunts sole Supremacie.
 Gods Cou'nant with the Patriarchs, and extending to the Seede,
 Vs Gentiles to coequall is a Primate in our Creede:
 And Christ we know the ende of it. In Circumcisions place
 Is Baptisme. And intirely we the Tables Two imbrace
 Which God himselfe in *Synai* wrote, and gaue to *Moses* then, }
 To publish to the people, Two Commandements in Ten:
 Scriptures *Idei*, couched in our Loue to God and men. }
 Th'Apostles, *Athanasiian*, *Nice*, and *Eizain* Creeds we hold
 Autentick, by the holy Spirit in sacred Writ inrowld.
 One Godhead of three Persons, in coequall Maiestic,
 Doe we beleue: of whom the Sonne did for Beleueers die: }
 The only Ransome that redeemes from *Sathans* Tyrannie: }
 Euen Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life, not crooked, glozed, fraile,
 But right for Rule, in Promise firme, in Guerdon near to fail: }
 Who to reproue the bad, approue the good, and to assure
 The Wau'ring, and against the Diuell our safetie to procure,
 Did, gilties, die, that we, lost Soules, might liue: naught els did make }
 That he, his Deitie adiorn'd, did humaine Nature take: }
 Nor, glorifie, disclaimes he vs, vnles we him for sake: }
 And what is fruitles Faith, but such *Apostasie*? and what
 Ensues *Apostasie*, but to be doomed Dam'd for that?
 No Doctrine, or Traditions, we hold currant, saue the same
 That Gospell, or th'Apostles Acts, or Pennes, include or name.
 Baptisme, incorporating vs in Christ, and vs in one,
 Christs mysticall last Supper, whear in Signe his death is knowne, }
 Be Sacraments, except which twaine, doe we accept of none.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

By only Christ our Aduocate we to the Father pray:
 Nor thinke we Saints deceased can our Sutes to him conuay:
 Howbeit still most reuerently of Saints we think and say.
 Vnecessarie Burthens, on our Christian Freedome laide,
 Contrarie these, that but beleefe, and vertuous life perswaide.
 Yea only Faith doth iustifie, say we, of Gods free grace,
 By Christ: nor Faith is idle, but doth Charitie imbrace.
 Who may, but will not helpe doth hurt, we know: and curios thay.
 That, dribling Almes by Arte, disband wel-Meant frō wel-Dons pay:
 And he that questiōns Ones distresse, and doth not helpe indeuour,
 Than he that sees, and nothing sayes, or cares, is leſſe Deceiuour.
 Then hope we health when sinne is felt repentantly in heart:
 Adde then new life, and we to God, God doth to vs conuert:
 Thus Peter vsde his Keyes, not thus play Popes S. Peters part.
 For Cleargie-men, and Laye, our Church hath godly Discipline:
 Lawes worthie better than sometimes are thoſe the Lawes define.
 Our Princes in their Policies and Lawes doe we obay:
 Though God his Cause they ſeek to crosse, yett we for the do pray,
 In patience, not peruerſe Attempts, for better times we stay.
 Not as denide, but as deuout we doe and ſhould abstaine
 From Meates euē meete, the proude Fleſh frō ſins excefſe to waine,
 Whiche, ſhuld we ſkāt, & yet be dronk with luſt or like were vaine:
 Saue also publicque Policie doth publicque Sparinge craue,
 In Faſts or diſferences of Meates, no other keepe we haue.
 Almes deedes, and workes of Charitie we practiuely profeffe,
 And follow Saints as they did Christ, & leaue wheare they trāſgrefſe:
 Such, and ſo much, as ſayd, are we: forgiue vs, God, if leſſe.
 For godly though Religion, Prince, and Policie they are,
 Yeat things, that of themſelues be good, abuse brings out of ſquare,
 And ſundrie Faſts in fundrie Folks we ſometimes muſt forbare:
 Howbeit with best gouernd States our State may now compare.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.



CHAP. LIII.

AWife man liuing like a Drone, an old-Man not deuout,
 Youth disobedient, Rich-men that are Charitie without,
 A shameles Woman, vitious Lords, a Poore-man proudly stout,
 Contentious Christians, Pastors that their Function doe neglect,
 A wicked King, no Discipline, no Lawes men to direct,
 Are Twelue the fouleſt Faults that do all Common-wealtheſt infect:
 In moſt of all which Twelue erres not, or muſh in any one,
 Our State, respecting this, of ſome, Lawes not abuſed none.
 Our God-bleſt Queene, Palladium of our happy publicque Weale,
 For worth ſo farre beyond all words, we one only touch in zeale.
 No Realme than ours hath wiſer Lawes, for every Right & Wrong:
 Nor is through Meed, or Meanes, the Weake betrayed to the Strōg,
 Though of vn-Quaifed Judges ſome is ſung another ſong.
 But who the Person, not the Cause, reſpecteth, hath forgot
 The Creator of Persons, who and Iuſtice differ not.
 A Councell watchfull for the State, Our Benches every wheare
 Supplide with Judges learned, iuft, and ſuch as God doe feare.
 Winke here and there at Auertice, Incharitie, and Pride,
 And better Cleargie than is ours not Europe hath beside.
 Say me, who can, whether Extreame hath harm'd Religion more,
 That old of theirs too prodigall, or This of ours too poore?
 Then Giuing gaue too slack a Raine, now Gleaning curbs too ſore.
 By Slauerie and by Symonie now Church-Preferment comes:
 Like Nabal and to Helies Sonnes get Church-men vp their crōmes.
 Too

ALBIOS ENGLAND.

Too much, too little, or a meane, sort out alike, we see,
House-keeping, nor Humilitie, in any of the Three.
Be hospitalious, Churchmen : Lay, ceale sacrilegious sinne:
Your Soules-lore, but their Stores-salue, whence, euē whiningly, they
By pinching from the Pulpit, and their Purse, with this note, (winne,
Scarfe will their Studies stipend them, their wiues, and Children cote.
And verely it is a fault, and maimed Learnings Foe,
That Church-Possessions should amongst the Laye be shared so.
And verely it is a fault, if so the Cleargie liue,
As theirs to take be thought no Sinne, nor Meede to them giue.
Almighty euerlasting God, which only work'st great wonders,
Amend such Pastors, and vnite thy Flock that *Sathan* sunders.
No one thing quailes Religion more than foundring Presbytrie:
Each Spot, impugning Order, saith, and doth his Fantasie:
Our Booke of Common prayer, though most sound Diuinitie,
They will not reade, nor can they preach, yeat vp the Pulpet towre,
Theat making tedious Preachments, of no edifying powre.
O learned Seers, whose good liues and Doctrine doe agree,
(Not barren is our Land of such) heer-hence yn-meant are ye:
To you, in Reuerence and Reward, may nothing wanting be: (free:
Tis only wisht your work from Dots, your Hiues from Drones were
Tis wisht in These, in Fugitives, in Papists, and (more bad,
Whom to perswade to reason, were with reason to be mad)
In Calophantick Puritaines, amisse amendment had.

These Hypocrites, for these three Gifts to their *Lauerna* pray,
Iust to be thought, all to beguile, That none their Guiles bewray:
Their Arte is fayning good they want, and hiding bad they haue:
Their Practise is selfe-praise, of praise all others to depraue.
On Loue, say some, waites Ielosie, but Ielosie wants loue,
When curiously it ouer-plus doth idle Quarrels moue.
Best Puritaines are so ore-zeal'd: But should I terme the rest?
Inhospitalious, Mutinous, and Hypocrites the best,

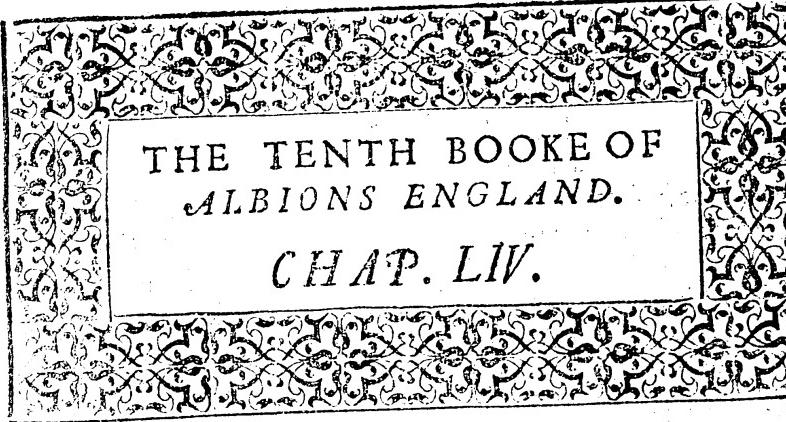
Insociable,

ALBIOS ENGLAND.

Insociable, Malepatte, foxing their priuate good,
Exiling hence wel-neete al Troth, meete Sports, & Neighbourhood, }
Learnings Foes, contemptuously by them be Lawes withstood,
Self-pleasers, Skorners, Harlots, Drones, against the Haire in all:
Of their extreame, whence Atheisme breeds, be warning *Hackets* fall.
If euer *England* will in ought preuent her owne Mishap,
Against these Skommes (no terme too grosse) let *England* shut the gap:
Their giddie heds gaue colour first that *Spayne* gainst *Flaunders* arm'd,
And thē their Countries Foes they helpt, & most their Country harm'd.
If Hypocrites why Puritaines we terme, be ask't, in breefe,
Tis but an Ironized Tearme, good-Fellow so spells Theefe.
Well-working single-hearted Men in silence (such be some)
Will not apply, but saintish, not in Deede, but by the Dromme.
To Vnion that our stablisht Lawes for publike Prayer ties
Not all, is wondred, and offends obedient Eares and Eyes.
The rather, for knowne Humorists, Sots, noted Mal-Contents,
Here innouate: and each one to a diuers Sect conuents,
Too much irrecurrent, in, and to, the Church and Sacraments.
But leauing these, retier we to ill-drifting *Rome* and *Spayne*,
Whō doth our *Qucene*, next vnder God, frō *Eurōps* Spoyle detayne.

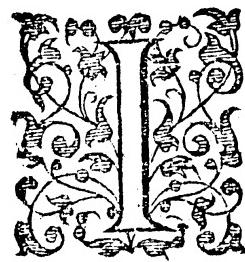
R

THE



THE TENTH BOOKE OF
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. LIV.



N Scotland, France, & Netherland, whilst Philip, and the Pope,
Did Swordes, and ciuill Tumults broach, of pri-
zing them in hope,
Her Highnes, through the highest Power, in-
abled was to ayde
Those Countries, to defend her owne, and Philip
ips to inuayde.

Of Scotland first, and then of France, and Belike shall be saide:
When first of other things shall be this short Remembrance made.

It is a saying autient (not autenticall, I win)
That who so England will subdew, with Ireland must begin.
Imagine Stukelies onely name includeth all that's ill:
He forging worth, and to our State Malevolent in will.
Of bounteous Pensions was therefore possest in Spayne long while,
Vntill (for it a Nature was in Stukelie to begile)
The King, whom he had cozen'd long, him purpos'd to exile.
Then for the Pope the Fugitiue a welcome Agent was:
(For nothing ill, iight worke ys ill, hath Spayne and Rome let pas)

Of

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Of him he had an Armie, that for Irelands Conquest sayles:
When through a fight in Barbarie that Expedition fayles.
But how had guildes England then deseru'd such hostile Spight?
Her Rebell why relieued they? why arm'd they him to fight?
Why did? (why doe I aske that know the Spaynards ambitious,
The Romaine Prelate pompious, and, which more is, auaricious?)
Why did, I say, Pope Pius Bull, and Gregories Calfe disqueate.
Our Sou'taigne, and her Subiects, that did neuer them mis-treatre?
Vnles for Princes to giue Lawes to theirs be to offend
Proud Spayne, and Rome: if so, as so, let God the Quarrell ende.
What else had England done, whē they did foster there, with more,
Our Traytor Mooreton, sent from them to stirre an here-Vprore,
Which cost the North, two northerne Earles, and their Consorts full
He whispring, how that Bull had made Anathema our Queene, (soret
Depriu'd her all Authoritie, discharg'd her Subiects cleene,
Blest all her Foes, curst all her Friends, left England Anies praye,
And all for damned that did ayde or her in ought obaye.
So arrogant, malitious, and mischievous is that Bull,
That Belzebub, the Prince of hell, appeares in it at full.
Why sent they it by Felton to be bishoped at Paules?
Why fe'd they Fitz-Morrice, that in Ireland marshall'd Brawles?
Saunders, that false seditious Priest that fortified theare, (bearē?
Why march't hec with their Ensignes? Why did they those charges
They shooke our Hiue, & forst vs forth to sting the when they fee'd
False Desmonde, and the Rebell now, that as the rest shall speede:
For God against all Traytors hath assured wrath decreede.
These Sturres, and more in Ireland, and a many Treasons heere,
Hauet they abettet, to the King of Catholikes full deere.
More than his paper Pellets too the Pope hath been at cost:
His Alchumie, a dram to win, a pound of Gold hath lost.
Was it for loue they did ere Receptacles for Ours?
Or so by schooled Treacheries to adde vnto their Powrs?

R 2

Their

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Their *refusets*, our *Iudasses*, act so remore from Loue,
As Faiths Relaps, Rebellion, and to Rege-cide they moue.
Story, infatiate of the blood of Martyrs, and a many
Blood-thirstie Priests, bloodier than whom nor hath nor might be any,
Tutting their Naturall Princes death, and Ruine of our State,
Doe they, and then did nourish, when twixt vs seem'd no debate.
That *Spanisb-Jewisb Atheist*, and Lop-heauie-headed Leach,
(Vnworthy a Physitions name) fowle *Lopas*, we impeach,
And *Parrer*, that aspyring Knight, hence brybd for duties breach:
Hence haue been poysned of our Peeres, whom Bribes could not ore,
But what are these, and more than these, to it the *Guizian Scot*, (reach.
Fatall to Seas of blood, and to her owne by earned lot,
Did with our Foes against our State and Soueraignes life complot?
Wherin King *Phillip* and the Pope especially weare hot.

Here, but in Reuerence of her Sonne, an happie Prince in all,
Religion, Peace, his Subiects Loue, of Emperie not small,
Precelling his Progenitors, a Iusticer vpright,
Yea ouer-long it weare we should Particulars resight,
How Nature, Wit, and Virtue, decke his body, words, and minde,
Or, if his Fames Deminatue in any thing we finde,
It is but part of Maiestie, through Puratizme declynde,
Yea, if for him, whom (and deseru'd) we haue so firme a frend,
It might, I say, be spoke, not thus of *Marie* should we end.
Her Fauoures vnto *David Rize*, offensine to the King
His Highnes Father, but for him in Storie would we bring,
With hers, and *Bothuels* double wrong to Eithers married Bead,
How they wrought *Paricidie*, how the treacherous Couple wead,
How odious to their Owne, with hard escape of liues they fled,
How, since our Prisnor, blood she sought, & much through her was
Yea all that *Buchana* doth wright should largely here be read. (shead,
Yeat not her Infancie should be vpbraided with the blood
Of many thousand slaughtred Soules, when periur'd *Scots* withstoode
Her

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Her Marriage with Prince *Edward*, which Eight *Henrie* swore therto,
When they esteem'd vs Hereticks (so Papists Oathes vn-doe,) {
But, for th' aforesaid Reuerence, touch we but Hers and Her,
That, indirectly, heer did her abortiuе Clame prefer.

CHAP. LV.

 Ing *James* the fourth, that sayld his faith, and lost
for it his life,
Had *James* the Fist, by *Margaret*, our Daugh-
ter, and his Wifte:
Fist *James*, through Melancholy ends, for Ours
against him good chance,
And left this *Marie*, whom the *Scots*, an Infant,
wead to France:

Thus, from Seventh *Henries* Daughter, she her Title did aduance,
But howsoere by blood, or by our Lawes, she here could claime,
Tis sure, too soone, and treacherously, she did preferre the same,
And first and last vnto our Queene her selfe a Foe did frame.

Our *Marie* was no sooner dead, but that her *Guzards* arme,
And into *Scotland* Locusts-like in her Pretext did swarne:
Whilst she, in *France*, did vndertake our toyall Armes and Stile:
Behoo'd therfore our Queene to stand vpon her Guard meane while,
Lord *William Graie*, our *English Mars*, not Martiall more than wise,
Did with an Armie hence pack thece our dāgerous Neighbour *Guise*:
Nor died few of Either part, whilst *Marie* thus would rise. (misd.)
Since when the League did oft her Right, with wrong too much, sur-
Of Cōquests *Spayne*, of Cōverts *Rome*, our Queene doth cheefly bair,
Gainst her therefore they chiefly wrought Conspiracies and Warre:

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And not for *Maries* Title, or her any virtuous Giftes,
Thinke that they her inleagued, but from her to plot their Driftes.
Her selfe meane while, false Paradi'zd, besybbing *A/eps Croe*,
Vain-glorious through the Foxes gloze, did eade her song in woe.
Sufficeth what is said before, to shew wherefore she sted:
Here was she taken, whom if *Scots* had taken, had been dead:
Put vnder Guarde: and so was meete should one that quarrelld Ours,
And not her selfe alone, but had Abbettors forren Powrs.
Yeat Princely her Allowance, and more stately, as is sayde,
Than had she been in *Scotland*: nor was Libertie denayde
Ot Hauking, Hunting, and Disports: that, had she been content,
Her merriest and securtest daies a Prisoner she spent.
Scotlana, though labourd of our Queene, would not recejue her, and
Such Treacher, though imprison'd here, prou'd she to either Land,
That death awaited her at Home: and had we let her goe, (throe-
She was the Leagues shot. Anchor might our Queene and State o're.
Percie and *Neuell*, auncient Earles, This yet in *Spanish* paye,
(Though baceily ill, too well for him his Countrie would betray)
That other headed, both her Wreckes, wee touch but by the way.
With that succeeding County, who concurring with his brother,
Once pardon'd, still conspyred and (Lawes Progresse so to smother)
Dispatcht himselfe: *Page* and moe, like guiltie as those other, (ther,
Whole faultes & falls had *Rome* & *Spayne* their Father, her their Mo-
Omit we. *Norfolk*s House, from first of *Howards* made a Prince,
Though fauor'd of the Commons, haue defected euer since.
As *Absalom* vs'd Curtesie but as Ambitious smoake,
Last *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk* so did his aspyring cloke,
Whō promis'd faith once fre'ed, but that promise soone he broke:
Him for Confederate with those Earles, rebelling, Prooferes did touch:
And with this *Scottish* Queene that he Intelligence had much:
Her Marriage that he closely sought, and her Escape pretended, (ded:
And in her Right, had sadg'd their wrong, her Highnes Raine had en-

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Of Rising neer to London, and to take it Plots they layde:
From Netherland the *Spaniſh* King had promised them ayde:
From Scotland into *Speyne* should be the Infant-King betrayde:
Ireland meane-while with aduerſe Armes should also be ore-layde:
And hereof, to, and fro, the Pope, weare Letters still conuayde,
All which, and more, direſtly prou'd, he, pitied, lost his head:
Nor ought his death, from being ſuch, did stand his Sonne in ſteade.
So hardly finde we Great-men in their Greatnes ſatisfide,
Or for their Greatnes, not to be of other Men enuide.
But what is All to thofe haue All, when but in Trifles croſt,
Disgrace, or Greefe, or Grudge, vn-queate no leſſe than all weare loſt?
Conclude we then, all Riches, Forme, Pompe, Worlds-Applaufe, but
Conclude we then, to Monarchize is to cōmand the minde. (Winde:
*T*hrockmorton yeat, more priuie and more praetizing than thofe,
With her, *Mendoza*, Papists here, forren, and Land-leapt Foes,
Did Mischiefes that impted more our praetiz'd State diſclose.
But when of *Parry*, *Babington*, and their Attempts I thinkē,
With whome this *Scottiſh* Lady in their bloody hopes did linke,
All foſead Praetices ſeeme then Epitomies to it
Whereto these folliall Traytors did themſelues and Senses fit.
Our Centinels, almost too late, the Larum bell did ring,
Yeat hardly then to arme her ſelfe our Generall they bring:
The Queene of *Scots* frō Ours almoſt her Crowne & life had priz'de,
Eare to preuent the ſame ſhe would, by audience, be adiuſ'de.
When gentle Durance might not ſalve that Daunger, did remaine,
(Which God, and Nature tolerate) ſlea rather than be ſlaine:
To which our Parliament aduiſ'd our Queene, but long in vaine:
So far was ſhe from ſoing her, that ſought her life and Rayne.

CHAP. LVI.



Ow thirtie sixe our greatest Peeres and States
had power to heare,
And to determine, and, as found, her to con-
demne or cleare,
By Statute passed in our Queene her seuen and
twentieth yeare.
These noble Tryers, iustly then examining the
Cause,
With reuerent Note of her, who heard and spoke to every Clause,
Did, after diuers Daies so spent, adiudge, by Verdict & trew,
Her guiltie of most trayterous Conspiracies, not fewe:
And then from Fotheringh^{ye} themselves to Parliament with-drew.
Of this Infection, that our Peers and People had, and would
Remediles impoyson, if not medicine it we should,
By some Decision of the Lymme whence all the bayne did floe,
Our publike W^eales Phisitions much did argue to and froe.
Did never English Parliament, fully conuented then,
Consist of Noblier, Learned, Wiser, and Worthier men:
By these it was debated how this common Foe might liue,
Without her death whom God to vs a common Blisse doth giue.
Much was it labord, wished much some Courte herein might holde,
But to resolute of any none had reason to be bolde.
Her still obdurate Malice to her Maiestie was cleere:
If she preualid, Religion was assurd an Altring heere:
Our Nobles Crocodile, at home, and hence, our Foe hop't Head:
Then must our Queene, Religion, Realme, or She for them be dead.
Wherfore

Wherefore from Eithet House were sent the chiefeſt Men, to craue
Her Highnes that the paſſed Dooome might Execution haue:
Whercof ſhe askt to be aduiſde, and (earneſt her to ſaue)
Dismissed them with louing words, and biddeth them expect
Her Anſwer ſhortly: nor did ſhe the ſending it negleſt:
Though contrarie to it that all did, hopingly, affec:
For ſhe perplexed in that caſe, did laſtly them direc:
To ſtudie Meanes how Both might liue, the Perill ouer-paſt:
Whiſch muſh amaz'd: yeat ſolemly they handell it at laſt.
Mercie to her, Malice in her might happily preuent,
Was ſayd, but not refolvd, for oſt ſhe Mercie vnder-went,
When roſe the Earles, and other times, yeat neuer did repente,
But of our Queene to be deſtroyd had made her Testamēt.
A ſtraiſter Garde, Bonds, Hoſtages, were alſo nam'd in vaine:
For, ſhould ſhe prize our Queene, who then durſt her or the detaine?
Or what were theſe to recompence the Loſſe we ſhould ſuſtaine?
For Loyaltie to take her Oth, was thought to purpoſe ſmall:
Such Othes ſhe oſt had falſifiſde, nor thought it Sinne at all
To breake them to an Heretike (our Queene ſo Paſiſts call.)
To baniſh her, were to poſſeſſe our Foes of their defier,
For vs to riſe away the Smoake, and runne into the Fier,
To ſet her free to make a Head for them againſt our Queene:
In few, no ſaſtie for vs, but in her Death was ſeene.
So wholly by the Parlament concluded was, and ſo
Reported to her Maieſtie, ſtill pitying her Foe.
In more ſententious, learned, and deliberate ſort, than I
Can ſet it downe, paſt all toucht heer: So did her Maieſtie
In anſwering earſt, and now to them her Aunſwer Aunſwer-leſſe,
Sweet Adumbrations of her Zeale, Mercie, and Wit expreſſe.
But with her Oracle that bod them do, and doe it not,
Play'd they as Alexander did with King Gordians Knot.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

OF spaynes huge Nauy, toucht before great Rumor now was spread,
And that th'Inauders meant to make this *Scottish Queene* a head:
For which continued doubt of her in English hearts was sthead.
Not in the Vulgars only, but some Nobles of this Land,
Who had(nott knowing it our Queene)then got into their hand
The Writ of Execution,that her Heding did purport:
The which was executed soone, and in a solemne sort.

This nature-frended Ladie, had she bin as wise as wittie,
Who by the Massagres in *France* had learnt to leaue off Pittie,
Made there too apt for bloody Acts, the Pope for it too blame,
To take her death, too much deseru'd, her selfe did meekly frame.
She bids commend her to her Sonne, and will him to eschew
All Practises and Policies, for thence her Sorrowes grew:
True *Romis*, *Scottis*, and truc *French*, tell all my Friends I die.
When *Melain* (vnto whom she spake) did weeping thus replie,
The wofulst Mesage, Madame, this that euer me befell,
When of my Queene and Mistresse Death I shal the Tidings tel,
She, kissing him, sayes pray for me, and bids him so farewell.
Then of a debt was due from her she did the payment craue,
And that her Servants might enjoy those Legacies she gaue,
And to attend her at her death some of her Owne to haue.
All which the Earles commisioned did yeeld vnto: and so
She to the black-clad Scaffold, there to take her death, did go.
Now *Mary Stewards* Troubles shall haue ending, once or twice
She sayd, and not to mone for her did giue to Hers aduise:
And whilste the Writ in reading was no more regarded it,
Than if it had secured, or concerned her no whit.
Beades at her Girdle hung, at end of them a Medall, and
An Agnus-Dei bout her necke, a crost-Christ in her hand.
They prayed her to set a-part those popish Toyes, and pray
In faith to Christ, in only whom her whole Saluation lay:
And, offring then to pray with her, that Offer she withstood,

Alleging

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Alleging that our Prayers can doe Catholiques no good.
So doth the Popes false Calendar of Saints of Sense bereave
Our Traytors, who dye Papists that therein it them receave.
Was neuer yet Religion heard so pestilent as this:
Theit murdring vs for Lawfull, of their Creed a portion is.
So had they schooled her, and that her bloodie Mischiefs past
Were meritorious, which the Pope would honor so at last.
That, euen then, the Gospels Light illuminate her heart
Was prayd of Ours, whilst she with hers prayd, as please her, a-part.
Then to her wofull Servants did she passe a kind a-dew: {
And kissing of her Crucifix, vnto the Block her drew,
And, fearles, as if glad to dye, did dye to Papisme trew.
Which, and her other Errors (who in all did euer erre)
Vnto the Judge of Mercie and of Justice we referre:
If euer such Conspirator, of it impenitent,
If euer Soule, Pope-schooled so, that Sea to Heauen sent,
If euer one, ill-liu'd, did dye, a Papist, God-wards bent,
Then happie she. But so, or not, it happie is for vs,
That of so dangerous a Foe we are deliuier'd thus.

The brauely manag'd Iorney of the Countie *Sussex*, who
Did merit praise beyond my Penne, Sir *William Drurie* too
Made into *Scotland*, added to Lord *Greas* sayd-Prowesse theare,
Did lesser rid our *Queene* and *Realme*, their *Realme* & King of feare,
Than *Maries* end: Who of her selfe all Treasons did prefer,
Gainst either State: our ferraine Foes deriu'd Pretexts from her.
But thus *Elizabeth* hath salu'd, Ours, and *Scotch* Troubles. Now
Ensues we shew her Aids to *Frâce*, who wrought their Broiles, & how.

CHAP.

CHAP. LVII.

Tby a Polititian a *Germaine* (to whose lote,
Hauë *Machiualian French*-Euent since sorted e-
uer-more)
Before Queene-Mother, *Charles* the King, and
others priuate, was
Aduisde a Monarch absolute in *France* to bring
to pas.
Aristocratick Gouernment, nor *Democratick*
pleasde
But where to one Mans Emperie is *Monarchia* seadse.
He told his Trauels, and in States his Obseruations: how;
Besides the only *Turke*, he none a Monarch did allow:
Who suffreth none by Might, by Wealth, or Blood, to ouer-top:
Himselfe giues all Preferments, and whom listeth him doth lop.
His Bands of *Tanizaries*, who are form'd and nourisht still
From Childhood his owne Creatures, hold all at his owne will.
He out of these his Captaines, and his Bassies doth elect:
They, to deserue their Founders trust, his only Weale affect:
The rather, for their Dignities, and all that All possesse
Determine at his will, behooues therefore not to transgresse.
Saue his Religion, none is vsde, vnlesse in Conquests late,
And that of Policie, thereby to adde vnto his State:
Nor euен there permits he of Religion to debate.
Nor walled Townes, nor Fortrefses, his Empier doth digest:
Except vpon the Frontites, for securing of the rest.
His Subiects thus, Theirs, and the whole, at his Devotion, needs
No Imposts, Taxes, or the like, whence Tumult often breeds.

Discourse

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Discourse of his Experience thus, he then descends to it,
Whereby of *Monarchia* might himselfe the *French King* fit.
Whereas (quoth he) *French Policie* consists of Three Estates,
The Princes, Nobles, Commons, and each one of th' other wates
For hearts and helpe, and oft the King is bridled of those Three,
Himselfe therefore, such Lets remou'd, sole Monarch thus might bee.
Of ancient Peeres, of valiant Men, great Lords, and WISEMEN all,
By forced Warre, or fraudfull peace, to temporize the fall:
Whereto Religions quarrell then presented meane not small.
Meane while, vntill of them by turnes weare Riddance, did behoue
To worke them Mal-contents, the King to labor vulgar Loue.
Immediatly, eu'en from himselfe, No whit at their Request,
To passe Preferments, not to them, but els as likes him best:
And but of Peeces ruinous the Great-Ones to possesse:
And when his Creatures shall grow to more, those Great to lese,
To quarrell then those Nobles, when in them great hearts would lurk,
That for the Souldier, or the sword of Iustice, should make work.
So to prouide that of the States be no Conuention nam'd:
Religion not disputed of: Strong Townes, which oft haue tam'd
The *French Kings*, be dismantled: And when things as thus be fram'd,
His Majestie (quoth he) shall hit the Marke whereat is aim'd.

Vhen this, & worse than thus, this worse than *Machiuel* had said,
With that Conuenticles Applause, so working was not staid:
For hence, if Accidents we shall obserue, may be collected
The ciuell Vatres and Butcheries in *France* to haue effected.
Religion gaue the colour, whear though infinite were slaine,
The Church reform'd did not resist, yet still by losse did gaine:
For blood of Martyrs well is sayd to be the Churches Seede,
Where Massacres haue plashed there is spread a triple Breede:
In Sense it seem'd a sillie Spring, should *Europe* ouer-floe,
Whence *Luther* his occasion tooke against the Gospels Foe:
As *Scotlands* foresaid *Guzian Broyles*, eu'en *France* her Tumults so,

From

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

From other then Religions cause did at beginning groe:
 So Ioseph sold, and Christ betrayd, was meeter than was ment }
 Of Ben-James, or by the false Icarots foule Intent:
 But howsoeuer ill haps well, Woe stayes whence ill is sent.
 French second Henryes Fauorites, the Constable, and Guize,
 The one of them ambitiously the others Hight enuies:
 Each growing crosse, and crosing, it to Factions grew at length,
 Poore Hugenotz vndoubted then, nor dreamed they of strength:
 Alone in Henryes, Francis, and ninth Charles their Raignes, of them
 French Papists, as our Maries, did to Martyrdome condamne.
 But by such Law as Wvolues doe Lambes, those Innocents for most
 Were slaughtered, whole Townes sometimes with these in the they
 And like now threatened Guize against the Saints in euery Cost. (rost.)
 The Guizians (so that Faction shall in this Report be sayd)
 Through Nonage of the Pope-taught King, grew Mighty & obayd:
 Queen-Mother (Mischief-Mistres) in their Pageant featly playd.
 Meane while the Royals and the Peeres they Practise to betray:
 Some in the bloodie Massacre at Paris made away.
 But what offend I Christian Eares with horror of that deedes?
 From Sarazens, nor Savages, did ever like proceede.
 Let that black Marrage-Feast, when were so many Thousands slaine
 Of Saints, at peace with God and men, be neuer nam'd againe:
 Let be a Law in euery Land, to punish such as speake
 That Christias should, like Hel-hounds so, with God & Nature breake:
 Farre be it that Posterities should heare, that Charles the King
 For such foule Murthers, bon-fiers bod, and caused Bels to ring.
 Ycat tell the Popes Procesion, and his Iubilee for this:
 For Popes be impudent, and bards their blessings neuer mis,
 To haue them Fathers of those Acts, no Newes at all it is.
 But more than twise sixe yeares ere this the ciuell Warres begun,
 When on the Lambes of Vassie did the Guizian Butchers run:
 Euen when the Edict had giuen Peace vnto the Church reform'd,
 And odious to the Papists seem'd that Peace, who therefore storm'd:

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And then the Duke of Guize, who earst had figur'd for the Crowne,
 Hence calculating hopes, did set his bad Desaignements downe:
 Alonly quarrelling, till then, the Princes of the blood,
 Who, partly quail'd, were yet vnkild, and to their tackling flood.
 So with the Papists band's the Duke himselfe, not for Deuotion,
 But aduantagious seem'd that Meane for blood-Drifts & Promotion.
 This Faction thus had Heart and Head, the Other yet vnborne,
 Till to the Prince of Condic flockt the Hugenotz, forlorne,
 And tolde the sauage Butcheries at Vassie newly made,
 By ruthles and seditious Guize, on Thousands, whilſt they prayde.
 Like skathed Sheepe, escaped from blood-sucking Dogs, they quake,
 Imploring his Protection: which he then did vndertake.
 Thus, through Necesitie, this Part had also Heart and Head:
 Euen after hundreds thousands such good Christians so were dead.
 This knowne, to him from euery Part the Persecuted flic,
 So was the Prince of vertuous Troopes possessed by and by.

CHAP. LVIII.



Ot Spayne this while, that held for France
 great Signories, did sleepe,
 But through the Fingers into It, with lustyng
 Eyes, did peepe:
 At leaſt, by nouriſhing thoſe Broyles, all got
 She hopes to keepe.
 For It, whose Scituacion ſo Spaynes ſcattered
 Realmes diſioynes,
 Her Teeth had watred long, and now, to weaken France her Loynes,
 Againſt France ſhe France doth ſtrengthen with the Soother of her gold:
 And for that Purchace to the Diuell, is fear'd, her Soule is ſold.

Directions

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Directions also came from *Rome*, that setteth all on fier :
 That, by what Right or wrong so ere, the *Guize* should still aspier :
 To send the royll Bloods to Heauen or Hell, it skils not how :
 Were Pardons sent for Murthers : Buls to clear Allegiance vow :
 That, on Damnation, none perswade, much lesse of Peace allow.
 And not alone aginst *France* this League was halowed, but gainst all
 That worke the Gospell to erect, whereby the Pope might fall :
 Was more than time, (roe we, to goe, should not the Church vs call :)
 But call did they, and come did we, and to their labors fall, (small.)
 When weare their Townes demolished, with Slaughters hear not
 This busie Head of that bad League (for yet the monstrous Beath
 Of *Sextus Quintus* and the *Diuell*, the grand League, had not breath)
 This *Guize* bereft vs *Calsce*, and in *France* our Peeces all :
 Then fell in hand with *Scotland*, thence with vs in hand to fall :
 This, in his Neece the *Scottish Queene* her Claine, did all he might
 To dispossesse *Elizabeth* our *Queene* of regall right :
 This on the infant-Person of his naturall King had seazde :
 And prosecuted now in *France* what Violence him pleasde :
 The Popes sworne Butcher, and proud *Spayns* fore-Runner, to prepare
 Her waies for *France* & *England*, which their Owners cannot spare :
 This with the blood of Innocents made Channels ouer-flo :
 Against this *Cham*, and his Beau-Peeres, invited *English* goe.
 Els, saue that God can all, was feard Religion should haue quaid,
 And *Spanyards*, nestling ouer neere, had easlier vs assaid :
 For on the Theator of *France*, the Tragedie was ment
 Of *England* too : Wherefore our *Queene* her Interruptors sent.
 How *Ambrose*, Earle of *Warrick*, did in *Frāce* high Feates not few :
 How bloodie *Claudie*, Duke of *Guize*, a common Souldier slew :
 How *Francis*, sonne of that *Guize*, did ciuill Broyles renew :
 The persecuting *Francis*, *Charles*, and *Henries*, hence a-dew :
 Which Kings, as said, to work themselues French Monarchs Atheists
 Or doting ouermuch on *Rome*, their Realme & selues betrayd : (playd,
 The skarlet *Borbone*, whom the *Guize* a painted French King made :
 Salcedo

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Salcedo fayling Monsieurs Death, which did the League conspier :
 The Prince of *Ornge*, murtherd through *Farnesian Parmas* bier :
 Renoumed *Condé* poysned, in his time the Leaguers feare : (beare :)
 How Pope sent *Saunders* aginst our *Queene* in *Ireland* Armes did
 (For Leaguers then in *Pollitic* preuented Lettes each-wheare,
 By Armies, or Armadas, or their scattered *Jesuists*, who
 Haue had small cause to brag that they with *England* had to doe :)
 The often sworne and for-sworne Peace, that hapned in the while
Queene-Mother, *Phillip*, Pope, and *Guise*, the French Kings did begile:
Queene-Mother for Ambition of imployment, King of *Spayne*,
 To make his Vsurpations sute, yea *France* it selfe to gaine,
 The Pope to keepe his pompe in plight, *Guise* for the regall Ring :
 How all, though drifting diffiringly, at length to ende did bring
 The House *Valoy*, of *Capets* Stocke, which Stocke had quite decaide,
 But that it pleaseth God the Crowne in *Burbons* House is staide :
 How till the *Barricados* Feast, when *Guise* vn-vizard was,
 Vnder Religions Cloake the Routes in wasted *France* did pas,
 And after then, both Hugenote, and Papist too, if frend
 Vnto *Valoy*, or *Burbon*, found like Enmitie, or end :
 Of *Sauoy*, (hoping *France*) his Aydes, and ill succeſſe in all :
 How *Guise*, and *Lorraine*, in the Pit for *Henrie* dig'd did fall :
 How Frier *James*, Pope-bleſſt, and bri'b'd of *Mayne*, did *Henrie* kill :
 How vnto *Mayne*, purſewing Broyles, it wroght not to his will :
 The Massacres, and Stratagems, did in these Tumults chance :
 How God in all his Warres did blesse *Nauar*, now King of *France* :
 And how, next God, that *Frāce* is French our *Queene* is Author cheef,
 All These, thus blanch't, we leave, and shall of *Belgick* be as breefe.
 But be it first remembred how, euen for the Parents sinne,
 God plagueth in Posteritie : as came to passe, I winne,
 In second *Henries*, of the Church reform'd a bloudie Foe,
 (Though otherwife a worthie Prince, nor tache we him but so)
 And *Katherine de Medicis*, whose Athisme wrought much woe.
 These had lowre Sonnes, not one of which did die a naturall death,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

All Miles, & aleys, & Males none extant on the Earth.
No mariuell, euen to Davids Seede, for Davids sinne, hap't such:
And though the holy Writ containes that Storie, yet to tuch
This Purpose, let vs heare it here: Example vrgeth much.

CHAP. LIX.



F holy David, and his House, the Man approu'd
to be,
By Gods owne Mouth, to Gods owne heart, the
many Troubles see.
His Soule was ever godly firme, though fraile in
flesh as Man,
(For who of Adams Seede from sinne acquire
them could or can.)
Our walls of flesh, that close our Soules, God knew too weak, & gaue
A further Guard, euen every Man an Angell Guide to haue:
And Mento vs be Angels, whilst they worke our Soules to saue.
For, eare his Fall, Man was not left vnto himselfe so free,
But that he had a Law, and Those that should his Temptors be,
And tempted, then the Spirit, that for God himselfe was made,
Was dared by the Flesh, that to the Spirit earst obayde:
The Soule by either laboured to thriue, or be betraide.
To erre is proper then to Men, but brutish to persist:
With Praise, and Praier, still to God, as David thriu'd, or mist,
He plied: more in louing God, than louing godly blist.
Ungratefull Soule distresing him, or what care then befell,
Or afterwards, nor other then Domestick Greeves we tell.
The troublous Sequels Nathan tould of Davids House, when as,
To wanton it with Bethsabe, Krias murthred was,

Effecting

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Effecting now, is onely it whereto our Pen shall pas.
Thamar, Ammon, Absolem, Adoniah also wrought
Vnto their Father woe enough: let these on Stage be brought.

Now to the Tribes was David as the Zodiack to the Signes,
Euen Signifer to euery Prince that circled his Confines.
A Monarche great, in Acts and Fame more great, but great'st of all,
In that he was belou'd of God, nor ceaft on him to call,
Who raisd him, often falling, for his Crosses weare not small.
Loue-worth Maacha, & balmal King of Geshur's Daughter, baire
To David feafted Absolem, and Thamar peerles faire.
Nor fairer yeatthan virtuous, though disastrously she speade:
Such is admyred Bewtie that hath Worlds of Mischiefes breade.
Ammon, whom Abinoambore to David, was the cause
Of hers and his owne griefe, in that he gaue his Eyes no lawes.
For Loue is but a Terme, like as is Echo but a Voyce,
That This doth babble, That doth breed, or not, is ours the choyce.
And Virtue curbs Affection, and for Conscience flyeth sinne:
To leave for imperfection, feare, or shame, no praise doth winne.
But not so happy he as feare, or shame, or ought, might stay
His rankled thoughts, but sicke, luste sicke, for Thamar Ammon lay:
And subtill Ionadabs Aduise did her to him betray.
For neuer was Pretence so fowle but some would flatter it:
Nor any thing so pestilent as mis-applied Writ.
Seeme feeble sicke, and when the King thy Father visits thee,
Then faine an Appetite to Meate by Thamar dreſt (quoth he:) {
Aske that she dressit it in thy sight, and of her hand to take it,
When priuate so, thy Market bee as thou doest mar or make it,
Well pleaseſt this Counſell: Ammon askes, and David yeelds anon:
Not readier David to bid goe, than Thamar to be gone:
Like Philomela, flattering Pandean ſhe might go
With Tereus, that prepos'd her shame, was Thamar forward ſo:
When either Virgin was ſurprisde, whiche least they lookt a Foe.
Sogtatiouſ, portly, fresh, and faire, and (which no leſſe attract)

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

So modest, wittie, affable, had Nature her compact,
 That such as, in his Canticles, her Brother hath purtrayde
 His Loues Idea, literally might *Thamar* such be saide.
 Goodly thus, and gladly then, and not suspecting harme,
 She, entring wheare he lodged, did afresh the Leacher warme:
 His leasing Sicknes then to aete by Arte was more than neede,
 For, seeing her, imagine all his Senfes sick in deede.
 More could she not, more shold she not, than she in kindnes did:
 All adding Fewell to the Fier, which yet from her lay hid.
 Now, sauue of him and her, the Roome was cleard by his deuise,
 When he did aske to eate, which she did bring him in a trise:
 Full glad (good Soule) her Cookerie might please him any whit,
 When not her Cookrie, but her selfe, his appetite did fit.
 Concerning which he breakes with her, indeuoring her consent:
 Whereto, amaz'de, she counter-works, nor would for ought relent.
 How pretious her Virginitie, wha: sinne it to defile,
 How for their Fathers Luste much woe was prophesied ere-while,
 How Incest was much more a sinne, she wished him to way,
 How permanent the Shame to both: Enough did *Thamar* say,
 To haue preferu'd Virginitie, if lust had brook't a Nay.
 But pleading teares and words lackt waite, by force he rauisht her,
 And hauing forst, he forced not to hide how he did erre:
 Not more he loued her ere while, but hates her now as much:
 Of Lust and vnchast Coiture still is the Sequell such.
 Her now yn-virgin'd Eyes did shame to view the common Light:
 She therefore would haue stayde, at least not come in cōmon Sight,
 Supposing, by her Bluffshings, all would ayme her alred Plight.
 But out his Doores by violence he shutteth her, wherefore
 Aloude she criide, with bitter teares, her faire attier she tore,
 And did all Signes of sorrow, whilst the cause admired was.
 But when her Brother *Abfolom* found how had come to pas,
 He comforts her in all he might, and to his house conuaies
 His wofull Sister, wheare thenceforth, as desolate, she staines:

Like

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Like *Prognes* sister pensiue, but her moodes weare milder still,
 This wanting will, not speech to rayle, That wanting speech not will.
 Contrary-wise thought *Abfolom* of nothing but Reuenge,
 And with his choler thinke ye him these thoughts among to menge:
 Did *Cadmus*, for his Sister rapte, so many Countries rone?
 And shall I sleepe my Sisters Rape, that may be quit at home?
 For Rape of one, scarce honest, was at *Troy* such tenne-years Fight
 And shall one easie blosseeme much, sweet *Thamars* wrong to right?
Simeon and *Levi*, worthy Sonnes of *Israell* our grand-Sier,
 Yee in reuenging *Dinass* Rape haue set mine heart on fier,
 Euen mine, that for a greater wrong should greater things acquier.
 Poore *Sychem*, thou didst loue in deede, and Marriage Rites affect:
 Lewde *Ammon*, thou didst lust in deede, and then thy Rape reiect:
 Poore *Sichem*, she a Stranger was whom thou so much didst wowe:
 Lewde *Ammon*, she thy Sister was with whome thou hadst to doc:
 Poore *Sichem*, thou to prize thy loue, didst leaue thy Godes for hers:
 Lewde *Ammon*, thou to please thy luste, no God at all prefers:
 But howsoeare in these, in this no diffrence shall remaine:
 Poore *Sichem* he was slaughtred: lewd *Ammon* shall be slaine.
 Not more *Maachas* goodly Sonne in stomaking did threate,
 Then did this Newes his Father now offensivelie disqueate:
 At poynt almost to aet as much as *Abfolom* did plot,
 Euen *Ammons* death, had not he been his Issue first-begot.
 For which he earst had hild him Deare, and present Nature wrought,
 And that himselfe had amorous Slyps, is likely too, hee thought:
 But howsoeare, in woe enough, he ouerpasseith it
 Which *Abfolom*, in wroth enough, nor could, nor would, forgit:
 Two yeares in silence, neartheles, he labord of that fit.
 To his Sheep-shearing *David* and his Brethren he invites,
 (Such as our Wakes, conuenting Kinnes to Feastings and Delightes)
 Now listen what *Catastropha* this Stratagem behightes.
 The King excus'd his comming, whome his Sonne importunes so,
 As *Ammon*, and his other Sonnes, had leaue, and will, to goe.

S 3

Vnwilling

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Vewilling though (by what Presage I wot not) *Dauid* seem'd
Of *Ammons* going: but what Fate ordain'd hath none redeem'd:
Go did he, wheare full merily he frolicked that tyde,
When, by his Ostes Attendants there, of sudden Wounds he dyde: }
(Whiche after-Banquet did their Lord for onely him prouide.)
More skar'd than haue the other Sonnes of *Dauid* fled with speede,
Yea eare their home-returne the King had notice of the deede,
And feared much their safetie, till them he saw, and then
Was such confused sorrow, more was never scene mongst Men.
To *Gesher Absalom* escapes, three yeares an Exile theare,
Till *Dauids* kinde relenting heart to *Iacob* did appearre:
By meanes of whome, recalled home, he lastly purchaſt Grace,
Yea well-appay'd was *Dauid*, if weare *Absalom* in place.
Lou'd neuer Father more a Sonne than him his Father lou'd,
Prou'd neuer Sonne vngratefull more than he vngratfull prou'd:
For hauing stolne the Peoples hearts, by affable Pretexts,
He faines his vowes at *Hebreys*, but the Diadem affects:
And, by collected Forces theare, distressed *Dauid* more
Than *Saul*, the *Cananites*, or all, hap't after, or before:
Enforcing him to flic the Land. But dwell we not of this:
God neuer fauor'd such Attempts, or euer fayled His:
When *Dauid* seem'd, in common Sence, already on the hip,
Was *Absalom* himſelte ore-throne, whom God made ouer-slip,
What, wisely, false *Achitophel* had counſeld him to doe,
Whose Counſell not receau'd, he hong himſelfe, and worthie too.
Ambitious *Absalom*, now foyl'd, as on his Mule he fled,
Was carried vnderneath an Oke, wheare, caught vp by the head,
(Euen by those bewtious Locks, of which, & him, ſuch praise is read)
He ſighte (and caufe he had) and ſaid (or ſay he might) that All }
Which ſo viuiful ſet ke to clime, moft iuſtly ſo doe fall.
But whatſoare he thought or ſpake, this holds autenticall:
We thinke no greater bliſſe than ſuch to be as be we would,
When bleſſed none, but ſuch as be the ſame that be they ſhould.

Had

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Had one Man all that all Men haue, he nothing had, vnaſteſſe
He alſo haſt a Soule that All as nothing did poſſeſſe.
Natures Myntion, Eyes, Admire, and now in-ayred Earth,
(For, hanging, *Iacob*'s ruthles ſpeare had vented vitall breath,
Although the King his counter-maunde ſhould haue contrarieſd ſo)
Effeceted had his Fathers heart no Subſtance eife but woe:
So kinde and ouer-kinde was he in moning ſucha Foe.
But thus of this, and thus to him this following Croſſe diց groe.

CHAP. LX.



O epilogue our Tragedie, now *Adonias* aets,
With whome, olde *Dauid* to depoſe, even
Iacob-ſelfe compaſts:
Yea diuers Captaines did reuolt, and with them
Sonne rebell,
Which not a little greeu'd the King, that
lou'd the young-man well,
Who, next his brother, did for forme, and
ſoly now exell.

Remayn'd but *Salomon* and he, and he the elder Sonne,
Too forward yeat to practise Rule eare *Dauids* Raigne was donne:
But what God meaneth is, Amen: The Scepter was beſighted
To *Salomon*, and *Nathan* mou'd the King to doe him right:
Who, aged, cauſ'd his Diadem to roialize the head
Of *Salomon*, annoynted now: which heard, the Rebels fled.
So haue we ſeene, not yeares farr-paſt, long-Plotting ouerthrone,
Euen in a trife, to day a Queene, to morrow leſſe than none:
Such was her Fate, but not her Fault, that ſtoode for *Maries* Throne:
Nor cite I this A Noueltie, like Pul-backs many an one.

S 4

Repentant

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Repentant *Adoniah* now vnto the Altar flies,
And holdeth fast the Hornes thereof: which one,that it espies,
Reporteth vnto *Salomon*,that sent to fetch him Thence:
Which would not be,till swore the King to pardon his offence:
Whome leue we now so pardoned,or rather in suspence.
For though a Kings Competitor in one same Land may liue,
Yeat take he heed,the sleightest cause a cause of death doth giue:
Which hapned him,ere hapned this,inserted by the way.

David decca'ste,in *Salomon* was sole and sou'raigne Sway,
When *Ioab*,to prolong his life,did at the Altar stay.
Euen he that in so many Brunts for *David* did preuale,
That,sau for *Adoniah* now, Allegiance neare did faile,
That,sau for sheaded blood of twaine,could none impeach of wrong,
Euen this grand-Captaine of the Hosts,a luckie Knight so long,
Hand-fasting now the Altar,clames that Priuiledge,in vaine:
For thence he would not, and the King commaunds he theare be slaine.
Which Warrant did *Banaiah* serue: And so this Worthie died,
For *Abner* and *Amasias* blood,like-Worthies and as-tried.

With *Adoniah* now remaines we aet and ende our Sceanes,
To whō,might seeme,small good was meant,what il soere he meane:
Wheare crowned Might,& crossed Right so neere together dwel,
Behooches that Forrest-flying Feare,whereof the Fox did tell:
Our factious *Lancaster* and *Yorke* thereof could witnes well.
Abisag,*Davids* Hebe,that in comfort of his Age,
Attended him at Bed and Boarde,when naturall heate did swage,
Howbeit still a Virgin, and the goodliest Wench aliue,
Enamours *Adoniah*: at the least with her to Wiue
He drifteth,not detayned but for *Salomons* consent:
Of which he moued *Bethsabe*,for which she Sutor went
To *Salomon*,that thearewithall was onely not content,
But also tooke occasion hence,of more,perhaps,than meant.
Banaiah,by the Kings Commaund,did *Adoniah* fleas:
For Cryme perhaps,perhaps because a Crowne might come in Plea.

For

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

For *Salomon*,diuinely wise,could Subtellizings sound:
That much the Maid knew *Davids* mind,that Many she had bound,
Whilist gratioues earst,with Benefits:her Kinred strong he found:
That *Ioab* and *Abiathar* weare on his Brothers side:
That his aspiring sleepes,nor must be slept, the King espi'de:
Or else-what? *Adoniah* was dispatched out of hand:
So sped his Sute,so was confirm'd to *Salomon* the Land:
If Others otherwise,not I as others vnderstand.

Nor better Meede for Merits could these *Davidists* alleadge:
Yeat did their Father eate the Grapes that set their Teeth on edge.
Then charitable,godly-wife, and continent,weare fit
Should Parents be: So prosper they,Theirs, and whom Theirs begit.
Of *Scotland*,quieted by our *Queene*,and *France*,by her kept *French*,
Is touch: Of *Belgike*,long selfe-vaind,rests how the blood doth stēch.

CHAP. LXI.



He Inquisition threatned, wrought in *Netherlanders* feare,
And Signes of altring Regiment in their ancient
State appeare.
As ful-fead Children with their Foode,by Peace
this People play,
Till,in world-matchles Wealth, did them Secu-
ritie betray.

They hearing what King *Philip* meant against their State,did minde
What in the Fables Morall of the Stock and Storke we finde:
For in the Ladie Regent, and her Brother *Philips* Corse,
Their hearts prefag'd like diffrence as twixt Rigor and Remorse.
Arm'd was the Duke of *Alua*,who by warres,by wiles,by blood,
Should.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Shuld cōquer,circūent,cōsume,those Lands,their Lords, the Good.
These to haue his sufficed nec the *Spaniſh* King,vnleſſe
He Monarchize their Land,their Lawes, and Liberties depreſſe.
The other Part their Conſciences and Priuiledges pleades,
Nor other cauſe than only thus to Armor Either leades : (lurch,
For There,elſe-Where, and euer *Spayne*,when *Spayne* wold Scepters
Concluſes for *Spayne*,though euer *Spayne* begins for holy-Church.
No Armie was as yet ariu'd,when as the *Belgias* ſend
To *Philip* their Submission, and their Loyaltie defend.
It ought were done contrarie to his Edicts(as indeede
Weare ſome too busie Protestants did order-les proceede)
They did transpose that Fault vpon thofe Innouatoris rude,
Protesting all that Subiects ſhould : and humbly too they ſude,
(Vouching his Father,Vnkle,Kings, and Emperors of old,
Who let their Liege-men, diſſing from their own, Religion hold)
To ſuffer Conſciences in them to God-wards vncoutröld.
For which, and for their Charters,did they offer Maſſes large,
And euermore to vndergo all Truage,Taxe, and Charge.
But Theirs to alter quite in all was it that *Alua* ſent:
To plague therfore thofe ſeauenteeene Shires was war-fleſh *Alua* ſent.
This,like a pleaſing poysning Alſpe,to act as he did aimē,
At firſt Ariuall,Pardons did for paſſed Crimes proclaime.
That tractable kind People ſo he to his bent did frame:
Who weare not then by hostile Meanes men eaſily to tame.
He thus of them poſſeſt,did then, by ſlie Degrees, ſurprise
Their Townes,puts Garifons in them,built Citadels likewife,
Inducts the Inquifition, and ſtrange Impoſts did deuife,
Calls pardon'd Crimes in queſtion,taines the Guilties to offend,
And thus an Alſpe, and poysning more, prou'd *Alua* in the end.
For why? ambitious men ſecke, get, poſſeſſe, and praćtice State,
With reſiles miſions, by fauning Meanes, enuide, in haughtie rate.
This prauiledged Prouince, and this Paradized Earth,
Thus ſtripped of her golden Fleece, and faintly drawing breath,

Was

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Was phisickt of *Elizabeth*, who with her *Engliſh* Balme,
Then much the poysnos biting of that *Spaniſh* Alſpe did calme :
Euen Pittie preaching thus to her, that Nature is reuerſt,
When as her ſelfe is not amonſt her owne Consorts diſperſt.
She to that Countries Father,to that honorable Knight,
The Prince of *Orange* (armed then in Christ his cauſe to fight,
And for his Countries Weale) permits firſt Voluntarie Aides;
And laſtly, when that neighbour Fier too neerly her inuaides,
And their extreame Oppreſſion did her Charitie inuite,
(By Ambaſſies *Spayne* often mou'd to doe the *Belgias* right,
Howbeit touching Peace in vaine) ſhe franklier friends their Caueſe,
Who were inforced to defend their Faith, their Lives, and Lawes,
Againſt their Soules and Bodies foes, and (which might all perceauē)
Our cauſe was handled then in theirs, then theirs were ours to leaue,
And (which had often ayded vs in many a Field and Fleet)
In ancient Loue with Burgundie to breake, was thought vntreueete.
How thence tyrannous *Alua* was revoked, all too late,
When pitiously declined was their flouriſhing Estate :
Ere which Oppreſſion, where the King had countles Profits thence,
Now Ownes he nothing there, not held with infinit Expence.
The Slaughters,Sackings,Mutinies, the Kings Vice-Gerents ſenſe,
How *Horne*, & *Egmond*, Counties braue, through *Alua*s Athiſme ſpede,
How *Orange*, through our Soueraigns Aids preuaile, how laſtly dead,
How *Anjou* alſo, through her Meanes, became that Peoples head,
How now her Highnes only ſelte, next God, doth them ſecure,
Her valiant Warriors there, whose Laudes might ſpecial Pens allure,
And here mean-while ſhould ours ſaue that I cannot but deuine,
Theiř Chiualrie to be referv'd for higher Muſe than mine,
To which though ſome we leaue, yeat (by their leaues) of ſome is ſayd
Themſelues they haue miſgouern'd, and their Companies betrayd,
Some More regard of Tents, and Trash, in their Retreats haue made,
Then of our craifed men, may ſuch Conductors low be laide,
And ſome too ruthles, riotous, and of their Charge remiſſe,

Hauē

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

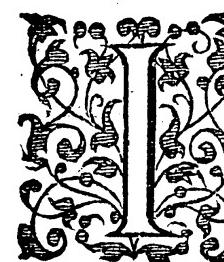
Haue starued vp in number moe than Foe-slaine number is :
 Thus some of some report, perhaps not true in all as told :
 But somewhat somewhere faulteth, for no fier, no smoake be bold.
 To be officious getteth Friends, plaine Dealing hated is : }
 Yeat better plainly to reprove, than fainedly to kisse : }
 We cannot also loue our Friends, and flatter their A-misse :
 How these and thus-like passed Thear we ouer-passe it heere.
 Note in our Queene, Religion wrong'd, it selfe did euer cheere :
 And wher the *Spaniſh* *Nimrod* hunts in Monarchie to hold
 All Christendom, through God, that Drift she chiefly hath controld. }
 Not did, nor doth, nor shall it need, that thus to het be told :
 Who would to God, but works no good, who seeketh fame by easc,
 Comes short of both, no leſſe than Mappes to very Lands and Seas.

Not only thus, but in this while, her Fleetes haue oftentimes
 Set proſprouſly her Men on Shore, euен in the fartheſt Climes :
 Whēc haue they brought, by fayr Cōmerce, great riches to our Land ;
 Or gloriouſ Spoyleſ from ſuch as did their peace or Prowſe withſād,
 Of which ſhall be digeſted here the Progrefſe, in ſome partc,
 Though ſtately be the Subieſt, and too ſlender be our Arce.

THE

THE ELEVENTH BOOKE OF
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. LXII.



Nexplicable Nature , by the God of Nature wrought,
 Makes things ſeeme Miracles to ſome, by ſome not Wonders thought:
 And euer Climates People , both as they are Men, and liue,
 Do differ:nothing, if obſeru'd, She, not admir'd, doth giue.

The VVorkman rather than the VVork extoll we thought in her,
 Not curiouſly, and all things to his Prouidence refer.
 VVho readeſ Sir John de Mandevil his Trauels, and his Sighis,
 That wonders not? and wonder may, if all be true he wrights.
 Yeat rather it beleeue (for moft, now modernly approu'd)
 Than this our Storie, whence ſuppoſe he was to Trauell mou'd:
 Not contradicting though ſuch Pens that write, perhaps more trew,
 That Pennance him to Pilgrimage hence, of Deuotion, drew.

Of noble Parentage and rich was Mandevil exact,
 To whom nor Feature, Actiuences, nor Peoples fauour lackt:
 A Ladie of the royll blood, Third Edwards Cozen say her,

On

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

On whom, for rarest Raritie, might Arte-spent Nature stay her,
In amours him: who held it sinne, if ought he shoulde omit,
Might please and prize his Ladie, coucht in Courage, Coste, or Wit,
But quylle it quylle his hopes to thinke he strain'd to reach a Starre:
Oft Reason therefore did with Loue, Loue did with Reason warre.
She is too high: and what of that? it hath, thinks he, bin seene,
As High haue stoopt as Low: For Loue, right-labour, wins a Queene,
And can I hope that Beautie, which is Adamant to all?
Yea, Beautie, Natures Iuy-bush, each Passenger doth call,
But should she loue (Foole that I am to hope, that should despaire)
Such Births as she not else must loue, but as they licen't are.
Yeat were it *Mandenil* she lou'd, mislike it then that list,
Our vertuous Loue, else-where, as here, should render vs as blist.
O, would she loue, it should suffice: such, not of vulgar Moulds,
Whō once she blesseth with her Loue, for him she Sooth-fast holds:
The only vertue of which Loue, all other Lacks controules.

Such were his Ebbes, & Floods, and down although in Loue he sits,
Yeat, fearing Death and her disdaine, his Heart deuour'd his Fits:
For, though not meanly passionate, he fared not as those,
Whote melancholy Fooleries be Pylots to their Woes.
Alreadie was he gratiouse both with her and all the Court,
And, more to be, did exercise Armes, and each astiuē Sport,
Nor was he Stoicall in ought, but affable in all,
And apprehends, euē feelingly, her Humours as they fall.
It sad were she, then sad was he: if merrie, merrie too:
His Senses liable to all, she did, or did not doe.
If her he heard to speake, he sayd *Cassandra* spake lesse trew,
If her he saw, hers prai' de he more than *Cythereas* hew,
If odorifrous Sents he smelt, he fathers them on her,
If but her hand he toucht, that Touch did highly him prefer,
But Deified swore he him her bed-game Sweets might taste,
And swore his Thoughts: for where we loue, euē there our Soules be
His Vertues and Officiousnes to her wards, so had wrought, (plaste.)
That

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

That vnto little lesse than loue she, by Degrees, was brought.

Then errant Knights, & evry Knight, yea Kings, would oft defend
The Beauties of such Damsels as it likt them to commend:

And Prizes were preposde for such, whose Champions bore the best
At Tilts and Turnies, and his Dame was Soueraigne ore the rest.

Such Iusts, in *England* to beheld, were now proclaim'd, and
The Chualrie of Christendome conuented in our Land.

Three beautious torren Ladies, with Sir *John* his Ladie stood
Competitors, to win the Prize, maintain'd with Champions good.

To shew the foure-fold March of Knights, whose Prowse shuld plead
Vnder distinguisht Flags her Forme their Fancies waited on, (anon,

Their rare Accompliments, and each Devise to see or reede,

To shew the richnes of the Prize, behight the Victors Meede,

The Damsels richer hew for whom such Triumphs were decreede,

The Cost, and great Concurse was there, were ouer-long to say:

In few, was nothing wanting that might honor such a day:

Now found they to the Iusts, and now vn-horst was many a Knight:

For Foyles were Foyles: most brauely al their Sides and selues acquite:

And almost grew the day to end, before it could be seene

Who bore him best, whē, mounted well, both Man & Horse in greene,

A Knight appear'd: his Banner had the Picture, and in gold

King *Edwards Cozen Elenor* was legibly inrould.

Against him ranne right hardie Knights, that thunderd on his Beuer:

But he vnhorst the most of them, himselfe vn-horsed never:

At least he lost his Stirrops, that incounters him, wherefore
Of Knighthood he, and *Elenor* the Prize of Beautie bore.

The Jewels set for Victorie, and aduersie Banners three,

Were yeelded him: whilst *Elenor* did long her Knight to see.

But as they marched to depart, with Beuer shut, he made

To her a Conge: closely then he Thence himselfe conuaide.

Much wonder all, who, and of whence, the hardie greene Knight was:

But secretly, vnknowne of all, he to his Home did pas.

A Womans Loue is River-like, which, stopt, will ouer-flow,

But

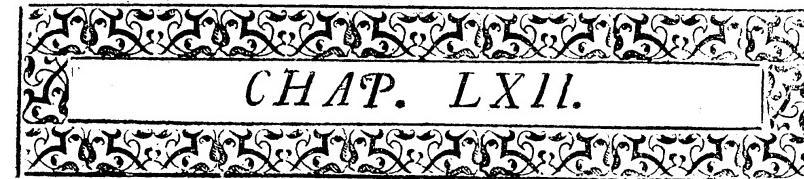
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

But when the Currant finds no let, it often falls too lowe:
 Faire Elenor wist nothing more than that she might him know:
 Meane while the Fier of Loue in her, from sparkes to flame did grow.
 But Mandenil was more discreet, than that for Mens applause,
 He would be knowne: as knowing that from Praise takes Enuie cause.
 To moue the King threats death, in vaine to labor her he wist,
 Since many mighty Potentates had labord her, and mist.
 She, he, and England seem'd too neere, his hopes, thought he, too farre:
 He absence therefore poyns to plead vnto his Loue in barre.
 Of Ceur-de-Lion, Erigen, VVilliam the Pylgrym, who
 Wrot Richards Syrian Warres, Curzon, Glanvile, and Longe-spee too,
 Long-shanks, eare King, his Knights, and of our English many moe,
 That through the triple Orbs did Armes and Trauels vnder-goe,
 And famous thus aliue, and dead, Here and Abroad, did groe,
 He cal'd to minde: resolu'd in minde his Life to finish so.
 Bills of Exchange and all things els, prepared for Trauell fit,
 Vnto his Friends, grieu'd he would goe, he then imparteth it.
 The King did giue him Letters for safe-Conduets, of the Corte
 Loth him to leauue, he taketh leauue: But in more speciall sorte
 Of Elenor: good Sadnes she thus spoke, as if in sporte.
 Some discontented humor sends you hence, as I deuine,
 Which, be where so you shall, will be with you, be yours as mine.
 Nay, Madam, quoth Sir John, twixt vs this diffrence is to finde,
 I both in minde and body, you need trauell not in minde.
 Yes yes, quoth she, my Minde I wot meete may you farre away,
 It so, then giue to it this Ring, and that I sent it say.
 So, with that Riddle, and a Ring she gaue, they kindly parte:
 Not knew she him the Knight she meant, nor he to him her heart:
 For, second to the greene-Knight (whom she thought not him) was he
 Her Fauoret, of him therefore she would remembred be.
 Now let vs say the Lands, the Seas, the People, and their Lore,
 This Knight did see: whom, touching which, not storie shall we more:
 But to our English Voyages, cuen in our times, shall frame

Our

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Our Muse: and what you heare of Theirs, of his the like do ame,
 For Countries, not for Customes (then, and now, not still the same.)
 Yeat interlace we shall, among, the Loue of her and him:
 Meane while about the World our Muse is stripped now to swim.



CHAP. LXII.

Rom then, when first my Father, eare my birth,
 was one of those,
 Did, through the Seas of ysic Rocks, the Musco-
 uites disclose,
 We shal our English Voyages, the cheefe at least,
 digest,
 Of which in this her Highnes Raigne haue
 been perform'd the best,
 And here a while let Mandenil and his Beloued rest.
 To name the diuers Peoples that in Europe be, weare much,
 Not but remotest Regions, of our Natiues scene, we touch.
 But, Moderns, Yee (of whom are some haue circum-sail'd the Earth)
 Here pardon vs your Sailes, and give your proper Praises beath.
 Infuse yee Peane-life too into ore-taken Fames by death.
 Caboto (whose Cosmographic and selfe-prooфе brake the Ise
 To most our late Discouerers, Debtors to his Aduise)
 Had vs, eare Spayne, possest of that which Spanyards now abuse,
 But, he inuiting, idly we did offred Gold refuse.
 Yeat him to say for most the Meane, it weare not vs to shame,
 Of English new Discoueris, that yeeld vs Wealth and Fame.
 Reserue we to the Actors though (of whom lost some their Wealth,
 Their liues a many, all at least indangered their health,
 In treuer Perils, and more braue Achieuements, than the Tailes

T

Of

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Of Iason and vlysses, of their fabled Sea-toyld Sailes)
The Glorie of the dangerous Gole: Nor let vs here forgit
(In which I first did breath this Ayte) London, preferringgit. (knowne,
Some Marchants theare, of Worth, did mind with Nations, thenyn-
New Traffiques, & the Passe thereto was by Cabot showne.
By his Instructions and their costs three Ships were rigg'd out,
Hugh Villoughby the Admirall, a Knight both wise and stoute.
Next place (whose brane performance of Imploymnts euer liue)
To Chancelor, grand Pilot for that Voyage, did they giue.
Now sayle they for the Northeast Parts, Cathayas Shores to finde:
Incountryed with huge Seas of Ise, with stormie Gustes and Winde.
Shotland, Egelana, Halgland, th' Isles of Rose, and Lofoot past,
Tempestuously Arzinas Rhode received Sir Hugh at last.
Theare he, and all of two his Ships, attempting bootes shifites,
W care in that Climate Frozen dead, shut vp with isle Driftes.
Thus died he and all with him, if so to die be death:
But no, faith Heauen, no, faith their Fame, suruiuing them on Earth.
Then Chancelor, his onely Ship remayning of that Fleet,
For Fynmarke, at the VVardhouse sayles with his Conorts to meete.
There day it is two months of length, and Mal-strands Poole it makes
Such hidious rore, devouring floods, that tenne miles distance shakes.
Wheare frustrate of his Friends in quest, with courage not deieet,
He for the Course preposed did his ventrous Sayles direct.

King Arthur, Malgo, Edgar, once to haue subdewd are saide
Orkney, Gotland, Island, and those former in that Traide:
Cronland, VVireland, Curland, and colde Scryfyn them obayde,
Newland, with others, and those Isles wheare men, sauie Eyes alone,
Are hid in hides of Beasts, and Beasts sauie Fish, haue Fother none.
Now Chancelor, arryng mongst the Laplanders, at last,
They seeing vncouth Men and Shippes, weare wondringly agaste,
(For eare that day was heard no Shippe that churlish Pole had past.)
The Lapland Bay wheare he arry'd, now cald Saint Nichol's Bay,
Thought

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Though Russian, fiftene hundred Miles from Moseo is awaie:
Theare Winterd he at Newnox, till safe Conduct being sent, (went)
Thence to their King on swift-drawne Sleads through frozen waies he
Not like Sarmatian Scithians (for the Moscouites be so)
He found them plaine, but rather much in Pompe to ouer-floe,
They neuer in the Russian Courte till then did English see:
His intertainment therefore was as stately as might be.
In sundrie Roomes weare hundreds scene in Gold and Tyssue clad:
A Maistic, Augustus-like, their King in throne had.
Let passe what paste in speech betwixt our Pilot and their King:
Full well could Chancelor demeane himselfe in every thing:
Let passe how in Basilius Court most royally he fead:
Suffise it that our Agent of his arrant thither spred:
That is, that Ours might trade with the, of which large leaue is read.
More, not vnworthie note, hereof our purpose is to lay,
But this be first of Mandeville remembred by the way.

CHAP. LXIV.



E left him form'd a Traveler (braue Pilgrim
Knight farewell,) And Elenor (weete Soule) in Loue, with whom
she could not tell.
He trauels for to leaue his Loue, not caring where
he lose it,
She for her Loue to finde, its kils not whom, so
him that Oose it.
The greene-Knight, be who so he shall, her heart had branched hers:
Wheare is that Second She that Loue for Virtue so prefers?
Her onely, speede how so he shall, his heart had branched his:

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Whare liues that second He that so, by louing, betterd is?
 Tis often scene, Loue works in Man a weake dejected minde,
 Tis euer scene, a Womans Loue doth alter as the wind:
 Example then be *Mandevil* for Men, not to be idle.
 In Amorous Passions: Labor is to loue, at least, a Bridle:
 Example too be *Elenor*: But let vs say no more,
 For Womēn euer alter, saith the Gospell preach't before.
 Conclude we then, when *Elenor* and *Mandevil* did die,
 The Method of true louing did with them to Heauen flie,
 For euer since too feruent iu their Loue are Men, for most:
 But, *Iris*-like, in Womēns Hearts Loue too and fro doth poste.
 One *Stafford*, of a Noble House, a Courtour of good hauor,
 A friend, and fast to *Mandevil*, and in the Prince his Fauor,
 From *Cyprus*, from his Friend receiu'd two Letters, one was his,
 The other sent to *Elenor*: and that purported this.

Of you receiuied I a Ring, a Token to your Minde,
 If so I met it: and it is my fortune it so finde.
 For if the Heart may, as it might, for Minde be understood,
 My Heart is yours, your Ring so mine: Harts interchang'd were good.
 More did I feare, than euer in your Ladiship I found,
 Disdainefull Lookeſ, frō those faire Eyes that me with loue did woud.
 Now speake I Loue, far from those Lookeſ so forceable to kill:
 Howbeit that I loue is not to worke or wish you ill. (card I:
 Not more than this(though Princes Frownes beare death with them)
 For had you lou'd, the King mislik't, what had I forſt to die?
 Whare I haue been (were blasphemie from Womēn to detract)
 Great store of Beauties haue I seene, but none as yours exact,
 Courts also more than stately, with faire Ladies in the same:
 Which seemed common Formes to me, rememb'reng but your name.
 When in the Holly-land I prayd, euen at the holy Graue,
 (Forgive me God, a sigh for sinne, and three for Loue I gaue.
 Against the feareſ *Arabians* I the Soldans Pay did take,
 When oft, at Onſet, for Saint George, Saint *Elenor* I ſpake.

The

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The *Amazones*, those lustie Girles, beleeue me lik't me well:
 But nothing in the best of them but doth in you excell.
 I look't vpon the ſterile Lake where Heauen-fir'd *Sodom* was:
 For one, thought I, here ſuch as you not ſo had come to pas.
 Moſt ſweete and Soueraigne *Balsamum* in *Indian* Fields I ſaw:
 More ſoueraign ſweeter ſets, thought I, my lips frō yours could draw.
 Nere *Ethiop* when the ſpice ſweete Welle of youth I ſaw, I ſaide,
 My Lady lacketh not hereof, Perfection needs not Ayde.
 I ſawe (nor wonder you I ſhould, who ſees you ſees as much)
 The ouely *Phænix*: Foule, and Faier, but it, and you, none ſuch.
 But, flying thus about your Blaze, your Gnat doth burne his wings:
 To my despairing Paſſion more your Praiſed Bewtie brings.
 Not Trauell tiers my Loue a whit, but Loue doth tire on me:
 Which ſhould I wiſh, me better, or you baser of degree?
 Be ſtill the ſame you are, let me exile my ſelfe for euer:
 Two diſfidens I conceit will let me hope you neuer:
 The firſt my ſelfe, vnworthy you, the latter, and the leaſt,
 The Kings Consent: But, well I wot, Loue is a Lordly Feaſt : }
 Aguize (ſo ſhould you) ſo, and ſo despayre is part releaſt, }
 One comfort is, before you doome is Execution done:
 My voluntary Baniſhment already is begon.
 Whiſh if you neuer shall repeale, ſhall neuer end, or when
 (Ah, can I hope it?) ſhould you, not for vs is *England* then.
 Nor is it but our minds that make our native Homēs our Graue)
 As we to Ours, Others to theirs like parciall Fancie haue:
 Transmūte we but our Mindes, and then all one an Alien is,
 As if a Native: One resolu'd makes euery Country his.
 Your Anſwer that by Pen our ſpeech to this return'd ſhall be,
 Voutſafe it vnto *Stafford*, for an Other-I is he:
 In perfect Friendſhip no ſuſpeſt, for two are one in all,
 Communitie or doubling ioy, or making grieſe more ſmall.
 But would you to an Vnitie of hearts twixt vs incline,
 Whare Friendſhip is angelicall, our Loue ſhould proue diuinc.

T 3

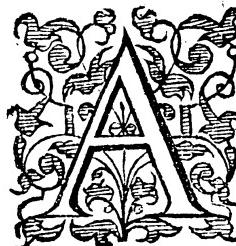
More

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

More write I not: blest may you liue: teares ouertake this Line.

When (Stafford present) Elenor this Letter had perus'de,
She said, as else-where shall ensow: Now is in vs infus'de
Fresh matter of Discoueries. How Chancelor he speade
Is said before: of *Russia* thus remaineth to be reade.

CHAP. LXV.



Vaste and spatiuous Empier is *Mosconie*, in the
same
Bee Rivers, *Tanais*, *Volga*, and *Boristhenes* of
fame,
With yeately hallowed *Mosca*, which the Pri-
mate hauing blest,
(Whom to attend the Clargie, Lords, and King
himselfe be prest)

He thinks himselfe an happie Man may touch the yse-hewne Pit,
But him in Heauen already whom the Primat sprinks with it.
Euxinus, and the *Caspian* Seas, doe wash thosc frozen Shores,
Which vs with fish,oyles, hony, salt, furs, & good Trafiques stores.
More temperate be the In-land Parts: They reap what they doe Sowe
Within the compas of lower Moones, inn all their haruest, mowe,
And house their Beasts: Theselues keep close in Stoues vntil the Spring,
And sport with their face-painted *Vviues*, hild theare a comely thing.

In Customs of the *Greke* Church,much corrupted,are they lead:
Monkes, Friers, & Priests swarne theare, nor mote þā in their Portesse
Nor more haue Priests, or People, than a ceremonious care, (reade:
Grosse Worshippers of Images, which in their Houses are:
In all too superstitiously deuoted. Though the Pope
Theare stickell not, their Primate takes as large and pomptious scope.

Besides

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Besides these Christians (for vnto themselues they arrogate)
The soundest Christianitie) are subiect to their State
Idolators, that doe adore eu'en Duuels, or did of late.
Not of the *Samoeds* rude-wrought Gods, or blood-Rites wil we tarry,
Or of the Stone, neere vnto which did *Villoughby* miscarry,
To which bring Saylers whit-Meats, least their Ships should Tempests
But that same female-Idoll cal'd *Zelothib*, in part (hatric,
Of *Russia*, or the Diuell himselfe acting in it his Arte,
Is worth the note. When ought amisse amongst them doth befall,
An Instrument of Musicke, and a siluer Toade withall
They lay before the Idoll, and before her prostrate fall.
Then Musick sounded, he to whom the Toade shall come is slaine,
(For come it will) when presently the man revives againe,
And tells the cause why hap't the ill, and how to pacifie
The angrie Idoll: which is done, though some for it should die.

The King by Monarchia rules, more absolutely none,
Great Duke of *Russia* late his Stile, imperiall now his Throne.
He holds a Maestic not meane, and all of All his Owne,
When to employ their goods vpon the common good is knowne:
Himselfe, both Judge, and Iuror, ends with Equitie Debates.
Armiuent in Warre, and hath subdewed mightie States.
An hundred thousand leads he forth against his Foes to fight, (flight.
That scorne both hunger, thirst, and cold, wounds, yeelding, feare and
Of cloth of gold, rich Stones, & Plumes, his royll Tent is pight:
Nor to his Souldiours skants he Gifts, that well themselves acquite.
But what particulate we thus, that much in few would write?

NOW wheate we left of *Chancelor*: he gratioues with that King,
Obtayned for our Marchants, as he wished, euery thing.
With Letters then of Credence for himselfe, and Marte for them,
He puts to Sea for *England*, whome the yse about did hem.
But with vndaunted Courage, to his never dying Fame,
All Difficulties ouerpast, to *London* safe he came.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Thence, after some aboade, with new Consorts, an other Fleet,
And Notes digested for their new attempted Traffique meete,
He did resayle to *Russia*, there received as before:
Cheefe Agents Gray, and *Killingworth*, bearded fwe foote and more.
In all things with the King for ours did Chancelor preuaile,
And now our Agents knew their Homes, & where to make their Saile.
But now must end our Swan-song, now the Swan himselfe must end,
Euen he, that toyld such tedious Seas his Countries weale to mend,
Returning Homewards, neere at Home, euen on the *Scottish Cost*,
Did wracke, and those aboord his Ship then perished for most.
But that he drown'd his care to saue the *Rusie*, sent to vs
In his Conduct, is said the cause: but drown'd he was, and thus.

This Marte, thus set a foote, was Thence for *Ob* an other sought:
Wherin not little was it, that praise-worthy *Burrough* wrought.
Of him and (whom I never can commend with praises dew)
Of *Jenkinson* ensues: But first of *Elenor* anew.

CHAP. LXVI.



EE heard how she his Letter read, whilst *Stafford*
was in place,
Which hauing read, shee stooode as if astonished a
space.
Her blushing, and vn-blushing, made that *Staf-*
ford doubted whether
It pleased, or displeased: which, the troth to say,
did neither.

Varietie of Men to court a Woman is her pride,
Than which their Vanitie of Men is nothing lesse cspyede.
What are to vs, but common hurts, those common hopes they giue,

If

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

If then their Loue doth dye to vs, when ours to them doth liue?
They *Aero*-like sing *Troy*, when *Rume* by them is set on fier,
Iest at our earnest. Let vs now to *Elenor* retier.
More modest she thā such (though most, in Mēs behalfe, might better)
And comes, quoth she, from *Mandeville* this ill-come-welcome letter?
Beleeue me, *Stafford*, ill it comes that sayes a cause in me,
That from his Native home he should thus selfe-exiled be.
If amorous Hopes, or Hopes vnheld, to him from me had past,
I had indeed bin guiltie, as too forward, or not fast.
But to the Cause, Effect, and all, not-guiltie, doc I pleade:
His Loue is Newes, mine to despaire what was it him should leade?
Our Court (I will not wrong the Man, nor flatter him a whit)
Can hardly shew another-such for Person, Prowse, and Wit.
But as for me (setting a-part my Birth, to which, or any
So borne, our State is interest) what am I more than Many?
If beautious now (here let me chide his Indiscretion, who
Farre from a Meane of it so meane doth make so much adoe,
And least perhaps he should haue glib'd, a vertue doth not note, (dote)
Whēce loue shuld spring, which makes me gesse he doth not loue but
If beautious, as I sayd, what els is Forme but vaiding Aire?
Yea oft, because assaulted oft, it hurteth to be faire.
And were not my Descent, and I a Favorite in Court,
My common Forme, vnheded then, might passe without report.
But, were my wishes mine, the Court by me should be the lesse:
So much it hath of Vanitie, and painfull Idlenesse.
Since such is he, and of my selfe my selfe but so esteeme,
Himselfe by Silence, me he wrong'd, disdainfull me to deeme.
I could be angrie, were he here, with him for erring so,
Disdaine (the Vulgars Fault) is not in Gentrie found, I troe.
But feare he did, and wisely too (for God forbid that I,
Vnworthie that I am, should haue indanger'd him to dye)
The Kings displeasure: Or, perhaps, vnpossible he thought

My

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

My loue should equall his, or I a trans-Marine be wrought.
 But if he intertain'd such thoughts, there also did he erre:
 Loue is a lordly Feast, he writes, and I the same auerre.
 For if (not rashly though, I hope) vpon my Choice I stand,
 My hand shall neuer give my heart, my heart shall give my hand:
 Yea, so I liue with whom I loue, what care I in what Land?
 With Womēn is too vſuall now Theirs, and themſelues to ſell
 For Ioynters, by Indenture, with imperious Men to dwell,
 And he doth her, and ſhe doth him, with his, and hers vpbrayde:
 But that I chiefly match for loue ſhall, when I match, be ſayde.
 Good Daies beget, bad Daies tric Friends, nor him a friend eſteeme,
 Whom firme, as to thy ſelfe thy ſelfe, thou dareſt not to deeme,
 Say ſome: But Mandeuil, I ſee, of you accompteth ſo,
 As of his firme and choyceſt Friend, then, leaſt I tedious groe,
 I tell thee, Stafforſd, next to one, is Mandeuil the Man
 I could haue loued, but I loue, whom not vn-loue I can.
 Yeat if you aſke me whom, or where, that one beloued is,
 I cannot aſwer whom, or where, yeat am, and will be his.

Madame, quoth Stafforſd, yet your ſpeech hath head, nor foote, nor
 Not naming him, you end a sphynx, and tie me to a Riddle. (Middle,
 Well, friend you are to Mandeuil, nor foe (ſhe ſayd) to me:
 The greene-Knight, Victor at the Iuſts a few yeares paſt, is he.
 In ſooth, quoth Stafforſd, if for him be reſolute your Choyce,
 Chufe not againe, with you for him conſort I alſo Voyce.
 Nor thinke, in that I him prefer, I Mandeuil reiect:
 Friendſhip may brooke Triplicite, and ſhall in this reſpekte.
 For your owne ſake, and for his ſake (than Mandeuil no leſſe
 My Friend) I ſhall (his Soules deſire) you of that Knight poſſeſſe.
 Almost an Extasie of Ioy her from her ſelfe diſfeuer,
 Hearing of him, for whom her heart diſhun, and els ſhould euer:
 And though ſhe diſobſerue his ſoone Reuolt from friend to friend,
 And him thereof had tacht, weare not her priuate Caufe to end,

Yeat

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Yeat was ſhe ſilent touching it, and modeſtly purſewes,
 In Queſt of her beloued Knight. But tarrie yet that Newes,
 First Burrough, Lenkinſon, and what by them was done petuſe.

CHAP. LXVII.



T is no common Labour to the Riuere Ob to ſayle,
 Howbeit Burrough did therein, not Dangerles,
 preuaile.
 He through the foreſayd frozen Seas in Lapland did ariue,
 And thence, to expedite for Ob, his Labours did reuiue.

What he amongst the Vagats, and the barbarous Samoeds notes,
 Their Idols, Deer-skin Tets, how on their backs they bare their Botes,
 In which, but Hides, ſecurely they doe fish thoſe Seas all day,
 And how on Deere they ride, and all on Sleds by Deere conuay,
 Do eat their Dead, to eaſt their friends their Children ſometime flay,
 Their ſtore of Sables, Furres, and Pealts, fercht thence from farre away,
 How, at our Crab and Lion Signes, their Frost and Snow is greate,
 Let be, and many things we might of this new Tract intrete,
 By Burrough found: whose Praise not much is Chancelors behinde,
 As Master in that Ship with him that firſt diſt Russia finde:
 And in this Northeast Trade, with Praise, do Pet & Jackman mind.
 Yeat longer (tot not largelier One yeclds Matter) let vs dwelle
 Of Lenkinſon. But where ſhall we begin his Lawdes to tell?
 In Europe, Afia, Affrick? For theſe all he ſaw, in all
 Imployd for Englands common good. Nor my reioycing ſmall,

That

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

That from *Elizabeth* to Raigne, and I to liue begunne,
Hath hapned that Commerce and Fame he to his Natiues wonne.

Now,vnder his Conduct,was hence vnto his Home conuaide
The *Rusian* first Ambassador,Heere honor'd,whilst he staide:
Nor Captaine *Jenkinson* was there lesse graced, where he wrought,
That all things to a wished end were for our Traffique brought.
Here-hence also a friendly League twixt either Prince effected:
Nor little is their Amitie of vs to be respected.
For,though the *Moscouites* from vs be People farre remote,
Yeat,if how *Danes*,and *Norses*, haue inuaded vs we note,
And how the *Russies*,in the like Attempts,might hold them back,
For only it, were thence no Trade,ill might their Friendship lack.
From *Mosco* then by Iournies long the *Caspian* Sea he crost,
Himselfe and Goods by *Tartars* oft in danger to be lost. (Kings,
Their Hordes of carted Tents like Towns,which Camels drew,their
By names of *Murses*,*Soltans*,*Cans*,to whō for Passe he brings
The *Rusian* King his Letters,how (and royally they troe) (tho,
With Wild-horse flesh, and Mares milke,him the Kings did banquet
Their hawking for the Wild-horse(For their Hawks will seaze vpon
The horses neck, who chaffing tiers, and so is kild anon)
Their oft Remoues for Pastures fresh(not Grasse their Pasture is,
But heathie Brush,few Cattell though doe thrive as theirs with this)
Their naither vse of Coyne,or Corne(for Tillage none is theare)
Such Warriors, and Horse-Archers,as they liue not whom they feare,
Their crosse-leg eating on the ground,Pluralitie of wives,
In *Turkeman* (So the whole is sayd) and more of their rude liues,
And how the Marchants,trauailing by *Caravan*,that is,
Great Droues of laden Camels,Meate and VVater often mis,
And how for vs did *Jenkinson* in *Bactra* Mart begin,
Let passe,to passe to it for vs he did in *Persia* win.
VVith this *Memento*,in Returne from *Bactra*,diuers Kings
Sent in his charge their Legates, whom to *Mosco* safe he brings.

Thence

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Thence did he sayle for *England*,Hence for *Mosco* back againe,
And,with our Queen *Elizabeth* her Letters,did obtaine
The *Mosicks* Letters,to the Kings by whom he then shold pas,
For *Persian* Traffique: And for this he thence imbarke was.

Now in *Hyrcana*,*Shyruan*,or *Media*,all as one,
Suppose our *Jenkinson* before King *Obdolowcan*s Throne.
Though sumptuous Citties he posleſt,yeat for the Summers heate,
On airesome Mountaines held he then his Court, in Pleasures greate.
Of silke and gold imbroyderie his Tents,his Robes inchac't,
With Pearles and pretious Stones, and Looks of Maiestie him grac't:
On Carpets rich they trode,rich Traines on him attendance gaue,
With sixe score Concubines,that seem'd so many *Queenes* for braue.
Before his faire Paullion was of VVater cleere a Fount,
Drinke for himselfe, and his(for most of Water they account.)
Scarce *Cleopatras* *Anthony* was feasted with more cheere,
Of varied Meates, and spice-Conceits, than *Jenkinson* was heere.
In formall Hawking,Hunting,Chace,not the came *Tristram* neere.
Such was this King for stately,such for affable, and kinde,
There and abroad so lou'd, and feard, as like was rare to finde.
Yeat, notwithstanding such his Wealth,his Signorie, and State,
He of the *Persian Sophie* held his Land, subdued late.
But in such friendship,as the *Shaugh* (the *Sophie* so is saide)
Would yeeld to *Obdolowcan* in what so he should perswaide:
Which well in *Jenkinson's* behalfe, but shortly after,made.
Him often questoned this King of Vs, and *Europ's* strength,
And him, with Gifts, and Priuiledge, for Mart, dismissit at length.
Silks, raw, & wrought, Spices, & Drugs, & more-els, worth the Mart,
Our Marchants fetch from thence, and there our Marchandise couart.
Things wisely thus dispatched there, with men for his defence,
And Letters from that King vnto the *Shaugh*, he traueld thence.
In trauell thitherwards, he grieues, in wonder,to behold

The

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The down-Fals of those stately Townes, and Castles, which of old,
Whilst *Persia* held the Monarchie, were famous ouer all,
Nor *Alexander* wonne of those one Peece, with labour small.
The mightie Citties *Tauris*, and *Persipolis*, he past,
Two ruin'd Gates, hundred twelve miles, yet extant of this last:
The Gyants Wonders on the Hill of *Quiquiff's* heard he tolde,
And of the yearly Obit, which their Maides to *Channa* holde.
This was indeed a wonder, for this Virgin so was bent
To Chastitie, that by selfe-death, she Marrage did preuent.

Here *Mandeuil*, perhaps, had bin, and tooke occasion heere,
To feare least *Elenor* in like might imitate too neere:
Euen Toyes in Loue discourage, Loue frō Toyes resumeth cheere.
Of him therefore, whilst *Jenkinson* rests at his Iornies end,
With *Obdolowcans* Sonne, that on the *Sophie* did attend.

CHAP. LXVIII.



O Knightly *Mandeuil* demeanes himselfe a-
gainst the Focs
Of *Melek Mandibron*, that he in *Egypt* famous
groes.
And, of himselfe, that *Soldan* did to *Mandeuil*
commend
A greater Match, than els his Thoughts with
hope could apprehend,
For vertuous, beautious, Birth, & *W'calth*, a Match for none to međ.
This Ladie (also of the blood, and heire vnto her Father,
A mighty Prince in those same Parts) he courteth now, the rather

To

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

To intermit that home-bred Loue, which seaz'd on him indeed,
As for to proue how such as he with such as she might spedē, }
And there experimented, here to cease or els proceede.
Fye, *Mandeuil*, how good so ere thy Merits otherwize,
In making Loue vnmeant thou didst thy selfe but mis-aduise.
Though thou couldſt buzz about the flame, & keepe vnskorcht thy
Few ſafely play with edge-Tooles, ſin to iſt at holy things. (wings,
With women, made for Men, therefore ſoone won, yeat edging Sute,
With Marrage, praiſide enough in him did firſt it institute:
With Women, who when all was made, and Man of all poſſeſſ,
Yeat lacketh Man an Helpe, ſayd God, and Man with Woman bleſſ:
With marrage, that legitimates our Propagation, and
Two Hearts in one transplants, in all beſalne, or taine in hand:
With women, that no leſſe attract our Senses them to leeke,
Than Hunger for to labour Foode, or Anguiſh Ease to ſeeke:
With Marrage, that preferreth vs, and stayes vs in content,
Vnanimieth weale or woe, as either vs is ſent:
In Nature Women, Marrage by Tradition, either twaine
So ſacret, and autentick, as we naither ſhould profaine.
To trifle then or Them, or This, were not ſo ſlight a ſin,
As that thy Vertues, *Mandeuil*, would fault, think I, therein.
But for ſhe was a Pagan, and thy ſelfe a Christian theare,
And ſhe the *Soldans* Tender, thou didſt forme a Loue for feare.
For that thou ſhouldſt reny thy Faith, and her thereby poſſeſſe,
The *Soldan* did capitulat, in vainē: the more thy bleſſ: }
For than a V Woman euermore the Diuell tempteth leſſe.
Yeat that they tempt, not theirs but ours the ſinne: for if I ſee,
And ſteale, a pretious Gemme, the Gemme faults not, the Theft in me.
Howbeit when to aſtive and to paſſiuſe loue it groes,
And VVomen then ſhall alter, them as Diuels then ſuppoſe: }
And like of Men, if Men alike ſhall Reputation loſe.
This faire *Egyptian* Ladie (of the *Engliſh* Toy in this,

To

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

To wit,in forward Loue to whom the farthest Commer is)
 Might easly haue bin wonne of him,not at an easie rate,
 If to his Faith a Recreant had Miscrent bin his state.
 But he,immoueable aswell in Faith,as former Loue,
 Did there so well,as he from therace with honor did remoue.
 On *Elenor* he still deuisde : yeat sometimes,to allay
 Those Moodes,by mustring in his mind these thoughts,did thus assay.
 Full soone the fairest Face,thought he,would cease from being such,
 If not preserued,curiously,with tendring more than much.
 Or age at least, and that not old,so alters it that was,
 That *Helen* did disclaime her selfe,for *Helen*,in her Glas.
 That great Phisition that had liu'd,in health,an age admirde,
 Did answer,askt the cause,not he had done as Flesh desirde.
 Then *Mandevil*bethinks him of the Labyrinth of Cares,
 Incumbring married Men, and neet that life, and loue,forswares.
 How tedious were a Shroe,a Sloy,a Wanton,or a Foole,
 (All foure a-like threatning Mislike,when time should Dorage coole,)
 How seldome Women come vndow'd with one,or some,or all,
 Or answerable Faults to these(to men not Crosses small,)
 The Flattries, and the Fooleries, whereby are women wonne,
 With fishing long to catch,perhaps,a Frog,when all is done,
 And all that Sexs Infirmities,his Thoughts did ouer-runne.
 But like as Mothers beate their Babes,& sing them when they crie,
 Loues Incantations so did he with Malice such defie:
 The Amorous with the sea-Crabs gaet doe angring Amours flie.
 This humour, and the honor, by this Knight in *Egypt* wonne,
 Ore-passe we, and in *Persia* see what *Lenkinson* hath done.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. LXIX.



T *Casben* hild the *Shaugh* his Court, who thir-
 tic yeares, and odd,
 Had not been scene abroade, thereof by Prophe-
 sie for bodd.
 Like Maestie he kept, as those great Monarchs
 did before
 The *Macedons* subdewed them, of W iues he
 had like store,
 Besides most bewtious Concubines, not leſſe than fifteene score:
 And yearlye of the fairest Maides, & W iues, doth make new choyce:
 When much the Friends, and Husbands, of those chosen doe reioyce.
 Him blesfeth he to whome doth he one of his Reliſts giue:
 Yeat *Persian* *Shaugh* ſtēceme themſelues the holieſt Kings that liue.
 For when a Christian (whom they call an Infidel, because
 He not beleueſ in *Mahomet*, nor *Mortezalies Lawes*)
 Is cal'd to audience, leaſt the ſame prophaine wheare he doth ſtand,
 Muſt doſſe his ſhooes, and to and fro treda on newſifted ſand.
 Our Soueraignes Letters to the *Shaugh* ſo *Lenkinſon* preſents,
 W ho, being askt his arrant, ſaid thoſe Letters like Contentſ.
 But new-made Peace with *Turkie* him of newſought Trade preuēts
 The *Turkish* Marchants, fearing leaſt their Tratiſque miſt decrease,
 Had, by that *Baſha*, mard his Mart that then had made that Peace.
 The *Shaugh* did alſo queſtion his Beleefe, and quarrell it:
 So, well appaid is *Lenkinſon*, if well away he git,
 Whome, with our letters to the *Turke* the *Shaugh*, to ſend was bent,
 Had

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Had not the *Hyrcone Murzey* Posts vnto his Father sent,
And *Obdolorcans* Letters then dissuaded that intent:
Whan, with a Present for himselfe, he Thence to *Hyrca* went,
And therare did him the heart-trew King most kindly intertayne,
And thence dismisse with Gifts, when he no longer would remayne:
Nor onely his Ambassadours vnto his care Commands,
But moment of that Ambassie which he to *Moco* sends.
There now suppose them well ariu'd, and bringing gratafull newes,
Of waightie Messages, wherin the *Mosick* him did vse.
Conuenient time he nerethelasse, for *Persian* Trade attends:
Which *Arthur Edwards*, thitherto sent, succsesfully theare ends.

This *Edwards*, and a many here vnnam'd, deserued well
In these Implyments: but of All weare tedious al to tell,
For, sauing of Discouerers we purpose not to dwell.
Els would we here reuiue, but that through *Hakluit's* Pen they liue,
(To him, your Fames sweet Trumpetor, Yee *English*, Garlands giue)
A Catalogue of Names, that in this North, and Northeast Clymes,
Haue more obseru'd, and more deseru'd, than perish shall with times.
Nor be my Father here forgot: for he, amongst the rest,
Deserueth in this Generall remembrance with the best.
And here, from out those churlish Seas, with *Lenkinson* we sayle
To *London*, theare an aged Man, to tell this youthfull Taile:
How he had past All *Europe*, scene all *Leuant* Islands, and
Greece, *Turkie*, *Affrick*, *India*, *Sur*, *Egypt*, the holie Land,
And all the forelaid Lands: in all imployde, and intertwaine,
Of Emperors, and Kings, as if him selfe a King had raign'd.
Rest may thy honorable Boanes, good old-Man in sweet Peace:
Nor haue thy *Phœnix*-Ashes since beeene barres of increase.
But late had we a Fowle like rate, vs'd oftner Sea than Shore,
Ofte swam hee into golden Strands, but now will so no more,
For, though he weare a dyuing Fowle, to Heauen did he sore.
In *England*, not *Arabia*, now the *Phœnix* Bird is bread,

And

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

And euermore shall theare reuiue, when shall the olde be dead:
The Maiden Empresse, and her Knights their Enterprises rare,
Which now haue peart through every Pole, of all admired are.

Remaineth now, that we intreate of great Achieuements done
By *English*, in contrarie Clymes, since first her *Crowne* begonne.
But ride we first at Anker, though a roomesome Sea we haue,
To listen *Staffords* Comforts which to *Elenor* he gaue.

THE TWELFTH BOOKE OF
ALBIONS ENGLAND.
CHAP. LXX.

When *Stafford* sounded had, as said, the Ladies Loue-seaz'd heart,
He to a Banquet her invites, and did for then depart.
Now to his Lodging (which had earst been *Mandeuil's* also)
Comes *Elenor*, accompned with a crew of Ladies more,
Of which was one that *Stafford* lou'd, of her beloued : She Instructed was by him of all shold there effected be.
The Banquet ended, *Dorcus* (so was *Stafford's* Ladies name) Thus speaketh vnto *Elenor*, as if it weare in game.
In yonder Chamber (poynting to a locked Doore thereby) Hath *Mandeuil* his Closet, and no common Armory.
Full many things theare in, quoth she, both rare and rich saw I:
Howbeit *Stafford*, euen to me, did long that sight denye.
Weare he and all the rest abroade, whare lies the Keye I wot:
Then fayne you sicke, and sleepie, so the rest may hence be got.
Soone Ladies listen Nouelties, and serue themselues with Shifts,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Not sooner *Dorcus* had deuis'd, but *Elenor* it drifts.
So finely fayn'd she ill-at-ease that none beleu'd her well,
Sauie Stafford and his Ladie, so preposing as befell:
And all faire onely *Dorcus*, whom she prates with her to stay,
Did sadly leauie her to her Rest, and that she rest did pray.
Meane while the Ladies and their Oste into the Garden walke,
Where *Stafford* did inuent them Spotts, and hild them pleasant talke.

The Ladies twaine, thus left alone, the doore they open, wheare To them in compleat Armor seem'd the greene-Knight to appeare.
The Burgonet, the Beuer, Buffe, the Collet, Curates, and
The Poldrons, Grandgard, Vambraces, Gauntlets for either hand,
The Taishes, Cushies, and the Graues, Staffe, Pensell, Baises, all
The greene-Knight earst had tylted with that hild her Loue his Thral,
She lawe, on Crosses and els what, by *Staffora* so set out,
That to haue seene her very Knight made *Elenor* no doubt.
At first she feares, but lastly findes the Armor was yn-man'd:
When skaerd, and cheerd, with *Dorcus* she did enter, theare at hand,
The Closet wheare the Prizes of the for-said Iusts did stand.
These, and that Armor, *Dorcus* saide, are *Mandeuil's*, the same
Your Knight, that won himselfe, for Force, to you for Faire such fame.
But, Sweete, let this be spoke in Shrift, so was it spoke to me:
Long haue you thirsted it, know I, which now you heare, and see.
Though *Stafford* was by *Mandeuil* coniured to conceale it,
And I by *Stafford*, what is it but that I may reueale it?
What shame, a Gods name, can redowne to him, by being knowne
The Knight that honord both himselfe and you, as more might none.
Beleeue me, reason none his fame should thus obscured lye:
But whatsoeare the Scruple be, now out it is, for why?
To you lies bare my heart, and shall. With that (by pre-conclusion
Twixt him and *Dorcus*) *Stafford* made a mannerly Intrusion.
Why how now Ladies, sicke, and heale, and taine so soone in harme?
You should, quoth he, to Pownd, weare this a churjish Rusticks Farme.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

In vaine,I see,hath *Mandeuil* forbidden me or sight,
Or speech herof to *Elenor*: And *Dorcus* serues me right:
Blab'd be our Shirts to women,of simplicitie,or spight.
Well,Lady,(for by now I gesse you know this Armons Knight,
And you,concerning other things,haue reade what he did wright)
It firme you hold for him (as you haue said, and should doe still)
For you, and him, and both,therin imploye me at your will.
Who mightier than the *Suldan*? Yeat,as *Mandeuil* me wrights,
A Lady of the blood,righ faire,he him for Wife behights:
But,weare she Empresse of the World,his Resolution is,
She either shall be *Elenor*,or neuer any his.

Full well she knew those Sights, and at those Speeches did reioyce:
The greene-Knight had been *Mandeuil*,had been in her the Choyce.
That *Vv*ith, the Man,his Worth,their Loue,concurriug in this wife,
Had he been also present,what more Blisse could she devise?
Thence went they out into that Roome where had the Banquet bin,
And theare was she about to speake,when came the Ladies in:
Full well appayde to see her cheer'd, and trained then her quaem,
(For nothing lesse than forged Panges,or what had past they aem.)
Then went they all to whence they came, and *Elenor* did plie
For *Mandeuil*: What was it now for him she would not trie?
Oft *Stafford*,She, and *Dorcus* did consult, and then conclude
This Course,not to be changed: which care said,be first pursude
Of *Englyß*,that in *Affrick*,and in *Asia*,bring to pas,
That *England* now is famous,wheare but late ynnam'd it was.

ALBIONS ENGLAND;

CHAP. LXXI.

F Northerne Regions partly is epitomed before,

Of other later Voyages ensues a few,of store.
Great Personages cannot want great Poets theirs
to tell.

Not may they want, nor want to them would I,
wrot I like-well.

But of some Meaners,that their liues haue ven-
tured no lesse,

Perform'd as much,Some more, and Some that haue,as many gesse,
Vnto their Bettors made the way to glorie they posesse,
Shall we digest: Or it we speake of great Ones,they be dead,
For Writters aduantagiously are of the Liuing reade.
Thy Raigne also, *Elizabek*,shall bound our Pen in it,
Whiche to our Theame inferreth Texts,so times yeld more so fit.

Like amorous Scape from *England* as of *Elenor* to *Rome*,
Made *Macham* in *Mader*a reare his hence-stolne Louers Toome,
Then raigued here Third *Edmara*,when so trauel'd *Mandeuil*,
And in those daies th' interring There of *Machams* Loue bcfell.

A Chappell built he there,his name and hers ingrauen in Stone,
To *Iesus* dedicated (then, and *England*,there vñknowne.)

Of him, this Islands Porte is cal'd *Machico*, to this day,
Whom *Affrick Mores* to *Cavile*,as a Wonder, did conuay:
For in an hollowed Tree, or Trough,not hauing fayle or Oares,
(The Shippe they came in leauing him) discouer'd he the *Mores*.
By which discouery, and by his Instructions,did ensew,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The Iberians did Madera and Canaries Isles subdew.
 Hence (els had Macham past our Penne) did time effect our Trade
 For Guinie, in her Highnes Raigne acquir'd, and patent made.
 For not in Maries weare those Partes, as now, so fully found,
 Yeat still to gratefull Eares may those Negotiators sound,
 To wit (although an Alien) good Pinteado, abus'd
 By moodie VVindam, Guinie first, and Benyn, these perus'd:
 Next Gainſb, then T cwrſon diuers times, and heare my Father dide:
 Since, rife that Voyage, Brasile, and to Cape-verd Isles beside.
 Gold, ciuer, muske, graines, pepper, woad, & iuory thence be brought:
 In Barbarie, old Mauritaine, like Trade this raigne hath wrought:
 Of Affrick, and America, by Ours no part vnsought.
 In Iewrie, Siria, Egypt, Greece, the Turks whole Empier now,
 Our Queene is gratiouſe, our Commerce, and Agents, they allow.
 Of World-admired Drake (for of his Worth what argues more,
 Thā fame enuide? Some, for was his so rich, thought theirs too poore,
 And his braue Breder Hawkins (yeat be honord euery Pen,
 That, howſoever, honor them as high-resolued Men)
 In Fiction, or in Mysterie, to reade would leſſe delight,
 Than would ſignificantly ſome their glorious Iornies wright:
 The paines of ſuch invited Pens ſuch ſubiect would require.
 Adde Gilbert, Greenuill, Frobifer, of Knights to make vp fwe,
 All in their better Parts with God, with Men their Fames aliue.
 Adde Chilton, Oxnam, Fenton, VVard, Davis, an other Drake,
 With diuers here not catalog'd, and for a Cheeffest take
 All-auctious Candifb, and of theſe eternall Pen-worke make.
 And, for a gowned Cicero, and one that did not liue
 But to his Prince, and Countrie, Lawdes to VVasingham doe giue.
 The Iliads, and Aeneados, for Text, and Truth, might yeeld
 Vnto that learned Muse that ſhould manure that plentious Field.
 Was neuer Prince employed Peace, with praise, to profit more,
 Or Realme could, in the Raigne of one, boast worthy Men like ſtore:

Out.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Our Foes can alſo witnes her armipotent, in few,
 Religiō, Virtue, Wealth, Peace, War, her Throne with fame induc.
 And here mine alred Muse this Theame ſurceaseth to pursue.
 Of These, East-Indian Goa, South, & South-eaſt People moe,
 And of their memorable Names thoſe Toyles did vnder-goe,
 Is one elaborated Pen compendiously doth floe.
 Omitted then, and named Men, and Lands (not here, indeede,
 So written of as they deserue) at large in Hakluit reede.
 To him, and (who deserues like-well of England, both as Any
 Haue wrote of England) Camden, and to English Poets Many:
 Of which are ſome (praise-worthy though) that towre their Wits too
 To make a Pitch for Loue, whē they at fairer Fowles might flie, (hie,
 Now vaile I Bonnet. Rest thee, Muse, abrode what need werome?
 Our ſauenteene Kingdomes once, now One, yeld Work enough at
 All which her Highnes owneth now, as ſhall anon be ſaide: (Home,
 But of our English Louers first be this Addition made.

CHAP. LXXII.



Ow at Constantinople (once Byzantium) in old
 Thrace,
 Had Mandenil to Stafford wrote ſhould be his
 Wintring Place:
 Next Summer would hee bee at Rome: That
 Stafford ſhould direct
 For either Place his Letters, which he, longing,
 did expect.
 So Stafford had to Elenor the ſame informed, who,
 And Ducas, cuermore their Loues did argue fro and too.

They.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

They may,quoth *Dorcas*,make more nice,but few or none,I troe,
That labour not of our disease: and why,I pray you,noe?
To be with God,what good more good? For it we all shoul daske.
But for by death it must be done,but few affect the Taske.
Virginitie,though praised,is alike perform'd,for why?
As much the Flesh is fraile therein,as in the feare to dye.
What,was it sayd to all,but vs,Increase and Multiply?
No Clarke will so expound that Text,God shield they shoul d,say I.
All yeeld,that Marriage is no sone,if chastly then we live,
And Man and wife their Bodies each to other wholly give:
If so,as so is granted,what needs curios strugling then?
Since God and Nature formed Men for vs, and vs for Men.
I'll match those dallying Girles,pray I,that intertwine by Arte
Ali Louers,giuing Hopes to all,of all to make their Marte,
And,hauing blaunched many so,in single Life take pride:
Wh hen not a Strumpet Men so much abhorre, and more deride.
As well as too remisse in choyce,we may be too precise,
And lose,as *Elops* swimming Dogge,a Substance for Surmise.
But if we marke,in matching, this(which perfeð Content)
That in the Man of Vertues be, and Loue a Couplement,
For either Fortune worke we that we never shall repent.
We coyly may consume our Youth,till times may alter so
Or forme,friends,wealth,or fame,that we out of Request may groe.
But lose that list their Prime,since now I haue that may delight,
He shall participate my best,that must my badder Plight.
For true it is,as Vessels of first Liquors euer taste,
Loue,seased so with Sweets of Youth,the same doth euer last.
Nay should my *Stafford* (God forbid) lesse kinde than think I proue,
I nerethelcs would still be his,in chaste and cheerefull Loue.
No men,troe I(the rascall Sort except)but w omen may,
In Patience,temporizing well,informe, and,erring,stay.
And reason(were there Scripture none,so bidding)we forbare

In

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

In men their Moodes,because of vs they wholly take the care.
Admit we bring them Portions great, and beautie sought of Many,
Alas,what bring we one,that might not els haue hap't to any?
For(let me speake it to no Blab) it is a Question,whether
That longer think it we,or Men,vntill we come together.

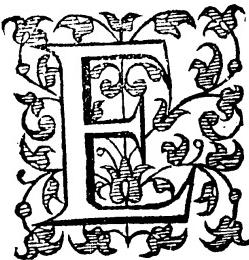
Well Wanton,well,quoth *Elenor*,if Men should heare your chat,
This last I meane,at least they would conclude for vs in that:
Concerning which,vpon my Tongue shall mine Opinion dye,
Though should I say to it, and all,Amen,I sooth'd no Lye.
Saint *Stafford* thine,Saint *Mandevyl* for me,God for vs all,
I haue bin,am, and will be still resolu'd,what ere befall.

In saying which came *Stafford* in, and wils them to dispatch
To Ship-boord: (for before had they determin'd of that Match.)
Alreadie had he shipt their Stuffe,lack't only they a boord:
Which Opportunitie did now that time and place affoord.
How they escapt',or how disguisde,what skils it? scap't they are,
All three imbark't for *Italie*, and had the wind'e so faite,
That almost thither had they reach't,before they missed weare.
For them great search, and sorrow much was made, but all in vaine,
None knew or whē they went, or whence, or where they did remaine.

Here see you,what can mightie Loue in either Sexe effect:
Here see you also friends for friends nor weale nor woe respect:
Here see you one that fear'd to speake, is followed farre to speede:
Here see you that a Woman dares, if she conceits the Deede:
Here see you one in loue,not moop't at home, but mapping Lands:
Here see you how gainst all things els,for Ladies Vertue stands:
Here also heare what they,ariu'd in *Italie*,did see:
And first at *Rome*,when first shall this of Else-what spoken bee.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXIII.



Lizabeths now-Monarchie ore seauenteene
Crownes of old,
As formerly was promised, shall briefly here bee
told.

Before the Scots did plant them Heere, ownid
ancient Brutaines All,
And still, take I, her Homager may England
Scotland call:

Which ouer-passe, not now possest, in this Accompt we shall.
Of either Land the Marches, and much more, for most now Ours,
The warlike Picts possesing Here, built Castles, Towns, & Towers,
Brutes, Scots, and Romaines (then our Lords) oft daunting with their
Til lastly civil Strife, & Scots, diskingdom'd the frō Hence, (Powers:
Whom Orkney Islands, as is sayd, haue harbour'd euer sence.
The Brutaines, by these Picts of long opprest with thralldome sore,
To be deliu'red of such Foes, did Saxon Aides implore.
So playing as did Esope's Horse, that angrie with the Hart,
To be reueng'd, did craue in ayde of Man to take his part:
Till when the Horse was neuer back't nor bitted, Either now
He hauing suffered, would haue helpt, but then he knew not how.
The Brutaines, hauing called so the Saxons to their aide,
Could not be rid of them, to whom they had themselues betraide:
But by the same were they at length debcelled into VVales:
Each of whose Kings, of long time Three, in Englands Monarch failes.
The Saxons getting Brutaine thus (which they did England name)
At once of them in seuerall Parts Seauen Kings did rule the same:

All

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

All which, by VVesterne A delfane, in Monarchie was got,
VVhich since (saue Iron-sids & the Danes once Deuidēt) chang'd not.
Fiue Irish Kingdōs likewise add, now drown'd in Englands Crowne.
The Seauenteenth was the Isle of Man, in Ours now also downe.

Our Mandeuil, here cited, of Earle Mandeuil exact
In Stephens Raigne so famous, Man, in Scots Possession lack't,
And with the Spoyle of al that Isle thence, and his Brother, pack't.
Consent of times, Names, and Records, affirme, may seeme, no lesse.
But Monteacute, Count Salsburie, it wonne, and did posseſſe.
Of Percies after, Stanlies next, and still (gesse I) holds Man,
From honorable long Descents: and from they first began,
All loyall, hospitalious, lou'd, still powre-full, and I pray,
That is that Noble house those Termes may neuer-more decay.

This Man was diuers hundred yeares a Kingdome, and not small,
Rul'd Hebrides, the Orcades, to Thul the Islands all,
And chances there, and Changes, worth the note, did oft befall.

As how the naturall Incolants the Iſlanders subdew,
Them Norses, Irish them, them Scots, and English them, in few.
Beauchamp, the Earle of VVarwick, (first, and last, and but a while)
Was King of VVight. Sixt Henries Gift that Honor, and that Ile:
VVhich added, Eightenee Kingdoms, al posseſſe, ieke Englands Stile.

These now, thus couched all in One, saue Parcell Scots withhold
Of Penthland, and some barren Isles subdu'd to Man of old,
Since hath one Monarch ruled, vs hath rendered secure:
VVhercas Pluralitie of Kings did euer Losſe procure.

Twise ioynd our Ilanders in one, when twise did Cæſar faile:
Disioyning, He, Picts, Saxons, Danes, and Normaines did preuale.
The Spayniard, in Conceit, deuoures our Countrie, in no hope
But of Disunctives, who, thinks he, lesse loue their Prince than Pope.
Let France admonish England, turn'd Religion turnes not Spayne
From thirsting France: Neutralitie brought late-loſt Calice Bainc:
And Spanish-French liue Peasants-like, that, French, did Princes raign.
Our Elders, illy did they well, for so should not be done,

Much

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Much lesse to causeles Armes against their Prince ought Subiects ron)
So badly brook't this *Spanyards* tam'd Espousall with their Queen,
That, euen at *VVeſtminſters* Law-Barres, were harrest Pleaders seene,
Fear'd with the trooped Bands y wold that Banes with Swords forbide:
Of which were pitied those that dide, the Rest winkt-at, and hid.
Their meaning had it Praise, had not the Manner bin in fault:
The Manner now doth hold, may none in ſelſeſame Meaning hault:
But arm'd be every hand, and heart, hence Englishly to beate
Spayn, that our Bodies wold inthral, *Rome*, that our Soules doth threat.
Yeat (which hath blinded, bridled, and beguil'd, them many a day)
Their Inquisition wiſh I from the *Spanyards* rid away.
What good remaines to wiſh the Pope, this, that had none bin borne,
From him to ſteale his ill-got Coyne, from vs to ſhip our Corne.
The beſt things brought from *Rome*, to vs conuert, troe I, to ill:
But new *Rome* left, of old *Rome* now abreuiat we will.

CHAP. LXXIV.

When *Stafford* and his double Charge to *Italie*
were come,
In health, and rich (for hence brought they in
Coine no little Some,
With Jewels of rare estimate, and else-what of
great worth)
For *Mandevil* they ſeeke, and him at laſt did
liſten forth.

That in *Constantinople* yet he was, a Marchant ſaide:
And thither *Stafford*'s Letter was to him with ſpeed conuaide,
Purporting only that himſelfe at *Rome* his comming ſtaide.

Meane

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Meane while in *Rome* (the Miftris once of all the world) they view
Such wonders, coucht in Ruins, as vnfene might ſeeme vntrew.
Once was it compaſt, as is read, with fiſtie miles of wall:
Now ſome to twentie, ſome to leſſe, in that accompt doe fall:
It hauing Towers ſo many as the yeare hath dayes in all.
From fortie miles was water brought in Pipes on Arches thether.
Were vaulted walkes through every Streete, againſt Sunne, and rainy
The ſumptuous Bathes, with Pallaces thereto of rare delight, (weather.
The roomesome Ponds, where very Ships ſome Festivals did fight,
The Trophie Arches, where to life Triumphantis were putraide,
The Statues huge, of Porphyrie and coſtlier matters made,
The Theaters, Pyramides, the Hill of halfe a mile,
Raiſde but of tribute Potſheards, ſo to boast their Power long while,
The Obelisks, of one whole Stone neere fortie yards or more,
Huge Pillers, caru'd in Masonrie with Prowſe of Knights before,
The ſtately Bridges, ſometimes Eight, now fewer, *Tyber* croſſe,
The Thirtie goodly Gates, of which is now of number loſſe,
The huge Coloffes, Conduites, and elſe-what, that ſhew'd a State
Beyond beleefe of ruin'd *Rome*, in part repair'd of late,
They wonder at, & how the world could yeeld ſuch Pomp, debate.
Though ſome the ſcauen incloſed Hills, did ancient *Rome* containe,
Lye waste, or Vine-yards, more doth yeat of Maiestie remaine,
Euen in the Rubble of the old, than in the now renew'd,
Though *Rome* retaines a Statelimes, nor fairer Pyles are view'd.
The round *Pantheon*, once the House of all the Heathen Gods,
Stands yet a Temple, but leſſe deckt for rich by too much ods.
On *Auentine* the down-fals are of Temples ſtore to ſee:
On *Tarpie* of the Capitol, were wont their Guild to bee:
On *Palantine* of Pallaces, on *Cælius* lignes of Playes:
Quirinall, *Exquell*, *Viminall*, of Bathes ſhew braue decayes.
Theſe Hills, with *Vatican* and old *Ianiculum* ore-paſt,
Shew we how *Rome* did rule, was rul'd, and ruin'd at the laſt.

From

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

From *Ianus*(called *Noe* of some,*Iaphet* of some *Noes Sonne*,
And *Iaphets* sonne of others) Rule in *Tuscan* first begonne,
Raignd in sixe hundredth twentie yeres of *Latines* Twentie one:
(Son of the Eight of which was *Brute*, first Soueraign of our Throne)
The last of these *Rymitor* was, whome *Romulus* did kill,
And, building *Rome*, slew *Remus*, there to lord-it at his will.
* This Cittie, then Receptacle for all, how vile skils not,
Of *Italie* by one and one the Sixteene State-Lands got.
Tarquinius raign'd the Seauenth in *Rome*, whē for the Out-rage done
Vpon *Lucretia*, Kings did cease, and Consuls then begonne:
Whē had two hūdredth thirtie yeres bin Kings, that much had won.
* In this estate of Consuls(Two,remoueable each yeere)
Rome flourished in Victories fwe hundredth yeres well neere.
No age can boast like valiant Men, or Senatours so graue,
That Warre, and Peace, vnto the world at their Devotion gaue:
Whose only naked Maiestie not Armour then could braue:
Like Monarchie none euer had, or likely is shall haue.
* VVhen now the world was wholly *Romes*, and *Pompeii* ouercome,
Then *Iulius Cæsar* did Vsurpe the Common-wealthe of *Rome*.
Had Thirtie eight bin Emperours successiuely, when as
Did *Constantine* to *Silvester Rome*, by Donation pas.
* This *Constantine* (surnam'd the great, Our heire, and of our blood)
Baptiz'd of *Silvester*, did hurt, as hap't, by doing good:
VVhen to *Constantinople* he remou'd th' imperiall Seate,
Rome prou'd too prouide for Priests, or pride of Priests for *Rome* too
Besides, was little Policie in Partnership of Raigne, (great:
For *Rome*, and *Greece*, one Empier earst, was rul'd as if of Twaine:
VVho also chose their *Cæsars*, that their priuate Turnes did waite:
VVhence, after at *Bizantium* Nine had held imperiall State,
Rome by the *Gothe Alarachus* was sackt in barbrous rate.
And here the *Romaine* Monarchie did palpably decline:
As doth her Prelacie, and soone shall quite, may we deuine.

But

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

But shall we yet digresse of *Rome*, subiecting vs so long?
Then least, as now your Eares, our Pen your Memories should wrong,
Remembred be wheare stayde our search of Countries, where left we
Of *Mandevil* and *Elenor*, and wheare these Louers be.

CHAP. LXXV.



Non as *Constantine* left *Rome*, for *Greece*, to *Syl-
vester*,
(So cal'd of liuing in the Woods, whence earst
he durst not ster)
For consecrating after-Popes they golden Rites
prefer,
And, hanſling *Rome* with Heresies, in factious
Schismes did erre.

Scarse was it come vnto the Third, when those that liu'd before,
(But fewe escaping Martyrdome) in Deserts, meeke and poore,
Did wrangle for Saint *Peters* keyes, and Primacie of all
The christiā Church: which to their Sea, though long, at length did fal.
Hence Dispensations, Iubilees, Pardons, and such rack't geere,
VVeare had at *Rome*: nothing, naught worth, theare had, nor payd for
Yeat not, till long, the Emperours they dared to prouoke, (deere).
That now in choyce of Emperours did labor greatest stroke,
And Seculiers from church-Affayres in all did sequester,
But wrought that Seculiers should all vnto the Church refer:
Effecting so, that Emperours and Kings did kisse their feete,
Depositing, and disposing, them, and theirs, as they thought meete.

Vhē now the blind seduced World was brought vnto their bent,
And more their busie heads could not, ambitiously, invent,
Was Pope, & Pope, & sometimes Three:Popes poysond, Popes exild,
Popes

X

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Popes strangeld,cozen'd Popes,a Pope deliuerd of a Childe:
 W^tas neuer heard such Tyrants,or of other Potentates
 So many did miscarrie,through Ambition, and Debates.
 But be obseru'd,in highest pitch of Pride in Cleargie-men,
 God still hath wrought,Religion,Realmes, and all haue ruin'd then.
 So,in her Roofe,it far'd with *Rome*:he whisel'd, and did swarme
 From out the North *Barbarians* that gaist *Italie* did arme.
 At sundrie times the *Goth*,the *Dane*,the *Vandale*,and the *Hunne*,
 With others, foure times sacked *Rome*,and oft the Land ore-runne:
 Nor only so,but there did raigne,in spight of who sayd nay:
 Whence *Cisalpine* is *Lumbardie* vnto this present day:
 And *Rome*,which since our *Brennus*,none durst enterprise, was made
 A Bootie to each barbrous Force that would the same inuade.
 In vaine the *Romaine* Emperors their ancient Right defend,
 For through seditious Popes the *French* begun where Those did end.
 From *Pharamond* to *Pepins* House they foyst the Crowne of *France*,
 And to the *Westerne* Empier then did *Charlemaine* aduance.
 From *France* to *Italie* againe,to *Germanie* from thence,
 Whereas the naked Title hath inured euer sence.
 Thus erring *Rome* hath,doth,& wil,our christian World vnquiete:
 May therefore Princes ioyne to race that Monster from his Seate.
 What,will ye see a glorious God of earth ? goe see the Pope:
 Aspiring *Lucifer*? who els? Truth fals't? reuerse the Cope: (Sort,
 Queanes like to Queenes? There halfe-mile Streetes affoord no other
 It Skarlet Hats meane while and Stoles haue not ingro'st the Sport.
 Full fortie Thousand Curtizans there,Ladies-like,doe liue,
 That to the Pope for wantoning no small Reuuenew giue.
 Their wiues they mew frō churchmē there: whēce doth this By-word
 More Priuiledged Harlots liue thā honest wiues at *Rome*. (comē
 Well,by their Fruits ye may them know. Thus is cast vp this Some.

Whilt were those Broyles in *Italie*,did many there reiect
 Obedience to the Emperors,who could not them protec:

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

So diuers Cities did themselues infranchise,growing States:
 And each of them Dominion to her Common-wealth delates.
 Weare ouerlong,although we should but briefly ouer-ronne
 The free-*Italian* States,of which the *Spanyards* part haue wonne:
 As *Naples*,*Mylaine*,royall *That*,and *Duchie This*,both twaine
 So peopl'd,fertile,pleasant,rich,as neither shew their waine.
 But should we speake of *Venic*'s *Pompe*,the *Citic*,and the *Scite*,
 Too little should we speake,although too much we here should write.
 But,Gallants,will you view the Courte of *Venus*,and not so,
 But Myrrors too of *Courtesie*? to rich-built *Genoa* goe:
 But farre from drifting *Florence* keep,leastr *Machuels* yee groe.
Ferrara,*Vrbine*,*Mantua*,*Placeme*,and *Parmia* are
 Braue Cities,great for State, and please those which to them repare.
 I wot not what this spatiouis Land doth lacke that Man can wish:
 Ayre teprate,fertile Grounds,vnmatch't for fruits,beasts,fowles,& fish:
 Men valiant,rich,kinde,courtly, and faire Academies many,
 For braue and bewtious women doe,nor need they yeeld to any.
 Now to our *Englysh* Trinitie of Louers let's returne,
 That still,in expectation of the Fourth,at *Rome* sojourne.
 Theare,after Prayers,Church-times,Sights,& Stories sometimes read,
 Amongst their merrie Tales was this,how one,inamour'd,spread.

CHAP. LXXVI.



Faire young wife of *Lyncolne*-Shire (if say our Author
 truth)
 In traueling to *London*-wards , squir'd of a clownish
 youth,
 Was by a Yorke-Shire Gentleman ore-taken, & together
 This Cocke of game, and Henne (as he supposed) of that Feather,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Doc iourney on: And,liking her,when words of course had past,
 And nodding pricked on before her Seruing Creature fast,
 He thus began. Faire Mistresse,since our Trauell lies one way,
 If so you please,one Inne,one Boord,(and I for all will pay)
 May serue vs both : I also was about,one Bead,to say.
 The Gentlewoman (formally then modest) blushing,sayd,
 For Inne,add Boord,as pleaseth you: And so her Answer staide,
 But would you add the Third,quoth he,more would it please in deede:
 What that you pay for al?quoth she,nay,so weare more than neede.
 Tush,that (And yeat best Orators to Womyn knew he Gifts,
 And therefore named,Pay,as if by chance,to edge his drifts)
 Was out,quoth he,at vn awares : I also named,Bead.
 You said you were about,quoth she,which still let goe for dead.
 Thus off and on they dialogue best part of all that daye:
 He could not win her to consent,nor would he take a naye:
 For long a goe the Calendar of Women-Saints was filde,
 Fewe not to Opportunitie,importuned,yeild,
 Thinks this our Northerne wilie Ladde,hartie, and hardie too,
 Who neuer would giue out: nor more,than thus,yeelds she to doe,
 That is,to bead : he swearing butt o kisse, and her imbrace.
 Then merrily for Huntington they mend their former pace.
 Alighted theare,for Supper he bespeakes the dantiest Cheere,
 And either in one Gallerie had Chambers,somewhat neere.
 Betwixt their Chambers placed was a Southerne Gentleman,
 That by officious Signes twixt them to sound their Match began.
 Her extraordinary Forme, on worke the rather sets
 His heart, and Senses (such an hand of vs such Bewtie gets.)
 Resolu'd at last of what was meant, and how thereinto deale,
 This Smel-feast from the bidden Guest,did thus the Banquet steale.
 He gaue it out, that all might heare, he earely would away,
 His Man fayn'd feare to oner-sleepe, and woulde not downe him laye:
 But,when that all besides betooke themselues to sleepe and rest,
 One while he walkes the Gallerie, another while he dreſt

His

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

His rustic Sword, which badly did the Northern-man digest.
 In vaine he chafte,in vaine he wisht the Seruing-man were gon:
 Nor durst he out to boord his Loue(for much it stood vpon
 Their Credits to be cautious,) The Southern-man, this while,
 Got to the Gentle-womans bed, and did (no force) beguile
 Her Expectation: Swore you not ? quoth she, and he did smile.
 But, had he bin the Man forsworne, if God forgaue the Sin,
 She pardon'd him the quo ad vi that he had trespass't in,
 And, for that Nights work, swore to sweare no Man frō like, I win.
 This Chaer thus chaer'd, as closely as he went returnes he backe
 Vnto his proper Bed, nor long he sleepes ere thence he packe.
 No sooner cleered was the Coast, but that the bidden Guest
 Steales to her Chamber doore, then lock't, (for now she means to rest.)
 A male-Content retireth he,not dreaming what had bin,
 But better Opportunitie hopes at their next-nights Inn.
 Next Morne they meete, when, blushingly (but angrie not a whit)
 Ha Sir, quoth she, I'le trust againe your Oth, so kept you it.
 Well,bite, and whine(quoth he) who trusts a Woman so is satu'd.
 First muschth she, then ies'ts it out, soone finding how was swaru'd.
 But thus the Northern-man did faile, that did no cost omit,
 And thus the Southern-man preuail'd, at charge no more then Wit.
 The best is yet behind, but ere be told the Storie out,
 Amongst our Louers, now at Rome, heare how was brought about.

AT Rome is Mandevil ariu'd, Stafford and he are met,
 To say their Greeting, for the much, were here too long a Let.
 Of Elenor her health, and more, suppose not Questions few:
 For yet full little Mandevil of her Ariuall knew,
 Nor shall,till of his Loyaltie, and life, be further View.
 At Staffords Lodging had he seenie (as is th' Italian Guies)
 Two portly Ladies, Head and Face, all vailed, saue their Eyes:
 Twixt one of these, and Stafford, much of Kindnes to haue past
 Had he obseru'd, and therupon thus breakes with him at last.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

I haue not seene the couer'd Dish, that so your Diet fits;
 But much I feare it surfeit may, quoth he, your queasie wits:
 Needes must I enter now the Lists, to combate *Dorcas Foe*,
 Euen *Stafford's* reason, that from Heauen to Hell is postng so.
 I will not aske, nor doe I care, what bewtie, wealth, or wit,
 Your here-found Mistres hath, why you should home left Loue forgit:
 But this, I know, nor *Rome* affords whome more you might affect?
 Than her, whome wronged here I see, and more than seene suspect:
 And wherein differst Man from Beast, but in Affections checkt?
 What, is she married? Then doe yee superlatively sone:
 Or Mayde? I like not Maidens that so forwardly beginne:
 Or Curtizen? What doth she with a Vaile that is so vyle,
 As not to blush at shame, but, baer'd, is wonted to beguile?
 But Married, Mayde, or Curtizen, or what, you please her name,
 I like not him makes loue to one, and wrongs the very same.
 I tell thee, *Stafford*, be she good, or bad, thou here doest courte,
 Thee I pronounce too bad, y' with fore-plighted Loue do'est spouerte.
 Let it suffice my Friendship, hates Absurdities in thee!
 Farre be it Travellers should play the Spydet, nor the Bee.
 I would thy courted Lady here, and her Consorte, heard this: and in a
 (A needles wish, next Roome weare both, and ouer heard he is).
 Then should they heare thee falseto one; a Chyser is not heete,
 And, fearing like, suspect thy Loue, of Precontracts not cleere:
 Or falsoed Matches, finished in wrong of Others, might,
 By stil improsprous Presidents, deterre from wronging Right.
 To honest Eares might this suffice to interrupt herein,
 Or spoke I vnto Harlots, this at least (from List shold win):
 Al Touch-sweet, Tast sweet, Eye-sweet, Ear-sweet, Sent-sweet, Soule-
 A vertuous Match, but vitiouſ Loue in al contraries this. (sweet, is
 Suppose this firme and naked Loue, and Friendship, much to please
 His Auditorie, seene, and not, and *Stafford*, to appease him. In queint
 His Discontent, pretends a soone Returne for *England* absence, know T
 And so this Parlie ended, and on either part Offence. Herof he shold

Stafford

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Stafford had said to *Mandeil*, that *Elenor*, to trie
 Whether his Loue did not with time, new Loues, and Trauell die,
 Required backe the Ring she gaue, which if he could her send,
 She would beleue him loyall, and requite it in the end.
 That Ring, in this Regarde, did he commend to *Stafford* now,
 And, saue to her, he giue the same to none exacts a Vowe.
 The next third following day was fayn'd the time he wold fro thence,
 Whome to accompanie on his way had *Mandeil* pretence:
 Wherfore they feast their Friends, & the their Friends, amog' st the rest,
 Unknowne of him, was *Elenor* with *Mandeil* a Guest.
 Such Arte she ys'd, and such Attier she wore, and who woud looke
 For her at Rome? that present her not for herselfe he tooke.
 Upon her Finger he espyde his Ring, deliv'rd earst,
 Yeat silently deuoures the Greefe, that to his Soule had pearst.
 He, and the rest, invited weare to sup abroad that Night:
 Night, Guests, and Suppers ende are come, when (greeued though in
 He, to recover backe his Ring, did vse this clenly sleight: (Spright)
 In one had he a Mommie deuised and a Maske,
 And euery masking Mommie tooke a Lady to his taske,
 He her, with whome he had espyde his Ring, and Dauncing dorne,
 To looke, as if for somewhat lost, to ground-wards he begonne.
 Was ask't what myste, he whispers her, that he had lost a Ring,
 Which wanting in each Mommers Mouth, was made a penall thing:
 Faire Lady, lend me this, quoth he, that on your finger is,
 And (giuing her a Tablet rich) for Gage accept of this.
 Her Courtesie, his colour'd Want, and Gage, effected so,
 That she, the Pawne accepted, did her loned Ring forgoe.
 Now on the Boord weare cast the Dice, her turne was come to play,
 Which Opportunitie takes he, and shifts him thence away.
 Nor knew she him, nor her knew he, for her she was indeede:
 But thus he spead his purpose, and of this did thus proceede:
 Which, earē we shal reporte, insewes our Iests Remayne to reede.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. LXXVII.

AT VVare (in Hertford-shire a Towne, not bet-
tered, I wione,
Of thorough Faires, from Thence to T.wede, for
many an harbrous Inne,
VValst with the once ship-bearing Ley, by Al-
fred'slste in Three,
To dissipate the Dane-Fleete, that expugning
Hertfora bee.)

Next day they timely tooke their Inne, had sup't ere Sunne was set,
Abroad walkt she, vnseene did he into her Chamber get.
First giuing out he would to bed, least, mist, be marde the Sport,
And, least she feare, the day before had made to her report,
In Merriment, that oftentimes he walked in his Sleepe,
And then nor Lock, nor Let, could him from Place, or Person, keepe:
It in this fit I chance on you, be not astrayd, quoth he.
But, if you come, I'le whip you thence, then best not come, quoth she.
Thus, and with this Preparatiue, he counts the Bootie his,
And on the Rushes, vnderneath her Bed, he couched is,
And what with watch the night before, and wearines that day,
And to be fresh, anone, he slept, assoone as downe he lay.

Meane while, a lustie Yeoman of a Northerne Bishops, who
Was often there a Guest, and good, alights and goes into
The Gentlewoman's poynted Roome, and say what they could say,
There would he lodge, for that had bin his Lodging many a day.
Loth were they to displease him (for an Harbinger he was)
And then were Bishops bountious, as they too and fro did passe:

For

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

For whensoeuer they remou'd to Place, or Parliament,
Their common Meany (not a few) on Foot with Bowes fore-went,
Nor niggardly was then to them allowed to be spent.
Themselves, with learned Chaplains & great Traines did follow then,
And frankly spent in every Place, relieving many Men:
Yea, Monasteries, Colledges, Schooles, Hospitals, Hie-waies,
Bridges, and like, were founded by the Prelats in those daies.
But Laters could not so, for why? were Those so fleeced Theirs,
As but a thousand yearely Fee, some purcha'st to their Heires.
But now be some (may such be long, and such to them succeed)
To whom in all doth nothing want of reverent VVorth indeed.
But say ye Sooth, haue Cleargie-men Coshairers? tush a Lye:
To aske doe Ccurriers, Church-men shame to offer Simonie:
And that should be such Fault, appears small likelihood, say I.
Obscurely more, with lesser Port, lesse hospitalious too,
The great-Ones never liu'd, nor rack't their owne, as now they doe.
Then either this is false that thus they fleece, or this is true,
That euen Consumption of their owne, is Sacrilegers due.
But wander doe we from our Iest, of that doth thus ensue.
The Bishops man sups, and to bed, whilst soundly sleepes that other:
The Gentlewoman, barr'd that Roome, is lodged in another:
That in the Bedfell fast a sleepe, This vnderneath awakes,
And, in his creeping out, and vp, no dinne at all he makes.
One heard he breathe, ar't there? thought he, haue with thee by & by:
And softly kist, wheare felt so rough, he fear'd t'haue kist awry.
He grop't therefore her Face, and caught the Yeoman by the Beard:
And rudely starting vp (not more in all his life afear'd,
The busking to his Sword) cride Theeues: That other in such taking,
Asthough he were a Man right good, he stood amaz'd, and quaking.
The Oste and Ostlers with a Light and Tooles, then next to hand,
Came in, where he, almost vnstrip't, but wholly skar'de, did stand.
They wonder (for they knew him well) that he should be a Theefe:
Good Sirs, quoth he, be still, we all deceipte are, in breefe.

Then

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Then, taking some a-part, he tolde his Cause of being theare,
And praiers their silence, and in Wine was washt away that Feare.
The Gentlewoman, hearing this, vñ-Inn'd by day did peepe,
And (honester than would himselfe) left him to wake, or sleepe.
This stale Iest tolde, Of Mandeuil now let ys Promise keepe.

With modest Mirth were ended now the Maske, and Revels, when
Vnto their Lodging Stafford did the Ladies Vsher then.
There Elenor was passing sad, and, being ask't, did tell
The Circumstances of her Ring in order as befell,
And shewes the gaged Tablet, seene and knowne of Stafford well.
Her, weeping ripe, he, laughing, bids to patient her awhile,
For Mandeuil suppose him wrong'd, and wrought, q̄ he, that wile.
But how for you he loueth yours, it argues, and withall
A gentle-manly minde his great Exchange for value small.
Not thinke I lesse, nor argue lesse of Loue, and Gentrie too.
May what, in both preuenting him, I meane, quothisic, to dōo.
His Tablet sent she, and therewith this Breuiat, by a Page.
Of you I aske not backe my Loane, but take it, and your Gage:
Yours Either, Neither say I mine, Both shall be, I presage,
He musing of her Meaning, thus to her lets his be knowne.
Of you I aske not back my Gage, but take it for your Loane:
Mine triples yours, not yours, and yeat for Price gets yours, but One.
Not musing of his Meaning (which to her was not for Newes)
She of her Meaning also meanes that he no longer muse.

Now Mandeuil, though grieved much at Stafford, who he thought
In Rome to riot, Dorcas not esteemed as she ought,
And for his blabbing him to her the which had had his Ring,
Against an Oth, meanes neretheleſſe him on his way to bring,
And comes to Staffords Lodging, who prepar'd for no such thing.
But for a Bridegroome trim'd, and trim was All, and She for Bride
Hun contradicted, when, as sayd, had Mandeuil espide
That likelihood: who, fighing, sayd, not henceforth will I chide,

But

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

But pitie Stafford, now so faire from wonted Stafford wide.
A Friend should not (nor you will I in this Infirmitenes) flye,
Alone of Dorcas wronged here not witnes shall mine Eye.
Came you to Rome to lose your selfe, and finde at Rome a Friend,
There to begin his Sorrowds where your Senses shake an end?
Or thriue they more, or trauell lesse, may Englyſham, with I:
Hence should they profit, whence for most, they least doe fructifie.
How stoicall growes Mandeuil, quoth Stafford, since his Trauell:
With you, for like, may I ere long, haue caule no lesse to cauell.
With that, from out another Roome to him, that would away,
Then Dorcas like came Dorcas out, imitating him to stay.

What should we say his Joy, that his Misdeemes did sort to this?
Was not a gladder man, and year anon he gladdor is,
When Elenor, then like her selfe, to him came also out:
But whether gladder he, or she, thus met, shal restradoubt.
That very day both Couples wead, but what they did that night,
Not men vnpрактиſ'd can report, for Action, or Delight.
Nor creedes be this Loue-Tale of this Ladie and this Knight.

This of what worth so-cre, is brought this Work of Ours to end:

More haue wee donne, hence outed, more wee purpos'd to haue
Which to intelligenced Men, more daring, we commend. (pend,
Well wotting A&ts heroick, and great Accidents, not few
Occurre this happie Raigne, here-hence, of purpose, blanched vew.
Not Perpetuitie my Muse can hope, vnlesse in this,
That thy sweet Name, Elizabeth, herein remembred is.
And this, hope I, doth bode me good, that very day wherein
Was finisht This, did of thy Raigne yeares Thirtith nine begin.
May Muse arte-graced more than mine, in Numbers like supply,
What in thine Highnes Praise my Pen, too poore, hath passed-by.
A larger Field, a Subiect more illustrious, None can aske,
That with thy Scepter and thy selfe, his Poesie to taske.
Thy Peoples Prolocutor be my Prayer, and I pray,
That ys thy blessed Life, and Raigne, long blesse, as at this day.

FINIS.



An Addition in Proese to the second

Booke of ALBIONS ENGLAND:

contayning a Breuiate of the true
Hystorie of *Eneas.*



Ccept him(friendly Reader) where he is, not where he ought, and as he speaketh, not as he should. Misapplied he is not for Matter precedent, howsouer the penning or misplacing may like or mislike for the English or Order. Rather hath my Remisnes borrowed of Decorum and your Patience, than that a Patriarke of our *Brutons* should be abruptly estranged: Of *Eneas* therefore it thus followeth:

Eneidos.



Eneidos.

Hen the reuengefull Flames of *Troy*, properly called *Ilion*, then the principall Citie of all *Asia*, had perfected the more than Tenne yeates Siege of the *Grecians* expugning of the same, then *Eneas* (howsouer by some authorities noted of disloyaltie towards *Priam*, in this not vnworthily

surnamed vertuous) burthening his armed shoulders with his feeble and most aged Father *Archises*, that laboured also vnder his loade of the *Troian* Gods and sacred Reliques, *Eneas*(as I say) with such his Burthen, leading by the hand his Sonne *Ascanius* of the age of twelue yeres, followed not only of the beautifull *Creusa* his wife the Daughter of King *Priam*, but also of a many *Troians* participating that common calamitie, brake through the wastfull Flames, mauger the wrathful Foes, into the fields of *Phrigia*. Theare the Aire emptied of down-burnt Turrets, and filled with smoake of fired Buildings, assuere frō their hearts more teares to their eyes, than the benefit of their present Escape could promise them comfort. *Troy* therefore not to be rescued, or *Creusa* (in this businesse lost and perishing) to be recovered, *Eneas* and his Followers imbarkeing themselues in *Simois*, after long & weary Sea-faring arrived in a part of *Thrace* called *Cressa*, bounding on *Mygdonia*. Here *Eneas*, purposing an end of his tedious Saylings, and not meanly furnished of Treasure

Treasure conuayed from *Troy*, laied Foundation of a Citie (after the Founder) called *Aeneas*. This Citie going forward lesse effectually than was expected, *Aeneas*, supposing the Gods to bee yet opposite to the *Troians*, knocking downe a milke-white Bull pitched an Altar to doe Sacrifice. Neere at hand were growing diuers shrubbed Trees, the Boughe whereof (for the greater reuerence and exoration of the present Solemnitic) he cutting and sliuing downe, perceiued blood in great abundance issuing from the broken Branches: whereat long admiring, and with great terror and devotion intercessing the Gods to reueale the meaning of that miraculous Accident, at the length he heard a pitiful & feeble voice (for diuersly in those daies, did the Diuels answere and giue Oracles) thus answering.

Reason were it (*Aeneas*) that the Graues of the dead shuld priuiledge their bodies from the tyrannie of the living: but by so much the lesse doe I esteeme my priuidge, by how much the more I know thee vnewt:ingly iniurious. Thou tearest, *Aeneas*, in these Braunches, thou tearest the bodie of thy vnfortunate Brother-in-law *Polydor*, Sonne to the like-starred *Priamus*. *Troy* as yet was only threatened, not besieged, when my Father (as thou knowest) deliuered me with a world of Treasure to *Polymne* for the barbarous King of this Countrye, here daungerles (as he pretended) to abide, as the Conseruor and Restauration of his House and Empyre, whatsoeuer should betide of him, his other Issue, or the Warres then beginning: but the *Greekes* preuailing, Auarice, and the declining State of *Phrigia*, imboldned my Gardien (fearles of Reuengers) to the murthering of me: which he traytrously accomplishing on this Shore, secretly raked me vp in these Sands, without honor of better Sepulcher: and of my body (so hath it pleased the Gods, and Nature) are sprong these Branches, in tearing of which thou tormentest me. Howbeit, in respect of my desire to profit thee by fore-

foretelling of thy Destinie, I account mee happily harmed: For know (*Aeneas*) that in vaine thou doest build where the Gods deny thine abode: leauie therefore these defamed Coasts, and prosperously plant the Remaine of *Troy* and thy Posteritie in the fertill *Italian* Clime.

The voyce thus ceased to speake, and *Aeneas*, without further touch of the forbidden Shrubs, continuing his feare finished the Sacrifice, & after the *Phrigian* fashion solemnlie held an Obit to the Ghost of his murthered Kinsman.

Then, by this admonishment, he and his *Troians* leauing the new reared Citie, disanker from *Thrace* in quest of behighted *Italie*. But no sooner had they put to Sea, then that the windes and the waues sollicited (a Poeticall fiction) by the wife of *Jupiter*, so tossed and turmoyled the dissparkled Nauie, that the horror of the circumstances continually threatening their liues, left onely hoped-for death as the remaine of all comfort. At length, these instruments of their long wandrings, and the causes of *Archises* & of many noble personages there perishing, couerpleaded (as is fabled) by *Venus*, tossed their distackled Fleet to the Shore of *Libya*. Neere to the place of their arrial stood the beautifull Citie of *Carthage*, which *Elisa* (whom the *Phanicians* for her magnanimous dying, did afterwards name *Dido*) had newly builded: *Aeneas* by safe-conduct receiued frō her repaying therer, found such royal enterainement, that in respect of the present solace he had forgottē al passed sorrowes, & his hart-spent *Troians* found bountifull supplies to all their late endured scarcities. In the meane while *Aeneas*, for personage the *Iouilift*, for wel-spokē the *Mercurilift*, & no lesse fortunate vnder *Venus* her constellatiō, with his comelines so intised the eyes, with his speeches so inchaunted the eares, and with his vertuēs so enflamed the heart of the amorous *Cathagenian* Queene, that hardly modesty discented that her tongue affirmed not the

the loue which her eyes outwardly blabbed and her heart inwardly nourished: In the end, not able longer to containe such extraordinary Passions, in this order she vented the same to the Lady *Anna* her Sister.

My trusty Sister, quoth she, (then sighing out a pause) how many great Princes, since the decease of my late husband *Sichæus* and our departure from *Tyrus*, haue in vain laboured a marriage with me, hath been vnto thee no lesse apparant, than of me hitherto vnapprovéd: but now (haled on I know not by what destinie) our new-come Guest *Aeneas* the *Troian* (whose matchlesse personage and knightly pro-wesse I partially commend not, all confirming of him no lesse than I can affirme) the same even the same hath supplanted my chaste determinations of continual widowhood, with an amorous desire of a second marriage: howbeit, to determine without him, as I must, were to bee deceived of him, as I may. What counsell? My selfe (*Anna*) ah my selfe to motion loue were immodestie, and to be silent lesse tolerable than death. I would (a violent no voluntary wish) that *Elisa* knew her selfe beloued of *Aeneas*, *Aeneas* not knowing himselfe so loued of *Elisa*.

Her Sister with a cheerful countenance promising comfort performed the same in this answer. Dum signes (quoth she) haue their speeches: not any that obserueth your looks, but easilie aymeth at your loue: greater is the wonder of your strickt chastitie, than it would be a nouell to see you a *Bigama*. That priuatly peeuish and curious, This publiquely wished and commodious: Or euer *Carthage* be perfected in the ayre, *Elisa* may putrifie in the earth: What Monument then leauest thou to thy *Tyrians*, scarce warme in *Africk*, than a Cities imperfect foundation? Which being alreadie an eyefore to the wild and warlike *Libians*, *Barbares*, *Getulians*, and the rest of the *Africans*, shall then bee vtterly extinct, with the very name of the Foundtes: but in matching

matchng with so great and valiant a Prince as *Aeneas*, thou shalt not onely liue with whom thou doest loue, and by conforting thy *Tyrians* with his *Troians* strongly disappoynt the enuie of those Nations, but (for Nature hath not giuen thee such beautie to die barren) being a wife, become (no doubt) a mother, and by legitimate propagation so glad thy Subiects feareles of ciuill dissentions. Who can then dislike that *Elisa* should so loue? Burie Sister the thoughts of *Sichæus* with his dead bones, and prosperously prosecute and preuaile in thy sweete passions of *Aeneas*: Plie him with all prouisions and amorous entertainments: onely for his Shippe-works fayne delatory wants, and by Winter be past he, partly comming, will (feare not) bee perfectly reclaymed.

This counsell of *Anna*, though it heaped as it were *Athos* on *Atria*, yet was it praised and practised of *Elisa*: for Counsell soothing the humor of the counselled, howsouer unprofitable, is accounted plausible. Henceforward the Queene (to be admired, not matched for her exquisite beautie, and rather borrowing of Arte than scanting Nature, as braue in apparell as beautifull in person, and voted, even in her better part, to the loue of *Aeneas*) so sorted all her denices to his best liking, that shortly himselfe laboured with her in one and the selfe-same paine of wished-for pleasure. Omitting therefore the circumstances of their discourses, feastings, and all poetical faynings, onely proceede we, in few, to the Euent of these their amorous Beginnings.

AHunting was generally appoynted, the Queene, *Aeneas*, their Ladies, and Knights brauely mounted, the Standes were prewned, the Toyles pitched, the Hounds vncoupled, the Game rowfed, a foote, and followed, when sodainely, amidst the harborlesse Desart in the hotest purfuite, the Skye, ouer-cast with black Clowdes, shrowred downe such flashes

of Lightening, vollies of Thunder, Haylestones, and Raine, that glad was euery of the *Tyrians* and *Troians*, dispersing themselves, to shif for one, *Elisa* and *Aeneas* in the meane while finding a Cave that sheltered them twaine. Being there all alone, vñknownen of and vnsought for of their Servants, Opportunity, the chief Aetresse in al attempts, gaue the Plaudite in *Longhi* Comedic. Imagine short wooing where either partie is willing: their faithes plighted for a mariage to be solemnized (with kind kisses among) hee did what harmed not, and she had what displeased not: A young *Aeneas* should haue beene molded, had he not bin marred (as might seeme) in the making. Whē this sweet Caulme in the sharp storme was with the tempest thus ouerpasseſſed, then came they both out not ſuch as they entred in, & were received of their Traines, attending their pleaſures, not examining their paſtimes: and ſo hauiing continued the Chace vntill night discontinued their ſport, they returyng to *Carthage*, were ſumptuously feasted of *Elisa* in her Pallace. During theſe their *Alcion* dayes (not generally liked of all) one there was, a noble *Troian*, that had theſe ſpeeches to *Aeneas*.

Shouldſt thou beleue (farre be it from *Aeneas* ſo to beleue) that the Oracles of our Gods, behighting vs the Conqueſt of *Italie*, were ſuperstitious, theſe beleue also (vndeceiued mayſt thou ſo beleue) that our effeminate abode here is vaine and flanderous: to attempt that former without an Oracle, yea with the loſſe of our liues, is honorable, because we are *Troians*: to entertaine this latter, invited and daungerleſſe, reprochful, because we are *Troians*. Ah (*Aeneas*) haue we ſhipped out Gods frō home to be witneſſes of our wan-tonneſſe here? Beleue me, better had it bin we had died in *Phrigia*, men, than to liue thus in *Affrik* like women. Conſider alſo the place wherinto we are now brought, and then conceiue of the poſſibility of our here abode: ſhal I tel thee? were there not (iſ in the meane while no other Acciden-

crosseſſe

crosseſſe thy now bliſſe) were there not, I ſay, an *Elifa* here to loue thee; or were there not an *Aeneas* to be beloved of her, no ſooner ſhould the firſt deceaſed of you be deliuereſd of life, than the Suruiuors of vs *Troians* be denied this Lande: And then, (iſ we ſhould proue ſo vngratefull as to refiſt our Reliuors) hauiing number, yet want we Munitiō: for neither our Ships be tackled, nor we armed, but at the deliuerie and appointment of the *Tyrians*. Learne therefore (*Aeneas*, after ſo long pleaſure in loue, at the laſt profitably and politickly to loue, and whatſoeuer thy playe be in *Affric*), let henceforth the Maie bee *Italie*. Mean-while commaund (moſt humbly we deſire to be ſo comandaunded) that thy ſhippes be ſecretly calked, tallowed, ballaced, tackled, viſtualled and armed: and then (thy ſelue alſo reformed) wittingly or vnwillingly to *Elifa* leue her & her effeminate Citiē: with Reſolution neuertheleſſe (iſ thou ſo please) at moſe leyiſure to loue her. So eſſectually diſ Aeneas liſten to this motion, that giuing order for the repaſſing of his Fleete, he promiſed a ſpeedy and ſodayne departure: and his men, not ſlipping opportunity, excecuted the ſame with as eſſectuall diligence.

It happened in this meane while, the Queene to mount the high Turrets of her Pallace royall, wheate looking towards the Roade, ſhe perceiued how earnestly the *Troians* laboured in trimming, pauaſhing, and furniſhing their Nauie: then affuring her ſelue not deceipted, that ſhe ſhould be deceipted, and deſcending as it were maieſtically madde, meeting with *Aeneas*, ſhee ſaid.

Before (*Aeneas*) I beheld thy ſhipwracks and wants I beleueſſe ſome God arriued at *Carthage*: yea when I knewe thee but a man, my conceit honored thee with a Deitie: but now theſe thine inhuonaine Treacheries (not worthy the vñworthiſte Titles) argue ſo farre off from a Godhoode, as thou ſhewest thy ſelue leſſe than a Man and worse than a

Y 2

Deuill.

Diuell. What hath *Carthage* not worthie *Aeneas*? I assure thee, if any be so much, no citie is more happy thā *Carthage*. But the *Queene* pleaseth not *Aeneas*, oh that *Aeneas* had not pleased the *Queene*: he might I haue bettered my choise for honour, or not haue bewayled thy chaunge for the dis-honour. But (vngratefull) wilt thou indeede leauē me? Yea, then that thou meanest the contrary nothing more false: but to deriuē thy departure frō any desart of mine nothing lesse true. If therefore the life of *Elisa*, the loue of *Elisa*, the land of *Elisa*, her wealth, thy want, her teares, thy vowes, her distress, thy dishonour, the delights of this Shore, the dangers of those Seas, *Carthage* posseſſed, *Italie* vnconquered, peace without warre here, warre without peace there, thy wracks past, the Winter to come, any evils whereof I warne thee, any good that I haue wrought thee, and more good that I haue and doe wish thee, if any thing said, or more than I can say, hath or doth want Argument to seate thee in *Affrick*, yet at the least for thine owne safety stay a more temperate season, vrging in the meane while excuses for thine vnurged departure: and so I flattered, shal either patient my selfe, or repent thy fleeting in a milder Extasie. I did (well may I fore-thinke mee so to haue done) entertaine thee beyond the degree of an Hostesse or the dignitie of a Guest: & yet (vngratefull Guest to so kinde an Hostesse) for such welcome thou hast not pretended a farewell. Thus, alas, finding thy loue lesse than it ought, I repent to haue loued more thā I should, and because thou appearest not the same thou wert, I am not reputed the same I am: but as a ridiculous by-worde of the *Tyrians*, the Stale of the *Troians*, and the scorne of the *Africans*: howbeit (in trueth) the fayth-plighted Wife of faithles *Aeneas*. But who will so beleue? Nay beleue not so who will, thy departure shall be my death, my death thy sinne, thy sinne the worldes speech, the worldes speeche thy reprofe, and thy reprofe my purgation. For were

thy

thy ſelue Iuro and Judge of the more offence, my credulencie, or thine inconstancie, the Iuro could not but give Verdict for *Elisa*, and the Judge ſentence againſt *Aeneas*: then (if not for my ſuite, yet for thine owne ſake) let me not pleade tediously and without grace, that plead ſo truely, and with more griefe than for the quantitie I may ſuffer, or for the qualitie thou canſt censure.

Aeneas, not lightly gauled at her impatience (whome he ſtill loued more than a little, howbeit leſſer than his now re-garde of honour) thankfully acknowledged her great boun-ty, counter-pleading to haue pretended a departure without leauē taken, vouching moreouer the displeasure of his Gods for contempt of their Oracles manifested by fearefull Dreames and ſundry Visions, as alſo the vrging of his *Troians* impatient of tarriance. So that be reſting in Reſolution not to be wonne by wooing, or reclaymed by exclayming, the *Queene* became ſpeechleſſe and ſencaleſſe, and was in a ſwoune conuayed from his preſence. In which buſineſſe hee boorded his ſhippes, in the dead of the night hoifting vp Sayles, left *Carthage* to ſeeke *Italie*.

The *Queene*, not capable of any reſt, by day appearing diſ-cried from a Turret the Roade cleered of the *Troian* Nauie: then not willingly ſilent, nor able to ſpeak, She ſtood as ſtoode *Niobe* after the fourteenth reuenge by *Latonaes* Iſue: Which her then and after Extremities, to be glau-ced at, not iudged of, briefly I thus decipher. Imagine a ſubſtantiall and a palpable appearance of Loue, Wrath, Sor-row, and Despayre, acting in their apteſt habites and extre-mest paſſions, and then ſuppoſe *Elisa* not onely the ſame, but more feruently louing, more furiously wrathfull, more con-fuſedly ſorrowful and more impatiencely desperate. Imagine laſtly the firſt three imagined Actors, after long parts occupi-ed, leauing the Stage to the fourth, as to the perfecteſt Im-

perfection: and then from such imagined Stratagem attend this actuall *Catastrophe*.

A Wizard or Witch (the two common Oracles of many too credulent women) had instructed the Queen, that an Immolation or burnt Sacrifice offered to the Internal Deities, of the Armour, Ornaments, and all whatsoever the Reliques of *Aeneas* left behinde him at his departure from *Carthage*, would effectually estrange the outrage of her passions, and extinct in her the very remembrance of *Aeneas*. This Counsell (either for that at the first she beleaued it possible, or for that oportunitie so offered it selfe to practise the thing she did purpose) *Elisa* entertaining opened the same to *Anna* her Sister: who, simply vnsuspitionis of the sequell, prouided secretly (as was giuen her in charge) a pyle of dry Faggots, crowned with Garlands for the dismal Sacrifice: which and *Elisa* her selfe in a readinesse, *Aeneas* his Armour beeing her eyes Obiect, became in this wise her tongues Subiect.

With this, quoth she (seyng the Armour) the cracking *Troyans* boasted to haue buckled with the gallant *Diomedes*, nor seldome to haue offended the defencles *Grecians*, and after many loned blowes at the sacking of *Troy*, valiantly to haue boorded his thence-bent Nauie: this Armour profitable to my priudice, there defensive to him, to be here offensive to me, were it vnnecessary to this Sacrifice, should neuertheles burne for the same trespassse. This Cup, this *Phrigian* Cup, too guilty of too many *Tyrian* draughts, Assistants in forming me audaciously amorous, shal now occupie these ceremoniall flames as the then Accessary to a contrarie fire. These Bracelets, and these Ear-rings (by too often, and officious hands fastned and loosed with begged and graunted kisses among, and now lesse precious by the giuer his practise) shall also ad Cinders to the repentant payment of mine ouer rated pleasure. Lastly are remaining only two Reliques of that

Recreant,

Recreant, this Sword, and *Elisa* her selfe. But what ? diddest thou (*Aeneas*) leave this & thine Armour in *Carthage*, as if in *Italië* thou shouldest encounter another *Elisa*? Inconsiderate that thou art, albeit such fearelesse Conflicts best befitte such effeminate Captaines, yet no climate can affoarde thee one so foolish, & therefore in no Countrey expect such Fortune. The Storme (ah frō thence ate these teares) sheltering vs twaine lately in one Caue, was (no doubt) ominous to these evils: for then should I haue remembred, that like as Shelters are chiefly sought for in Stormes, so me labour our fauours onely in extremities: but their lusts satisfied, or wants suppli-
ed, as of Shelters in Sunne-shine they estimate our bountie, leauing thenceforth euen to seeme such as (in troth) they neuer were. But what is naturall, is of necessitie, onely let it be graunted he is a Man, and it followeth necessarily he is de-
ceitful. Elie, Traiterous *Aeneas*, he vntollowed and vnfriend-
ed of *Elisa*: euer may the winds be contrary to thy Course, and the Seas not promise thee one hours safety: euer be thy Ship drowning, and thy selfe neuer but dying: often refayle in a moment, whence thou wert sayling a moneth: let no blaste from the Ayre, or Billow in the Sea, stirre but to thy prejudice: and when no horror and mishap hath sayled thee, with thy dead body, to the vttermost plagued, perish also may thy Soule vnpardonned. But least mine incharitie proue less pardnable than his Inurie, I that will not lue to heare it so, heartily disclayme to hate it so: pardon therefore, yee Gods, me desiring it, & him deseruing it. Troth is it this one Sacrifice shal give end to mine infinite sorrowes: but not (alas) with these burnings (rather found guiltie of new be-
ginnings) blit with my hearts blood, the latest Ceremonie wanting to this Exequie. Scarcely had these words passed her mouth, when with *Aeneas* his Sword she pearced her Brest: so performing on her selfe a Tragadic sought for, and to hers a terror vnlouked for.

Whiles Dido, (so named of this her death, or as haue some, not lesse probable, of so preuenting Hiarbas menacing her marriage) was thus paisionate and did thus perish, *Aeneas*, after weary Sea-faring, much forrowe, many people and places seene and sayled from, arriuing in *Sicilie*, was ioyfully entertained of this auncient friend King *Accles*, and there (as the yeare before at *Drapenum*) did solemnize an Anniversarie at the Tombe of his father *Anchises*. The Masteries, feates, and active pastimes tried here by the *Troian* and *Sicilian* youth, with land and sea Skirmidges, the running, riding, leaping, shooting, wrestling, and such like, with Bacing on foote and on horsback (this last, a sport lately vsed of our English youthes, but now vnpolluckily discontinued) Or how the Women of *Troy* (whereof many were also imbarkeed from thence) tyred with the perils of the Sea, and intised with the pleasures of *Sicilie*, to prevent further sayling, fired their Ships (not without great losse rescued:) Or how *Aeneas* building there the Citie *Acesta*, peopled the same with his women, and impotent *Troians*: Or of the drowning and Revise of *Palinurus*, and many Occurrents hapning here, at *Cuma*, *Caieth*, & else-where I omit, as lesse pertinent to our purpose then the hastning of *Aeneas* into *Italie*. Wherfore shipping him from *Sicilie*, I now land him in *Latium*: in which part of *Italie* raigne, and was Resident in his Citie *Laurentum* the King *Latinus*: to whome *Aeneas* addressed an hundred Knights, one of them deliuering this Ambassie.

Ignorant are we not, most graticus King (for in that Title are thou famous, and in that triall may we prove fortunate) of thy Consanguinitie with the *Troians*, by noble descentes from *Vardanus* our auncient Progenitor: neither canst thou but know that *Troy* is sacked, and her people for the most parte slaughtered: vely know (if already thou knowest it not) that *Aeneas* our Duke with a few his Followers, after
vainly

more

more than seauen yeares sayling, are lastly (and luckilic I hope) arrived in thy Countrie: Howbeit of many places, for pleasure and fertilitie most worthy manuring, haue wee abandoned the quiet possession: yea many the greatest Princes of *Europe* and *Affrica*, haue voluntarily desired our Tariance denied: only infinit Seas haue we sayled, and more sorrowes sustained to seeke this Clime, from whence wee *Troians* derive our Originals, and whither our Gods haue directed vs by their Oracles. This thy Countrie, in respect of the bignesse, may easily affoord roome for a new *Troy* to be buildest: A plot more spacious we doe not aske, A smaller suite thou canst not graunt, if with our present extremities thou also peise our purposed loyalties. Neuer were wee thy foes, and euer will we continue thy friends. Seated wee must be, and here wee would be. We dare not disobey, the Gods commanding it, nor would we discontent thee in demanding it: graciously therfore conceiue of our Petition, and gratefully receiue from *Aeneas* these Presents.

Hauing thus sayd, he in the name of *Aeneas*, presented the King with a most rich Mantell or Robe, with an invaluabla Crowne of Golde enchaſed with precious Stones, with the late royall Scepter of King *Priamus*, and with other Treasure: which *Latinus* cheerfully receiuing, returned the *Troians* this answer.

I Had not the Gods commadēd your hither repaire, which I gainsay not, were we not of consanguinitie, wherein I disclaime not, Or my Kingdome not roome-some enough to receiue you, as it is, Or had ye not brought precious and peaceable Presents, as ye haue, yea to dismissle Wayfarers vnrested and vnreleeneed were contrary to the Gods of Hospitalitie, and (which they defend that I shoulde therein offend) *Latinus* his honour. Quer fast he sitteth that securely sitteth: for as he that is timorous hath too little prouidence,

so

so he that is feareles hath too much presumption: yealeſſe grieuous are expected than vnlouked-for euils. I speake not this as I teare to fall, but as I fore-fee I may fall: for the vnparching of others should be fore-preachings to vs. Priuie am I vnto your distresse, applying the like possibility for me ſo to decline: for who is priuiledged from becoming ſuch? And who is ſuch that would not haue ſuccour? Sorrie I am that ye haue ſo ill caufe to eſtrange your ſelues from home, but glad that I am in ſo good caſe to entertaine you here. Let *Aeneas* ſeat him and proſper yee in *Italie*: my land well may abide it, and my ſelfe brooke it. Yea more (for the Oracle of my minde conſorts no doubt with those of our Gods) *Lauinia* my ſole daughter and heire, forbidden a Natiues and behighted a Strangers Marriage, hath found a Hufbande and I a Sonne-in-lawe: at the leaſt I wiſh it would bee, and hope it will bee. Make my thanks to *Aeneas* for his Preſents, and bee you Masters of your Petiſions.

The *Troians* being then ſumptuously feaſted, every man on a giuen Courſer brauely and richly mounted, diſmissed, returned, and *Latinus* his anſwerē and Preſent diſſivered, *Aeneas*, neuertheleſſe as farre from being ſecure as ioyous of ſuch Tidings, knowing the good ſpede of a Stranger to be an Eyeſore to the people, and therefore not careles ſuſpicious of it that might cauſeles ſucceſſe, ſtrongly iuured his Men in a new-built Fortrefſe.

In the meane while their Arriuall and Entertainment with *Latinus* occupied, and for the moſt part offendēd, all *Italie* Entiuously ſtormed *Anata* the Queene that *Lauinia* her Daughter and Darling ſhould be wedded to a Stranger, an Exile (as ſhe termed him) and therefore, when ſhe could not diſuade the King by flatterie, ſhee incenſed his Nobles and Subiects to reſiſt it forciblē. On the other ſide,

Turnus,

Turnus, Prince of the *Rutiles* (in person exceeding all for comeliness, and in Armes equall to any for his courage, to whom *Lauinia* was before promiſed in Marriage) as Malcontent as any for being thus circumuēted by *Aeneas*, held a Counſell in his ſumptuous Citie *Ardea* ſcituatē in the territorie of *Latium*, how to intercept the *Troians* by wiles, expell them by Warres, weaken them by wants, diſappoyn̄t *Aeneas*, and poſſeſſe himſelfe of *Lauinia*. Often ſent he Meſſengers and ſometimes Menaces to aduertife *Latinus* that he was promiſed he ſhould, and to affiſe him hee purpoſed hee would enioy her or anger him. But by how much more *Latinus* was religiouſly vnrēmouable in his Reſolution for *Aeneas*, by ſo much the more did *Turnus* giue loſſe raienes to his headie anger: Howbeit ſufficient matter wanted for his malice to worke vpon, vntill by euill-happe his choler tooke aduantage of this colour. *Ascanius* with diuers *Troian* Gentlemen his Friends and others his Attendants, hunting in a Forrest not farre from their Fortrefſe, by chance diſcouer, ſtrike, and chace a fayre and well ſpread Stagge, which the Children of one *Tyrrhus* (the Kings Raunger and Steward of his Grounds, a Man of no meane account amongſt the *Latines*) had from a Fawne nourished, and ſo intreated that no Beauft might bee more tamēr: This Stagge thus ſtroken and followed of the *Troians*, taking the readieſt way to the houſe of *Tyrrhus*, and with bleeding haunches entring the Hall, was firſt eſpied of *Syria* or *Ilia*, a young Gentlewoman, in whose lappe hee ſleeping had often layd his head, and at whose hands hee had many a time taken Prouife, been kemmed, and trimmed. Shee ſeeing the Stagge in ſuch a plight, almoſt ſwouned ere ſhee could weepe, wept ere ſhee might ſpeakē, ſpoke ere ſhee was comforted, and was comforted onely in promiſe of Reuenge. At the winding of an Horne, came flocking thither

thither in a trise the Heards-men, Shepheards, Plow-men, and Hinds: this Anticke of Groomes, finding *Almon* the eldelt Sonne of *Tyrrhus*, and their young Mistris *Sylua* grieuously passionate, and the Stagge bloodie and braying his last question no further what should be done, but were furiously inquisitiue after the Doers.

In this meane time, by cuil hap, *Ascanius* and his Companie drawing by Parsie after the Stagge (which they knew not for tame) were entered the view of this Shoole of intraged Clownes: who all at once and suddenly, with such weapons as they had or found neerest at hand, as Staues, Sheep-hookes, Dung-forks, Flayles, Plow-staues, Axes, Hedging-Beetels, yea Libbats newly snatched frō burning, and what not? fiercely assayled with down-right blowes the amazed *Troians*: who not hauing leisure to aske questions, couragiouly entertaine the vnuowne Quarrell: and so long and daungerously for either parte continued this confusio[n] of blowes and effusion of blood, that by now it was bruted at the Fortrefse and at *Laurentum*, and was anon increased by rescue from either Faction: neither had this Skuffling an end vntill night was begun: at what time the *Latines*, *Rutiles*, & *Troians* left the wild Medley, howbeit not discontinuuing their malice.

Of chiefe account amongst the *Latines*, were slaine lustrie *Almon*, and aged *Galesus*, (this latter a man of an honest and wealthie condition) whilest he vnseasonably amongst blowes deliuered vnguarded perswasions of Peace. The wounded Corses of these twaine did *Turnus* cause to bee conuayed to the view of *Latinus*, as Arguments of their common damage, himselte with an envious heart and an inuetive tongue amplifying the same to the vttermost: not vnassisted therein by the yrefull *Queene Amata*, or vnfurthered by the hurtie burlie of the impatient People, all labouring

labouring the King to denounce Armour against the *Troians*.

Latinus in this tumult of his Subiects, and trauell of his Sences, assuring himselfe that *Aeneas* was the man prophesied to the Marriage of *Launia* and succession of *Latium*, disswaded, but might not perswade with the headie multitude. In fewe, with such efficacie did the dead Corses invite it, the *Queene* intreat it, *Turnus* affect it, & the People follow it, that lastly, though against his minde, the King did suffer the *Laurentines* to reare on their Wallis absolute Tokens of imminent Warres: Thus found *Turnus* that which he longed for, and *Aeneas* no lesse than hee looked for, and either solliciting succours, were not long vnfurnished of hardie Souldiers: yea, in respect of their multuous Armies, the Warres lately ceased at *Troy*, might now haue been sayd to bee revived in *Italie*. But as in his Wandrings, so in his Warres, my purpose is breuitie: either of which the Lawiat Trumpetor of his glorie hath so effectually sownded, that many might amplifie, I could iterate, but not any amend it: nevertheless in remembraunce of this Historie I haue also vised other Authorities.

IT followeth, After long Warres valiantly on either part performed, many great Kings, Princes, and Personages perished: when lastly the *Rutiles* beginne to bee repentant of their wrong, and the *Troians* wearie of the Warres, *Aeneas* and *Turnus* meeting had these words: And first *Aeneas*.

Often Truces haue wee had (*Turnus*) for the buriall of our dead, never treaties of peace for the welfare of those alive: onely once (as I haue been euer) diddest thou seeme (thou diddest but seeme) prouident that no moe should miscarie, offering me Combate, which I accepting haue in vaine

vaine expected: for since thy minde changed, I wot not by what meanes, hath changed the liues of I wot not how many. But now, when for the palpable leasing thou shouldest not speak like *Turnus*, shouldest thou deny the better of the wars to abide with *Aeneas*, and yet I still be *Aeneas*, though playing vpon that Aduantage with *Turnus*, even now, I say, my selfe doe request thee of that Combate whereby further Blood-sheds may happily be concluded. Beleevic mee, wert thou a Begger and I a Monark, yet / so much doe I emulate, not enuie thy glorie / I would hazard all in a Combat requested by thee so valerous a Competitor. But least (perhaps) I ouer-breathe thy tickled Conceit with more selfe-liking than is expedient, know man, *Turnus* know, Nature, Birth, Arte, Education, nor whatsoeuer els ate in any thing more beneficiall to *Turnus*, than that justly he may enuie as much or more in *Aeneas*.

To this answered the *Rutile* thus: Whether thou speakest this (*Aeneas*) as insulting ouer mine infortune, or as insolent of thine owne felicitie, or emulous (as thou sayest and I beleue it) of my glorie, trust me, onely if this iynth better successe to abandon thy selfe to such offered disaduaantage bee not indiscretion, never heard I wherein to derogate from thy policie: but say it indiscretion, yet by *Iupiter* (*Aeneas*) it is honourable indiscretion. Not to encounter so heroicall (for in thee I equie not, that Epitheton) a Combattaar, is as contrary to my thought as contenting to my very Soule, and as contenting to my Soule; as if *Aeneas* were alreadie conquered, and *Turnus* Conquerour: either which I deuine, at the leastwise I am determined to aduenture. Be provided therefore (*Aeneas*) of courage, for thou prouokest no Cowarde, but euen *Turnus*, that would haue asked no lesse, had he not doubted *Aeneas* not to haue dared to answer so much. Thus, and with these Conditions:

that

that further warres should finish; that the Espousall of *Launia* and Succession of *Latium* should bee the Prizeto the Victor, a Combat to bee tried by these twaine body against body was (upon Othes taken and other Circumstances) agreed vpon.

Now were they Armed, Mounted, did Encounter, and their Coursers breathlesse, the Riders dismounting vigorously buckle on Foote: both offendre, either defendre, & neither sainted: Lastly (not with vre required blowes) was *Turnus* disarmed: the Vanquished pleading for life, & the Victor not purposing his death, had hee not espied on his Shoulders the sometimes Baldrike of his once especiall Friend *Pallas*, King *Euanders* Sonne, whom *Turnus* in Battell ouercomming had put to Sword: then *Aeneas* saying, onlie in this Spoyle thou shalt not triumph, and onely for his sake am I vnintreatable, shoffed his Sworde through his breast: *Turnus* so ending the World, and *Aeneas* the Warres.

Then was he peaceably wedded to *Launia*, and shortly after possessed of *Latium*: After which, about three yeares he dying, left his Kingdom to *Ascanius*, and *Launia* with childe. She at her time, and at the house of the before remembred *Tyrbus*, was deliuered of *Sylvius Post-humus* (so called of his being borne amongst the Woods, after the death of his Father.) To him (because in right it was the inheritance of *Sylvius* from his Mother) did *Ascanius* voluntarily resigne the Kingdome of *Latium*: and of him (for his honorable Regiment) were all the after-*Latine* kings called *Sylvij*: Finally he hunting and mistaken amongst the Thickets for a Stagge, was slaine with an Arrow by his Sonne *Brutus*. This *Brutus*, for sorrow and his safetie, accompanied with many lustie Gentlemen and others of *Aeneas*

his

bis Trojans Offsprings, imbaring them selues, after long
Sayling arived in this Iland then called Albion: whose
Giant-like Inhabitants (in respect of their monstrous ma-
king & inciuill Manners sayd to haue bin engendred of Di-
uels) he ouercoming, manured their Countrey, and after
his owne death called it *Brytaine*. And thus hausing
begotten Brutus an Originall to our Brutons, I

conclude this abridged Historie

of his Grandfather
Aeneas.

FINIS.